NEW JOE MILLER;

OR, THE

TICKLER.

CONTAINING UPWARDS OF

FIVE HUNDRED GOOD THINGS,

MANY OF WHICH ARE ORIGINAL, AND THE OTHERS SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

Come thou Goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd EUPHROSYNE,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two twin-sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
JEST, and youthful JOLLITY,
SPORT that wrinkled CARE derides,
And LAUGHTER holding both his sides.

L'ALLEGRO.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGWAY, YORK STREET,
ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

EX DONO
Bibl:
Bodl:
FR. DOUCE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Jeſt-books which have been uſhered into the world, under different titles, having been, in general, compiled in the moſt ſlovenly manner, and the articles contained in them injudiciouſly ſelected, and almoſt invariably copied from Jeſt-book to Jeſt-book, the Editor conceives, that a publication of this nature, well conducted, and containing novelty, may not only pleaſe the generality of readers, but may alſo furniſh an agreeable relaxation from graver ſtudies, to perſons of letters and of taſte. Nearly one third of the articles contained in this little volume are original, that is to ſay, ſuch as the Editor has never ſeen in print. For the others he has had recourſe to a variety of the beſt authors; he has, indeed, ſnatched a number of good things from the fugitive columns of newſpapers, and has availed himſelf of ſome French collections; but in no inſtance, *to his knowledge*, has he inſerted an article, which has appeared in any Engliſh book of this deſcription.

To the above Advertiſement, which was prefixed to the Firſt Edition of this Work, it is only

neceſſary to add, that a very large impreſſion having been ſold in the courſe of three weeks, the Editor, in order to make this edition ſtill more worthy of the public patronage, has enriched it with a number of additional new articles, and embelliſhed it with a fine engraving, from a very maſterly deſign by C. SMITH, deſcriptive of the motto on the title-page.

RIDGWAY having, ſince the publication of this Collection, received a great number of applications for

OLD JOE MILLER,

Has reſolved immediately to gratify the *LAUGHING WORLD* with a new Edition of that

NATIONAL WORK,

Corrected by the Editor of the preſent, and including a very copious Selection of the Good Things contained in all the JEST-BOOKS that have appeared poſterior to JOE, as well as in a variety of ſcarce Jeſt-books of an antecedent date; to be publiſhed in a volume of the ſame ſize as the preſent, and embelliſhed with an appropriate Frontiſpiece.

NEW JOE MILLER;

OR,

THE TICKLER.

1. A YORKSHIREMAN, a noted poacher, was carried before a meeting of juſtices in that county on a charge of ſeditious words, in ſaying, that he wiſhed the French would land in Filey Bay. The chairman aſked the fellow in an angry tone, how he could be ſo wicked as to wiſh for the landing of the enemy, and particularly in a place where he had himſelf a family and relations to be ſacrificed to their fury—." No," ſaid the culprit, ſcratching his head, " I did not mean that, your Worſhip; " all the reaſon I had for wiſhing the French to " land was, *that your Worſhip might take their guns* " *from them, as your Worſhip knows you have done to* " *me more than once.*"

2. Some young gentlemen going lately to viſit the magnificent manſion of Blenheim, were, among other places, ſhown the kitchen, where, at a little bit of fire made in the corner of the grate, was roaſting a fowl, for the *tête-à-tête* dinner of the Duke and Dutcheſs. At this economical exhi-

bition the younkers began to ſnigger, when one of the ſervants, with great conſequence, ſaid, "Young "gentlemen, if you do not behave better, I'll turn "you out of the kitchen."—"Turn us out of the "kitchen!" ſaid one of them; "if you give us "any more of your impertinence, *I'll ſpit out your* "*fire.*"

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3. Mrs. B. deſired Dr. *Johnſon* to give his opinion of a new work ſhe had juſt written; adding, that, if it would not do, ſhe begged him to tell her, for ſhe had other *irons in the fire*, and in caſe of its not being likely to ſucceed, ſhe could bring out ſomething elſe. "Then," ſaid the Doctor, after having turned over a few of the leaves, "*I adviſe* "*you, Madam, to put it where your irons are.*"

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4. When Mr. *Horne Tooke* was called before the commiſſioners to give an account of the particulars of his income; having anſwered a queſtion which was aſked, one of the *wiſe men* ſaid peeviſhly, that he did not underſtand his anſwer—"Then," ſaid Mr. Tooke, "*as you have not half the underſtanding* "*of another man, you ought at leaſt to have double the* "*patience.*"

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5. Colonel *M*——, of the *P*——*ſhire* cavalry, was lately complaining, that, from the ignorance and inattention of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment—"I am," ſaid he, "my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own "cornet,"——"*and trumpeter, I preſume,*" ſaid a lady preſent.

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6. LONDON NEWS, *from a Citizen to his Country Correſpondent.*

Theſe are alarming *Times.* Every *True Briton* is

is a *Volunteer*, and called to his *Poſt*, *Morning* and *Evening*. The *Ledger* is ſhut, the *Traveller* unemployed, the *Craftſman* idle, *Commercial Intelligence* at a ſtand, and nothing to be ſeen but *Reviews*. Beſides the ordinary *Mails*, *Couriers* and *Meſſengers* are conſtantly bringing *Packets* to *St. James's* and *Whitehall*; *Heralds* ſounding to arms, and the *Engliſh* are reſolved to conquer, as our *Chronicles* tell they formerly did. I am no *Oracle* and but a poor *Obſerver*, but I ſee daily the evils of the preſent war. Trade is at a ſtand; even the *Publicans* feel it; the *Gazette* is filled with bankrupts; every thing in the ſhape of a *Reformer* is ſcouted, raſcally *Informers* ſtart up, and the *Recorder* has too much to do at the Old Bailey. In a word, I fear our *Stars* have decreed that the *Sun* of *Albion* is for ever ſet.

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7. In a converſation which is at preſent not unfrequent, namely, the ſubſidy of our valuable allies, it was obſerved that the Emperor *Paul* had done nothing for this country. "What!" ſaid a nobleman preſent, "*do you count as nothing his* "*compelling the Hamburghers to give up Napper* "*Tandy?*"

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8. A Frenchman who was going to the country, having, after exchanging horſes at Uxbridge, got into his poſt-chaiſe, called out to the driver, *Allons donc**. The poſtillion unfortunately not underſtanding French, and ſuppoſing he meant to ſay *à Lon-don*, carried the aſtoniſhed traveller back to town.

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9. In order to deceive a lady of great volubility of tongue, but who otherwiſe did not want wit, a

* Go on.

perſon was introduced to her as one who had a remarkable ſhare of it. The lady received him with the greateſt joy and civility; but through eagerneſs of rendering herſelf agreeable to him, ſhe aſked him a hundred queſtions, without obſerving that he returned no anſwer. At the concluſion of the viſit, ſhe was aſked how ſhe liked the perſon? "He is a delightful man indeed," anſwered ſhe, "his wit is ſo ready and ſo exquiſite!" Her obſervation excited in the company a burſt of laughter; for this charming companion, this remarkable wit, was—*dumb*.

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10. A Frenchman having lately been condemned at Dublin to be hanged, when the rope was putting about his neck, exclaimed piteouſly, *Miſericorde! Miſericorde* *!* on which the hangman cried out, "*Meaſure the cord*, you thief! it's long enough "to hang a dozen ſuch rogues as you."

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11. The late Mr. *Selwyn* was well known to have a great propenſity for ſeeing executions. A perſon having been ſentenced to be broke on the wheel at Paris, George went over on purpoſe to be preſent, and got a ſeat on the ſcaffold among *M. de Toulon*, *M. de Lions*, *M. de Bourdeaux*, and the whole corps of provincial *bourreaux* who had come to honour the chief executioner of the kingdom with their preſence. At length *M. de Paris* mounted the ſcaffold and paid his reſpects to his brethren. On ſeeing Mr. Selwyn, he addreſſed him as *M. de Tybourn*, and expreſſed his ſenſe of the high honour he did him by his attendance. The witty Senator, making a reſpectful bow, re-

* Mercy! mercy!

plied,

plied, " *M. de Paris, vous me flattez trop, je ne ſuis* " *pas un artiſte, mais ſeulement un amateur* *."

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12. A gentleman happened one day to go into the apartment of his nephew, who was playing on the violin, when the following dialogue paſſed between them:

Uncle. " Charles, I am afraid that with this fid-" dling you *loſe* a great deal of *time.*

Nephew. " Sir, I endeavour to *keep time.*"

Uncle. " You mean rather to *kill time.*"

Nephew. " No, Sir, I only *beat* it."

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13. When the motion was lately brought forward in the Houſe of Commons reſpecting the failure of the expedition againſt Holland, there was a talk of Mr. *Dundas* going out of office in conſequence. A converſation on this ſubject took place in the gallery of the Houſe of Commons on the day the motion was firſt expected to come on, when one gentleman aſked, " Did you ever know " a Scotchman quit his place?"—" *Yes,*" ſaid another, " *his native place.*"

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14. At a city feaſt, the other day, one of the company was expatiating on the bleſſings of Providence—" *Aye,*" ſaid an Alderman, ſmacking his lips, " *it is a bleſſed place, ſure enough; we get all* " *our turtle from it.*"

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15. A certain deſcription of the Pariſians make themſelves very buſy in prying into the circumſtances of *Bonaparte*'s birth and education, in order, if poſſible, to furniſh matter of detraction. A

* *M. de Paris,* you flatter me too much; I am not a profeſſor, but merely an *amateur,*

lady, wiſhing to mortify Madame *Bonaparte* on this ſubject, aſked her whether ſhe was fully acquainted with her huſband's origin: "I know, and "all Europe knows," replied Madame Bonaparte, "that he is the ſon of MARS and of FORTUNE."

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16. During Lord *Malmeſbury*'s negotiations at Liſle there was publiſhed in a Mancheſter paper an advertiſement of the ſale of an eſtate, in which the advertiſer announces,

That he is appointed *plenipotentiary* to *treat* in this buſineſs; that he has ample *credentials*, and is prepared to *ratify his powers;* that he will enter into *preliminaries* either on the principle of the *ſtatus quo* or *uti poſſidetis;* that he is ready to receive the *projet* of any perſon deſirous of making a purchaſe or exchange, and to deliver his *contre-projet* and *ſine qua non*, and even at once to give his *ultimatum*, aſſuring the public that as ſoon as the *definitive treaty* ſhall be *concluded*, it will be *ratified* by his conſtituents and duly *guaranteed*.

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17. A gentleman was waked in the middle of the night, for the purpoſe of being informed that his father was dead; he turned round to ſleep, ſaying, "*Oh! how I ſhall be grieved in the morning* "*when I awake again!*"

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18. A hermit who lived in the neighbourhood of Florence, was a great favourite with the ladies, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed at court flocked daily to the place of his retreat. The report of his licentious life reached the ears of the Grand Duke, who ordered him to be ſeized and brought before him, when he was commanded by the Secretary of State to declare the names of all the ladies from whom he

he had received favours. He named about half a dozen, ſaying theſe were all; but being hard preſſed, he acknowledged ſeveral more, and inſiſted that he had now named every one of them. The Secretary, however, ſuſpecting that there were ſtill more, proceeded to threats in caſe of concealment of the names of any of the ladies; when the hermit, to the great mirth of the Grand Duke and his courtiers, ſaid, with a deep ſigh, "*Well then, Sir, write down "your own.*"

19. When Mr. *Fox* was canvaſſing for Weſtminſter, he called on a butcher in St. James's Market to ſolicit his vote. The knight of the cleaver, without ceremony, thus anſwered his application: "Sir, I admire your head, but damn your heart." To which Mr. *Fox* replied, "*Sir, I admire your "candour, but damn your manners.*"

20. A gentleman entering into the ſtudy of his friend, who was a youth of the poet tribe, and finding him abſent, and the following unfiniſhed ſtanza lying on the deſk,

"The ſun's perpendicular height
"Illumin'd the depths of the ſea;"

took up the pen, and thus concluded it:

"And the fiſhes, beginning to ſweat,
"Cry'd, Damn it, how hot we ſhall be!"

21. A monk, preaching at Rheims againſt the crime of adultery, grew ſo warm in his arguments, and took ſo much pains to convince his congregation of his own abhorrence of it, that at laſt he broke out into the following ſolemn declaration: "Yea, my brethren, I had rather, for the good of "my ſoul, *have to do with ten maids every month, "than in ten years touch one married woman!*"

22. *To the* NETTLE.

Vile weed, irascible! whene'er I view
  Thy horrent leaves in circling points arise,
  And know that underneath each fibre lies
The keen receptacle of venom'd dew;
And when I know, that if with cautious fear
  I touch thy pow'r, it punishes my dread;
But if, with dauntless hand, approaching near,
  I grasp thee full and firm, that pow'r is dead;
Thus as with 'sdainful thought I view thy stings,
  Horrific to the coward wretch alone;
  Much do I meditate on grandeur's throne,
The awe of subjects and the might of kings!
  Like thee, they punish those whom they appal;
  Like thee, when firmly grasp'd, to native nothing
    fall.

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23. The late Mr. *Wilson*, Mr. and Mrs. *Webb*, and some others of the sons and daughters of Thespis, being on a strolling expedition, were for a short time at Greenock, where the receipts were very poor indeed. To force a house, they advertised for a particular night *a beautiful view of Loch-lomond*. They were so fortunate as to raise among them the sum of half a guinea to pay an itinerant painter for this superb scene; Mr. Brush, however, having fingered the cash, thought proper to decamp. The scene was expected till the last moment of drawing up the curtain. An apology now became necessary, but was not listened to: the place was crowded; a riot took place, and the audience would not be pacified. In this situation, the terrified actors resolved to make their escape. The *stable* in which they performed had unluckily no back door; the only possible retreat was by a very small window. Through this several of them

got out; but when Mrs. Webb made the attempt, her corpulency made her fairly ſtick in the hole, and ſo much was her dreſs diſcompoſed, that ſhe diſplayed a full proſpect of *the broadeſt part of her body*. At this moment Dick Wiiſon drew up the curtain, and addreſſed the impatient audience—"*Ladies and gentlemen, behold the view of Lochlo-*"*mond!*"

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24. Mr. B——, a gentleman who has now left the bar for the Secretary of State's office, having been one day employed to oppoſe a perſon juſtifying bail in the Court of King's Bench, after aſking ſome common-place queſtions, was getting a little aground, when a waggiſh counſellor behind whiſpered him to interrogate the bail as to his having been a priſoner in Glouceſter jail. Thus inſtructed, our learned advocate boldly aſked—"When, Sir, "were you laſt in Glouceſter jail?" The bail, a reputable tradeſman, with aſtoniſhment declared that he never was in a jail in his life. Mr. B—— inſiſted that he had been a priſoner at Glouceſter; but being able to get nothing out of him, he turned round to his friendly brother, and aſked for what the man had been impriſoned. The anſwer was, "*For ſuicide.*" Without heſitation he then queſtioned him thus: "Now, Sir, I aſk you upon your "oath, and remember that I ſhall have your words "taken down, *was you not impriſoned in Glouceſter* "*jail for the crime of ſuicide?*"

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25. When we 've nothing to dread from the law's
ſterneſt frowns,
How we laugh at the barriſters' wigs, bands, and
gowns;

But

But no ſooner we want them to ſue and defend,
Than their laughter begins, and our mirth's at an end.

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26. *Specimen of a Political and Bon-ton* DIRECTORY *for the Year* 1800.

Mr. P—t -	Crooked Alley
M. F—x - -	Conſtitution Hill
Mr. D--ndas -	At the *Wha wants me*, Scotland Yard
Duke of Q——— -	Goat Alley
Duke of N--rfolk -	Off Alley
Earl F--tzwilliam -	Little Turnſtile
Mr. W--ndham -	Butcher Row
Mr. W—berforce	Amen Corner
Mr. R--ſe -	Rotten Row
Lord L--verpool -	Darkhouſe Lane
Archbiſhop of Canterbury -	Grace-church Street
Mr. M. A. T—lor -	The Poultry
Alderman W--tſon	Blow-bladder Street
Dr. L—rence -	Leatherhead
Mr. D--nt -	Iſle of Dogs
Lord St. V--ncent -	Crown and Anchor
Lord C—rington -	The Borough
Mr. P--llen - -	Petticoat Lane
Mr. H--bhouſe -	Fillpot Lane
Biſhop of B--ngor -	Pall Mall
Lord C--melford -	Moorfields
Mr. P--bus -	St. Paul's and Poet's Corner
Lord D--ncan -	Britannia, Great George Street
Lord K--nyon -	The Cloyſters, Weſtminſter
Lord M--nto -	Little King Street

Lord

Lord Lonſdale -	The Ship, Palace Yard
Miniſterial M--mbers	St. James's Market, and Pitt Street, Proſpect Place
Oppoſition M--mbers	Vinegar Yard and Labour-in-vain Hill
Iriſh M--mbers	Bull and Mouth Street
John Bull -	Little Britain

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27. *A* BACCANALIAN MILITARY SONG. *Imitated from the French. By Dr.* CROSSFIEED.

Drink, Soldiers! noble is the plan,
Ere dreadful on the foe you pour;
Though I can ſober fight my man,
My bottle gives me ſtrength for four.
Then fill up the bumper, let it paſs,
I'm never weary of my glaſs.

He that to battle ſober goes,
Will dimly ſhine in future ſtory;
He views the danger of the blows,
The Toper only views the glory.
Then fill, &c.

As wine the heart of man can cheer,
And raiſe him to a brighter fellow;
He that when ſober ſhakes from fear,
Makes others ſhake when he gets mellow.
Then fill, &c.

This world's a wondrous work, and fine,
Yet to my mind the great Creator
Was ſomewhat ſparing of his wine,
And mighty laviſh of his water.
Then fill, &c.

'Twas

'T was wiſe, though, not to bid the tide
With ruby-colour'd nectar flow;
Our drinking, elſe, the world had dried
To duſt and aſhes long ago.
Then fill, &c.

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28. The late Lord *Strichen*, a Judge of the Court of Seſſion in Scotland, a very worthy character, but certainly not a conjurer, was in company, when it was obſerved by ſome perſon in converſation, "That dull boys at ſchool often turned out "very clever men."—"It is very true," ſaid his Lordſhip; "*I was a dull boy at ſchool myſelf.*"

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29. *Oh, what a Falling off was there!*—*By* PETER PINDAR. *(Not in his Works.)*

Sweet was the nymph I lov'd, divine her air;
Her cheeks were purer than the bluſh of morn;
Fairer than Alpine ſnows, her breaſts ſo fair
Look'd down upon the lily's white with ſcorn.

Mild on my ear her melting accents ſtole,
And promis'd ages of delicious love:
Her form with Grecian ſtatues vied, her ſoul
Seem'd borrow'd from ſome ſaint who ſung above.

Thus Fancy rioted, all wrapt in flame;
I married, bleſt my ſtars, and went to bed,
Poſſeſs'd, and next day found my wondrous dame
The damn'deſt ſhrew that ever wore a head.

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30. A quondam politician, who now ſeldom reads the newſpapers, lately aſked a friend, "What "is become of *Wilkes* and *Liberty now!*" to which the other replied, "*They are both dead.*"

31.

31. On the trial of a cauſe in the court of Common Pleas, *Mr. Serjeant Vaughan* having, in the courſe of the examination of a witneſs, aſked a queſtion rather of *law* than of *fact*, *Lord Chief Juſtice Eldon* very good-humouredly obſerved, "Brother Vaughan, this is not quite fair; you "wiſh the witneſs to give you, *for nothing*, what "you would not give him under *two guineas*."

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32. As Louis XVI. was, one ſevere froſty day, going from Verſailles to Paris, he ſaw a young man, very lightly clothed, tripping along, in as much ſeeming comfort as if it had been in the midſt of ſummer. He called him.—"How is it," ſaid the King, "that, dreſſed as you are, you ſeem to "feel no inconvenience from the cold, while I, "notwithſtanding the warm clothes I have on, am "nearly periſhing?"—"Sire," replied the other, "if your Majeſty will follow my example, I "engage that you will be the warmeſt king in "Europe"—"How is that?" ſaid the King.—"*Your Majeſty need only, like me, carry all your "wardrobe on your back.*"

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33. EPITAPH *on* SOLOMON MENDES, *Eſq.*

Here lies a man who never liv'd,
Yet ſtill from death was flying;
Who if not ſick was never well,
And died for fear of dying.

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34. ANOTHER, *in Lambeth Church-yard, on* WILLIAM WILSON, *a troubleſome Fellow of a Taylor.*

Here lies W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

35. ANOTHER, *in the Church-yard of Curry, near Edinburgh, on a Schoolmaſter in that Pariſh, who died in* 1696.

Beneath thir ſtanes lie *Meekie*'s banes,
O Satan! ſhould you tak him,
Appoint him tutor to your weens,
And clever deils he 'll mak thim.

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36. During *Voltaire*'s laſt viſit to Paris, he was peſtered by congratulations from all deſcriptions of perſons. A young author of more vanity than merit thought it incumbent upon him to pay homage to the *Neſtor* of literature, and on being introduced thus addreſſed him:—"*Great man*, to-"day I am come to ſalute you as *Homer*, to-mor-"row I ſhall ſalute you as *Sophocles*, next day as "*Plato*." Voltaire interrupted him, ſaying, "*Lit-"tle man, I am very old; could not you pay all your "viſits in one day?*"

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37. *King James I.* made a progreſs to Cheſter in 1617, and was attended by a great number of the Welſh, who came out of curioſity to ſee him. The weather was very dry, the roads duſty, and the King almoſt ſuffocated. He did not know how to get civilly rid of them, when one of his attendants, putting his head out of the coach, ſaid, "It is his Majeſty's pleaſure, that thoſe who are "the beſt gentlemen ſhall ride forwards." Away went the Welſh gentry at full gallop: one, however, was left behind. "And ſo," ſaid the King to him, "you are not a gentleman, then?"—"Oh "yes, and pleaſe your Majeſty, hur is as goot a "gentleman as the reſt, but hur horſe, Got help "hur, is not ſo goot."

38. In the Charter of the Foreſt the following curious privilege is granted to biſhops and nobles. —" Every Archbiſhop, Biſhop, Earl, or Baron, " coming to us by our command, may paſs " through our foreſt, and, both in going and re- " turning, may kill a deer or two, in view of " the foreſter, if he is preſent, or, in caſe of his " abſence, after blowing a horn, *that they may* " *not appear to do it by ſtealth.*"

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39. M. *Bouret*, a French farmer general of immenſe fortune, *but ſtupid to a proverb*, being one day preſent when two noblemen were engaged in a party at piquet, one of them happening to play a wrong card, exclaimed, " Oh, what a *Bouret* I " am!" Offended at this liberty, Bouret ſaid inſtantly, " Sir, you are an aſs."—" *The very thing I* " *meant*," replied the other.

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40. When *Francis I.* was conducted priſoner to Madrid, a Spaniſh grenadier made his way through the crowd, and preſented the captive king with a gold ball. " Sire," ſaid he, " I had " this ball caſt, in order to have killed you, for a " life like yours ought not to have been ended " without ſome particular diſtinction. However, " although I have attended repeatedly *reviews*, " *theatres*, and other places, on purpoſe to uſe it, " I have never had an opportunity, and therefore " I take the liberty to offer it to your Majeſty as a " preſent."

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41. *King William* being once extremely embarraſſed about a matter of ſtate, was adviſed to conſult *Sir Iſaac Newton*. " Newton," replied he, " Newton! *why he is nothing but a philoſo-* " *pher.*"

42. A French gentleman went into *Bayne*'s, the *Crown and Thiſtle*, in Ruſſel Court, and called for a gill of wine, which being brought him in a glaſs, he ſaid "that in France it was always the cuſtom "to bring in liquor in a meaſure."—"Aye," quoth Boniface, "*but we do not wiſh to introduce* "*French meaſures here.*"

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43. When the Scotch Court of Juſticiary paſſed ſentence of fourteen years baniſhment on Mr. *Muir*, ſome perſons in the gallery began to hiſs. The *Lord Juſtice Clerk* turned round in great fury, and ordered the macer, who ſtood behind his chair, to take the perſons that were hiſſing into cuſtody. The macer with great *naïveté* anſwered, "*My Lord, they are all hiſſing.*"

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44. A gentleman having called a ticket-porter to carry a meſſage, aſked his name; he ſaid it was Ruſſel. "And pray," ſaid the gentleman jocularly, "*is your coat of arms the ſame as the Duke of Bed-* "*ford's?*"—"As to our *arms*, your Honour," ſays the porter, "I believe they are pretty much "alike, but there is a damned deal of difference "between our *coats.*"

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45. When Dr. *Franklin* was, during the American war, examined before the Privy Council, the preſent Lord Chancellor, then Solicitor General, treated him with great indignity. After his examination, as he was walking out, he whiſpered Mr. Wedderburne, "*Sir, you are too contemptible* "*for my notice, but your maſter ſhall pay dearly for* "*theſe inſults.*"

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46. The Doctor one day, when his father was ſaying grace before dinner, aſked whether it would not

not ſave a great deal of trouble *to ſay grace over a whole barrel of beef at once.*

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47. *An Animal of the* Bos Genus, *not deſcribed by Linnæus, Buffon, or any other Naturaliſt.*

Although we have claſſed this *nondeſcript* under the genus of the *Bos* or ox, he has this remarkable ſingularity, that he is a *carnivorous*, and not a *ruminating* animal. He partakes of the nature both of the bull and the aſs; of the bull in ſtrength, of the aſs in patience. Brave in battle, eager for conteſt, never crouching to animals of foreign breed, but extremely quiet at home. Capable of heavy burdens, but not of long faſting. Fond of luxurious fare, vain-glorious, and thinking himſelf free, at the moment when his rider preſſes and curbs him moſt ſeverely. Eaſily led into ſnares, and kneels down to have the burden fitted to his back. Though living chiefly on land, he can do moſt in the water. Contrary to the nature of other animals, he degenerates moſt where he is indigenous; this degeneracy has been particularly obſervable within theſe few years. Formerly he was very gregarious; in this reſpect, however, his manners are almoſt entirely changed, and he ſeems almoſt afraid of his ſpecies: but this muſt be in a great meaſure imputed to the management of his keeper. At preſent any perſon may ride him, and he bears, without kicking, any burden that is laid on him. Animals of the ſame genus of foreign breed uſed to reſpect him, and even to look up to him with admiration. His degeneracy has, however, deprived him of this ſort of reſpect, and he is now univerſally treated with ſcorn and ridicule, even by animals, to pamper which, he has, aſs like, ſtarved himſelf. He ſtill, however, wears *horns*, but

which neceſſity alone will make him uſe againſt his oppreſſors.

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48. EPIGRAM.

What changes we ſee come to paſs!
Behold, *John Bull* is now *Jack Aſs!*

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49. ANOTHER.

How can a nation be or great or free,
When *Reaſon* is juſt *Treaſon* to a *T?*

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50. Thrown from her ſteed, a lovely maid,
Unconſcious what her fall betray'd,
With nimble leap her ſeat regain'd,
While motionleſs her man remain'd;
"Why, John, you ſeem ſurpris'd!" ſaid ſhe,
"At ſeeing my *agility:*"
"Mayhap," quoth John, "that word from London came,
"*But here we give it quite a different name.*"

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51. When Lord *Howe* was captain of the *Magnanime*, a negro ſailor on board was ordered to be flogged: every thing being prepared, and the ſhip's company aſſembled to ſee the puniſhment inflicted, Captain Howe made a long addreſs to the culprit, on the enormity of his offence. Poor *Mungo*, tired of the harangue, and of having his back expoſed to the cold, exclaimed—"*Maſſa! if you floggee,* "*floggee; or if you preachee, preachee; but no preachee* "*and floggee too!*"

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52. At the cock-and-hen club of the performers of the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. *Fawcett* was entering very ſlowly, when Mrs. *Harlowe* coming up behind him ſaid, "Advance, thou harbinger of "impu-

"impudence."—"True, Madam," replied he, turning about and bowing, "I precede you."—The knock of the president's mallet allowed the justice of the remark.

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53. Mr. *Wewitzer*, of Drury-lane Theatre, a gentleman no less distinguished for his merit as an actor and his good character as a man, than for the amenity of his manners and the neatness of his wit, having given orders to his taylor for a spencer, asked him how much it would cost: "I "cannot," said Stitch, "exactly say, but you may "depend on it, Sir, that it will come very low."—"Then," said the wit, "*it will not be a "spencer.*"

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54. EPIGRAM, *written on the Window of a Public-house, which the Landlady had turned the Author out of, after he had spent all his Money.*

Has God alone perfection, do you say,
When such perfections we can see each day?
The poor have some perfections, some the rich;
Here's mother Dathwood—"*she's a perfect bitch.*"

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55. A picture of a reverend divine, known under the nickname of *Snake*, having appeared at one of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the following paragraph, which was published in a newspaper, was made the subject of a prosecution in the court of King's Bench, when Lord *Mansfield* observed, that he should be apt to excuse the libel for the sake of the wit.

"An artist very much admires the picture of "the reverend parson Snake in the Exhibition, "where he is drawn at full length, in a beautiful "landscape,

" landſcape, with a large tree, attended by his " dog. He thinks, however, that the *tree* wants " *execution*, and that the painter has not done " *juſtice* to the *dog*."

56. *George II.* one day ſent for Mr. *Pelham*, in a rage, to know why the civil liſt was not paid. Mr. Pelham ſaid the money deſtined for it had been appropriated to another uſe, then more urgent. The King, with an oath, told Mr. Pelham, that if he would not pay it, he would get another miniſter that would. " I ſhall not," ſaid his Majeſty, " tamely conſent to be the only maſter in the king- " dom who does not pay his ſervants."

57. EPIGRAM.

As gay *Lord Edward*, in a lively freak,
Kiſs'd ancient Marg'ret (for the dame was kind),
He found, although the *roſe* had left her cheek,
The *thorn* upon her chin remain'd behind.

58. A lady aſked Dr. *Warren* to which of the univerſities ſhe ſhould ſend her ſon. " *They drink*, " *Madam*," ſaid he, " *about an equal quantity of* " *port at each*."

59. The father of *Diderot* was a ſurgeon's inſtrument maker. When told of his ſon's celebrity as a writer, he uſed to ſay, " The devil take the " lad! *you don't know how many lancets he ſpoiled me* " *when he was my apprentice*."

60. Dr. *Johnſon* was in company with a very talkative lady, of whom he appeared to take little notice. She, in pique, ſaid to him, " Why, Doc- " tor, I believe you are not very fond of the com- " pany

" pany of ladies."—" You are miſtaken, Madam," replied he; " I like their beauty, I like their de-" licacy, I like their vivacity, and *I like their* " *ſilence.*"

61. Mr. *Boſwell* dining one day at the Old Bailey dinner, complained to one of the Judges, that he had had his pocket picked of his handkerchief. " Poh, poh!" ſaid Alderman *Wilkes*, " never " mind him, my Lord; *it is nothing but the oſtenta-* " *tion of a Scotchman, to let the world know that he* " *had been in poſſeſſion of a pocket-handkerchief.*"

62. A gentleman haranguing on the perfection of the Engliſh law, and of its being equally open to the poor and to the rich, was anſwered by another, " *So is the London Tavern.*"

63. PARLIAMENTARY BULLS.

An act of Edward the Third has a preamble, ſtating that " the French king intends as much as " is in his power to deſtroy our ſovereign lord the " king, his allies and ſubjects, lands and domi-" nions, and the Engliſh language." And this very act of parliament is written in French; but this is perhaps exceeded by an act of Queen Elizabeth, for tranſlating the Bible and Common-Prayer Book into Welſh, which recites, that it is with the intention of making the Welſh learn Engliſh.

64. Sir Boyle Roach, in one of the debates on the queſtion of the Union, made a ſpeech in favour of it, which he concluded by ſaying, that it would *change the barren hills into fruitful vallies.*

65. EPIGRAM *on Mr.* PITT *and Mr.* DUNDAS *going drunk to the Houſe of Commons.*

Your foe in war to over-rate,
A maxim is of ancient date;
Then ſure 't was right, in time of trouble,
That our good rulers ſhould *ſee double.*

66. ANOTHER.—D. *to* P.

Since now John Bull we 've led into a dance,
And each man joins *croſs-partnerſhip* with France,
Let us *join hands* the joyful ſcene to aid;
For who like us theſe generous joys ſhould feel?
Thou, gentle youth, ſhalt tip them a *caſcade,*
While I contribute by a Scottiſh *reel.*

67. ANOTHER.

Your politician deems it wiſe
To put on this or that *diſguiſe,*
Than Proteus changing quicker;
And hence, perhaps, *Dundas* and *Pitt*
Suppoſe themſelves for buſineſs fit,
When they 're *diſguis'd* in liquor.

68. ANOTHER.

" Fill a bumper," cries *Pitt* to his colleague *Dundas,*
" Since it all one a hundred years hence is,
" And a drunkard may well for a Solomon paſs,
" *When a nation is out of its ſenſes.*"

69. ANOTHER.

P. " I cannot ſee the Speaker, Hal, can you?"
D. " Not ſee the Speaker! damme, I ſee two!"

70. ANOTHER.

When *Billy* found he ſcarce could ſtand,
" Help! help!" he cried, and ſtretch'd his hand,
To faithful *Harry* calling;
Quoth Hal, " My friend, I'm ſorry for 't,
" But 't isn't my practice to ſupport
" A miniſter that 's falling * !"

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71. The late muſical *Earl of Kellie*, in the younger part of his life, was much addicted to diſſipation. One day, his mother took him ſeverely to taſk for a debauch, and adviſed him to take example by a particular gentleman, whoſe conſtant food was vegetables, and his drink pure water. " What! Madam," ſaid his Lordſhip, " do you " wiſh me to imitate a man who *eats like a beaſt* " *and drinks like a fiſh?*"

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72. *Lord Kellie* was, like his prototype *Falſtaff*, " not only witty himſelf, but the cauſe of wit in " other men." Mr. *Andrew Balfour*, the Scottiſh advocate, a man of conſiderable humour, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party when his Lordſhip was at the head of the table. After dinner he was aſked to ſing, but abſolutely refuſed to comply with the preſſing ſolicitation of the company. At length Lord Kellie told him that he ſhould not *eſcape*, he muſt either ſing a ſong, tell a ſtory, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. Balfour, being an abſtemious man, choſe rather to tell a ſtory than incur the forfeit. " One day," ſaid he, in his pompous manner, " a thief, in the courſe of his rounds,

* This and the five preceding epigrams are ſelected out of a hundred and one on the ſame ſubject, which were originally publiſhed in the *Morning Chronicle*.

" ſaw

" ſaw the door of a church invitingly open. He " walked in, thinking that even there he might lay " hold of ſomething. Having ſecured the pulpit-" cloth, he was retreating, when, lo! he found " the door ſhut. After ſome conſideration, he " adopted the only means of eſcape left, namely, " to let himſelf down by the bell-rope. The bell " of courſe rang; the people were alarmed, and " the thief was taken, juſt as he reached the ground. " When they were dragging him away, he looked " up, and emphatically addreſſed the bell, *as I* " *now addreſs your Lordſhip;* ' Had it not been,' " ſaid he, ' for your *long tongue* and your *empty head* " ' I had made my *eſcape*'."

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73. On the ſame occaſion, *Lord Kellie* was amuſing the company with an account of a ſermon he had heard in a church in Italy, in which the prieſt related the miracle of St. Anthony, when preaching on ſhip-board, attracting the fiſhes, which, in order to liſten to his pious diſcourſe, held their heads out of the water. " I can per-" fectly well believe the miracle," ſaid Mr. *Henry Erſkine*. " How ſo?"—" When your Lordſhip " was at church there was at leaſt *one fiſh out of the* " *water*."

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74. A French monk relates a circumſtance of a king of Armenia and his mandarins being turned into ſwine, when holding a council to deliberate on the extirpation of the Chriſtians; and that a prieſt, named *Gregory*, having queſtioned the ſwine if they would amend their lives and conſent to be baptized, they held up their ſnouts and ſaid *Ouen, ouen, ouen*, as if they would have ſaid *Oui*, Yes. Hereupon Gregory having taken holy water and baptized

tized them, they were miraculouſly reſtored to their former ſhape. The pious relater of this miracle ſeems to have forgotten that *Armenian hogs* would probably not ſpeak *French*.

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75. In the *Golden Legend* the following is, contrary to the ſtatement in another work on the ſame ſubject, given as the firſt miracle of a very celebrated Jewiſh ſaint. This perſonage was, it ſeems, bound an apprentice to his father-in-law, who happened to be by trade a carpenter. One day the maſter, finding that the boy had ſawed a piece of wood ſhorter than the meaſure he had preſcribed, ran up to him, full of anger, with a ſtick raiſed in his hand, in order to chaſtiſe him; but the arch apprentice, who was beginning to be conſcious of his power of working miracles, on a ſudden exerciſed it, and lengthened the piece of wood to its proper ſize.

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76. The celebrated ſect of the Saadi or ſerpent-eaters in Egypt originated in a miracle not unlike the preceding. *Saadi* had an uncle, a great man in Syria, who having one day ſent him into the deſert for ſome branches of buſhes, the lad, after he had cut his ſticks, found himſelf at a loſs to tie them up. After a fruitleſs ſearch he bethought himſelf of knotting together a few ſerpents, and with this living cord he bound up his fagot. The uncle, delighted with his nephew's acuteneſs, ſaid to him, "*Well, you may now make your way in the world, for* "*you are more knowing than I am.*" Immediately on this the ingenious youth began travelling about the country, charming ſerpents by his wonderful and ſupernatural ſkill, which he communicated to his diſciples, each of whom, and their deſcendants,

have the ſame power. Once every year this ſect makes a proceſſion through the ſtreets of Cairo, all the way devouring living ſerpents.

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77. A monk of St. Anthony, in order to raiſe the fame of his patron, and add to the profit of his convent, executed the following artifice. One day he preached under a tree where a magpie had built her neſt, into which he had previouſly found means to convey a ſmall box filled with gunpowder, having hanging out from it, but concealed in the tree, a long thin match that was to burn ſlowly. As ſoon as the monk or his confederates had ſet fire to the match, he began his ſermon. In the mean while the magpie returned to her neſt, and finding in it a ſtrange body, which ſhe could not remove, ſhe fell into a paſſion, and began to ſcratch with her feet, and chatter unmercifully. The father affected to hear her without emotion, and continued his ſermon with great compoſure; only he would now and then lift up his eyes towards the top of the tree, as if he wanted to ſee what was the matter. At laſt he pretended to be quite out of patience, curſed the magpie, and prayed that *St. Anthony's fire* might conſume her; he then went on again with his ſermon; but he had ſcarcely pronounced a few periods, when, to the aſtoniſhment of the devout auditors, the exploſion took place, and conſumed the magpie in her neſt.

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78. *Ignatius Jacobi*, a learned Italian, publiſhed at Geneva, in the year 1692, a work, now extremely ſcarce, entitled *De Miraculis Veteris et Novi Teſtamenti*, in which he endeavours to prove, that the miracles recorded in Holy Writ are not to be received literally, but allegorically; and on this idea he gives what he calls explanations of the myſterious

myſterious meanings of all the miracles mentioned in ſcripture to have been performed both under the old and the new law. As a ſpecimen we ſelect his ſolution of the moſt famous miracle that ever was worked, that of Joſhua commanding the ſun to ſtand ſtill. The following is a correct tranſlation of it from the original Latin:

"In the kingdom of *Ai*, or, as it is by ſome hiſtorians written, *Aye Aye*, there was, *under the Roſe*, publiſhed, by one of the *ſub-treaſurers* of the empire, a ſeditious newſpaper, entitled *The Sun*, filled with the groſſeſt falſehoods, with a view of ſupporting the flagitious and corrupt conduct of the king of *Aye Aye*'s miniſters. *Joſhua* having by a ſtratagem poſſeſſed himſelf of this city, among the firſt of his acts of reform, ordered the ſeditious newſpaper called *The Sun* to be ſuppreſſed, an act which in the ſublime Oriental language of the Bible is expreſſed by ſaying that "*he commanded "the ſun to ſtand ſtill!*"

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79. The cemetery of St. Dennis at Paris was a place famous for miracles, inſomuch that the concourſe of people drawn thither was a great nuiſance, and often attended with extremely bad conſequences. On this account Louis XV. very properly ordered it to be ſhut up. Immediately after, a wit wrote on the gate the following diſtich:

"*De par le Roi, defenſe a Dieu*
"*De faire miracles à ce lieu* *."

80. *Bon Mot* of the KING. *A learned Serjeant* belonging to the Bloomſbury Aſſociation, who was more accuſtomed to let off *ſquibs* than to fire muſ-

* By the king's orders, God ſhall not Work miracles upon this ſpot.

 kets,

kets, on a field-day thought that it would ſave ſome trouble if he loaded two or three times before he fired; the conſequence was, that, when he did fire, the gun recoiled ſo much as not only to throw him but the gentlemen behind him, in the centre and near ranks, on their backs. Next day he attended the levee, when his Majeſty, who had learnt the circumſtance, ſaid, *What, what, what, Serjeant!* "*one at a time, Serjeant! one at a time!*" This witty obſervation of courſe threw all the court into convulſions of laughter.

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81. Henry IV. of France, being on a journey through ſome part of his dominions, was, on his entrance into a particular town, met by the mayor and municipal officers; when the mayor addreſſed his Majeſty in a ſpeech, which, if not very brilliant, was ſufficiently tedious. In the midſt of the harangue an aſs fell a-braying, when the King ſaid, "*Chacun à ſon tour, s'il vous plait meſſieurs**."

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82. EPIGRAM.

That Maſter *Pitt* ſeems
To be fond of *extremes*,
No longer is thought any riddle:
For ſure we may ſay,
'T is as plain as the day,
That he always keeps clear of the *middle*.

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83. ANOTHER.

'T is true indeed we oft abuſe him,
Becauſe he bends to no man;
But ſlander's ſelf dares not accuſe him
Of ſtiffneſs to a woman.

* *One at a time, if you pleaſe, gentlemen.*

84. ANOTHER.

The virulent fair
Proteſt and declare
This miniſtry 's not to their hearts;
For, ſay what they will,
To them *Maſter Bill*
Has never diſcover'd his *parts*.

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85. ANOTHER.—*By the* PREMIER.

Though big with mathematic pride,
By me one axiom is denied;
I can't perceive, upon my ſoul,
My *parts* are equal to a *whole*.

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86. *The* PREMIER's *Indiſpoſition*.

To account for P—'s illneſs, the ſkilful attempt,
But the ſkilful are not from all error exempt;
Though dire diſappointment, defeat, are aſſign'd,
I think the real cauſe I 've more truly defin'd;
Take it which way you will, we all muſt agree,
With a *good conſtitution* he 's made much *too free*.

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87. At an anniverſary meeting, held at Edinburgh, about four years ago, of ſome claſs-fellows of the high ſchool of that city, Mr. *James Hume*, an attorney, being called on for his toaſt, gave Mr. *Fox*. The *Lord Advocate*, who was in the chair, after drinking his glaſs, ſaid, "Gentlemen, I make it a general rule to drink every "toaſt that is given; but a friend of mine being "at a public dinner in London when Mr. Fox "was propoſed as a toaſt, ſaid he would not "drink the health of ſuch a raſcal." Mr. Hume ſaid, "I cannot ſee much wit in your Lordſhip's "anecdote; but I muſt obſerve, that, *had I been "the perſon who gave the toaſt, and any one pre-"ſumed to make ſuch a remark, I ſhould have made*

" *no ſcruple of telling him that he was an infamous* " *ſcoundrel, and deſerved to be kicked out of the* " *company.*"

88. RONDEAU.

By two black eyes my heart was won,
(Sure never wretch was more undone!)
To Celia with my ſuit I came;
But ſhe, regardleſs of her prize,
Thought proper to reward my flame
By two black eyes.

89. ANOTHER.—*By* POPE.

You know where you did deſpiſe,
T'other day, my little eyes,
Little legs and little thighs,
And ſome things of little ſize,
You know where.
You, I know, have large black eyes,
Taper legs, and plump white thighs;
But what above all theſe we prize,
Is a thing of a little ſize,
You know where.

90. The houſe of Mr. *Dundas*, late Lord Preſident of the Court of Seſſion in Scotland, and the elder brother of Mr. Secretary *Dundas*, having, after his death, been converted into a ſmith's ſhop, a gentleman wrote upon its door the following *impromptu*.

" This houſe a *lawyer* once enjoy'd,
" A *ſmith* does now poſſeſs;
" How naturally the *iron age*
" Succeeds the *age of braſs!*"

91. One day when Mr. *Woodward* and Mr. *King* were walking through the ſtreets of Liverpool,

pool, where they were then performing, a chimney-ſweeper and his boy came up. The boy ſtopped and ſtared at them, and although the maſter called to him ſeveral times to come along, he ſtill ſtood ſtaring, and at length exclaimed, "Why, "they be players."—"*Hold your tongue, you dog,*" ſaid old Sweep, "*you don't know what you may come* "*to yourſelf.*"

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92. A woman in France having gone to confeſſion, the prieſt, by way of penance, was proceeding to give her a flagellation. As he was leading her behind the altar, for this purpoſe, her huſband, who, from a motive of jealouſy, had followed her, and concealed himſelf in the church, made his appearance, and objecting that ſhe was too delicate to bear the diſcipline, offered to receive it in her ſtead. This propoſal the wife greatly applauded, and the man had no ſooner placed himſelf upon his knees, than ſhe exclaimed, "*Now, Father, lay on luſtily, for I am a great* "*ſinner.*"

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93. An officer's ſervant, near Stroud, in Glouceſterſhire, having taken an affront at ſomething ſaid by the clerk of the pariſh, thought it incumbent on him, *as a gentleman*, to ſend the other a challenge to fight with piſtols; to which the following anſwer was given: "*Abraham Amen*, "conceiving murdering with fire-arms to be the "excluſive privilege of officers and real gentle-"men, refuſes to fight the upſtart *Bob Bouncer* in "the manner he deſires; but as, by the laws of "honour, the perſon challenged has a right to "chooſe his weapons, Abraham Amen will meet "the ſaid Bouncer, even on a Sunday, and on con-

"ſecrated

" ſecrated ground, to the praiſe and glory of God,
" with two *ſtaves*."

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94. A lady of ſome property, and who, though not extremely well qualified, affected to be a great critic, took a number of tickets for Mr. *Quick*'s benefit. The farce was *Tom Thumb*, in which, of courſe, the little hero was vomited forth by the cow that had ſwallowed him up. Next day, the lady ſent for Mr. Quick, and told him, ſhe was ſurpriſed that the mechaniſts of the theatre ſhould be allowed to do things ſo abſurdly and unnaturally as *to let Tom Thumb out at the wrong end.*

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95. A perſon meeting an old man, with ſilver hairs and a very black buſhy beard, aſked him how it happened that his beard was not as gray as the hair of his head; " Becauſe," ſaid the old gentleman, " *it is twenty years younger.*"

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96. In the parlour of a public-houſe in Fleet Street, there is written over the chimney-piece the following notice—" *Gentlemen learning to ſpell are* " *requeſted to uſe yeſterday's paper.*"

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97. A *connoiſſeur* obſerved lately, at a ſale of paintings, that it was remarkable that the beſt pictures in the collection were by women, particularly *Ann Caracci*, and *Sal Roſa*.

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98. A man walking along after a woman whoſe elegant ſhape excited his admiration, was not a little diſappointed when he got up with her and ſaw her ordinary face—" If, Madam," ſaid he, " you were as handſome before as you are be-
" hind, I would kiſs you."—" *You may*," returned

ed the lady, "*kiſs where you think I am handſ-*
"*ſomeſt.*"

99. *Anthony Paſquin*, ſome time ago, met, in the ſtreet, Mr. *Quin*, the reſpectable editor of the *Traveller*. The latter, diſpleaſed with ſome part of his behaviour, took no notice of him, on which Anthony ſaid, "What! don't you know me?" Mr. Quin anſwered—"Yes, *Anthony—paſs Quin.*"

100. Henry IV. of France, who was fond of wit, met, on the road, a prieſt, travelling poſt, and ordering him to ſtop, aſked haſtily—"*Whence?* "*—Whither?—What?*" The other replied, "*Bruges—Verſailles—a benefice.*"—"*You ſhall have* "*it,*" replied the King.

101. When Mr. *Thelwall* was on his trial at the Old Bailey for high treaſon, during the evidence for the proſecution, he wrote the following note, and ſent it to his counſel, Mr. *Erſkine*—"I am "determined to plead my cauſe myſelf." Mr. Erſkine wrote under it—"*If you do you'll be hang-*"*ed;*" to which Thelwall immediately returned this reply—"*I'll be hanged if I do.*"

102. Mr. *Horne Tooke* declares, that if he ſhould again be charged with treaſon, he would at once plead *guilty, rather than be condemned to hear the ſpeeches of the Attorney General.*

103. When *Lord Cheſterfield* was in adminiſtration, he propoſed a perſon to his late Majeſty as proper to fill a place of great truſt, but which the King himſelf was determined ſhould be filled by another. The Council, however, reſolved not to indulge

indulge the King, *for fear of a dangerous precedent.* It was Lord Cheſterfield's buſineſs to preſent the grant of the office for the King's ſignature. Not to incenſe his Majeſty, by aſking him abruptly, he, with accents of great humility, begged to know with whoſe name his Majeſty would be pleaſed to have the blanks filled up?"—"*With the devil's!*" replied the King, in a paroxyſm of rage. "And "ſhall the inſtrument," ſaid the Earl, coolly, "run "as uſual—*Our truſty and well-beloved couſin and* "*counſellor?*" a repartee at which the King laughed heartily, and with great good humour ſigned the grant.

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104. *The* PLACEMAN'S CREED.

I believe in *King George the Third*, and *William Pitt*, his firſt miniſter, who was neither born nor begotten, but came directly from Heaven, ſent for the expreſs purpoſe of ſaving this drooping ſtate, and of exalting it to the higheſt pitch of human grandeur. Inſtantly on his coming he aſcended into the adminiſtration, and ſitteth at the head of the treaſury, whence he ſhall pay all thoſe who vote as they are bid. I believe in the diſintereſtedneſs of *Henry Dundas*, the virtue of the *Earl of Liverpool*, the ſanctity of the Biſhops, the independency of the Lords, the integrity of the Commons, the annihilation of the French Republic, and the diſcharge of the public debts. Amen.

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105. *Sir William Dawes*, Archbiſhop of York, was very fond of a pun. His clergy dining with him the firſt time after he had loſt his lady, he told them he feared they did not find things in ſo good order as they uſed to be in the time of poor *Mary;*

Mary; and looking extremely ſorrowful, added, with a deep ſigh, "Ah! ſhe was indeed *Mare* "*pacificum!*" A curate, who pretty well knew what ſhe had been, called out, "Aye, my Lord, "but ſhe was *Mare mortuum* firſt." His Grace gave the curate a living of 200*l.* a year within two months.

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106. An Iriſh officer had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded in one of the late battles in Holland. As he lay on the ground, an unfortunate ſoldier, who was near him, and was alſo ſeverely wounded, made a terrible howling, when the officer exclaimed, "Damn your eyes, what do "you make ſuch a noſe for? *Do you think there* "*is nobody killed but yourſelf?*"

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107. *The* REMONSTRANCE.

When firſt I attempted your pity to move,
Ah! why was you deaf to my pray'rs?
Perhaps it was right to diſſemble your love,
But—*why did you kick me down ſtairs?*

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108. VENUS *and* ADONIS.—*By* SHAKESPEAR. *(Not in his Works.)*

Fair Venus with Adonis one day lying
Within a myrtle ſhade, began to woo him;
She told the youngling how God Mars did try her,
And as he did to her ſo did ſhe to him.
"Even thus," ſaid ſhe, "the warlike God addreſs'd me;"
And then ſhe claſp'd her lover in her arms,
"Even thus," ſaid ſhe, "the warlike God careſs'd me;"
Thinking the boy would act ſuch godlike charms;

"Even

" Even thus," ſaid ſhe, " he ſeiz'd upon my lips."
And then upon his lips ſhe made the ſeizure,
But as ſhe fetches breath, away he trips,
And will not take her meaning nor her pleaſure:
—Oh! that I had my lady at that bay,
To kiſs and clip me till I ran away!

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109. *Prince Ferdinand* took great pleaſure in viſiting the ſhop of an ingenious watchmaker at Geneva, and paſſed there many hours. One day, he found written over the chimney-piece, in large characters—" *The hours of the induſtrious are loſt* " *by the intruſions of the idle.*" Conceiving immediately that this ſarcaſm was levelled at him, he thought it proper to apologize for his intruſions, and to aſſure the artiſan, that, if he had made him ſpend his time unprofitably, he would willingly make him any recompence. To this the watchmaker ſaid, " Sir, I aſſure you, in putting up this " I had no ſuch intention as you ſuppoſe; the " time which your Highneſs paſſes in my ſhop is " to me a great pleaſure, and I conſider myſelf " very highly honoured by your viſits; but at the " ſame time I ſhall tell you very candidly, that " your Highneſs has been the occaſion of this " hint." The aſtoniſhed prince having deſired the watchmaker to explain himſelf, he ſaid, that while his Highneſs was engaged in the campaign, he loſt half of his time by people coming into the ſhop to announce his victories.

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110. On Sir William Addington quitting his office of chief magiſtrate of the Bow-ſtreet office, the following paragraph appeared in a morning paper:—" Sir W. Addington retires from the *prac-*

" *tice*

" *tice* of the law, to devote his hours to the *ſtudy* " of it."

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111. Dr. *Gregory*, Profeſſor of the Practice of Phyſic at Edinburgh, was one of the firſt to enrol himſelf in the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, when that very fine corps was raiſed. So anxious was he to make himſelf maſter of military tactics, that he not only paid the moſt punctual attendance on all the regimental drills and field-days, but *ſtudied* at home for ſeveral hours a day, under the ſergeant-major of the regiment. On one of theſe occaſions the *martinet*, out of all temper at the awkwardneſs of his learned pupil (for the Doctor, like *Major Sturgeon*, " was a little awkward at " firſt"), exclaimed in a rage, " By God, Sir, " I would rather *teach ten fools than one philoſo-* " *pher !*"

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112. A gentleman having called his ſervant to aſſiſt him in dreſſing, the latter, who had been employed in ſome dirty work, came up, all over duſt. The maſter, in a paſſion, took up a cane, and was going to lay it over the fellow's back, when he cried out, " Sir, Sir, *if you wiſh to duſt my coat, I* " *beg you will let me take it off firſt !*"

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113. *A* TALE. *In Imitation of Chaucer.* *(Original.)*

Ill mote old muſtie bach'lors thryve,
Who wag their tongues 'gainſt them that wyve;
And ill betide thoſe wights who dare
With leaſings foule aſperſe the faire;
Becauſe, forſooth, they knowe and techen
(Full well they practice what they prechen)

That too moche tippling oft deſtroys
The faculties for nuptial joys,
And therefore wiſely ſtint their ſpouſes
In drinke at home, and at ale-houſes.
But muſt, therefore, all prudent wyves
Be vixens 'clep'd, and ſcolds and gyves?
Forbid it, Honour! Love, forbid it!
" It never ſhall be ſaid, I did it."
Be it my taſke with ſpechin ſoote
Soche calumnies ſtill to refute.
Liſt to mine legend now I praie,
True as the Goſpelle, by my faye;
Hear how Dame *Alſe* indulg'd here dere,
Sir Noll, who certes lov'd goode chere,
And ever and anon his board
With boon companions was well ſtor'd:
Where I was wont full oft to dyne
On viands nice, and drink choiſe wine.
No ſcant of either there was found,
But mirth and glee did ſtill abound.
Thus far'd we on a feſtivall,
Ypreſent were his goſſips all.
Soon as the dames withdrew, mine hoſte
Fill'd a large bumper to *the toaſte;*
His gueſts all pledg'd and dranke *the ſame,*
Then talken bawdry without ſhame;
This boaſts how mickle he bene drinken,
That brags how often he bene ſwinken;
Till one more graceleſs than the reſt,
Wager'd he could produce *the beſt,*
And carry on a certaine parte
A bottle holden a fulle quarte.
The bette was layed, the bottle ſlung;
Though it was heavy, he was ſtrong:
Towards the roome he 'gan to walke,
Where ladies had retir'd to talke

Of dance and dreſs, of beau and belle,
How much ſtuffs coſt by yarde or elle;
Of who was cuckolded, who jilted,
Of who had, or who had not lilted;
Of modeſt maides who had miſcarried,
Of wanton widowes once more married;
Of theſe and *other things* they chat,
Sip tea and coffee, and all that.
Starkly he ſtrutted, but he ſtumbled
Bounce 'gainſt the door, and in he tumbled.
Quickly he roſe, and ſtrove to hyde
What nathleſs all the women ſpied.
The matrons marvell'd, maidens ſtar'd,
Thoſe were ſurpris'd, and theſe were ſcar'd;
His fellows ſhouted loud, while he
Retreated *ſans* apologie,
Reſolv'd ne'er to returne againe,
Nor did he for more than monthes twayne;
Till one day he ychanc'd to meete
Dame Alſe paſſen along the ſtreete.
Ne mote he turne, ne dar'd advaunce,
Ne eſchew could he her keene glance,
Yfer'd to ſtand, though faine he 'd ſcouted;
As ſhe approach'd full low he louted,
Expecting a ſevere rebuke,
But ſhe beſtow'd a gracious looke,
And mildly his long abſence chid,
Aſking where he himſef had hid?
For which he made a lame defence,
Was ſorry he had given offence;
And ſorely ſhent he was to thinke
Of his rude 'haviour in his drinke.
" Marry," quoth ſhe, " now Heven forefend
" We ſholde be 'reft of ſoche a friende,
" For ſoche a trifle; ſay no more,
" But come henceforthe as heretofore.

 " Albeit

" Albeit you fell, be not aſhent,
" Perdie! I colde be well content
" Eche dai to give my lief his ſpell,
" *Colde he but beare his drinke as well.*"

114. When *Buchanan* was tutor to James I. he found it neceſſary, one day, to give his moſt ſacred Majeſty a flogging. A lady of the court, being in the next room and overhearing what paſſed, ran in, and catching the young king in her arms, aſked Buchanan how he could lift his hand againſt the Lord's anointed; to which he replied with great *ſang froid*, " *Madam, I have whipped* his ——, *you* " *may kiſs it if you pleaſe.*"

115. *Buchanan* being upbraided for making *James* ſuch a pedant, ſaid he thought he had done a great deal to make him any thing.

116. The ladies of Paris are at leaſt as much attached to thin clothing as thoſe of London. A lady of diſtinction there having become very conſpicuous for the thinneſs of her attire, one day, when ſhe had a good deal of company, a packet was brought directed for her, and entitled, " *Dreſs* " *for Madame* ——." It was brought up, and thinking it was an elegant dreſs ſhe had ordered from her milliner, the lady reſolved to treat her friends with a ſight of this new invention of her fancy. It was opened, and there appeared a *vine-leaf*.

117. The great *Corneille* lodged in the ſame houſe with his brother Peter, but on the floor above him. It is pleaſantly ſaid, that when Peter was in want of a *rhyme*, he called out from his window

window to Thomas; when Thomas was at a loſs for an *idea*, he called up to Peter.

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118. A tradeſman's wife having purchaſed a raven, one of her neighbours aſked her, how ſhe thought of buying ſuch an ugly and uſeleſs bird? "*My huſband and I*," replied ſhe, "*wiſh to try the* "*experiment, whether it be true, that ravens live to* "*the age of ſeven or eight hundred years.*"

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119. *Alphonſo*, King of Arragon, to whom a Jew wiſhed to ſell *a picture of our Saviour* for five hundred ducats, ſaid, "You are much more un-"conſcionable than your anceſtors, who ſold the "*original* for *thirty pieces.*"

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120. Soon after the inſtitution of the *Royal Academy*, *Charles II.* ſent for their diſcuſſion this queſtion—"What is the reaſon why a dead fiſh is "ſo much heavier than a living one?" Many wiſe treatiſes were accordingly written, by the members of that learned body, to point out the phyſical cauſes of the difference. At length, after the point had undergone a complete diſcuſſion, it occurred to them to try the fact, when they diſcovered, to their no ſmall mortification, that they were laughed at by the witty King, the living fiſh and the dead one being exactly the ſame weight.

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121. A man and his wife, as a proof of their fondneſs for each other, made a mutual vow, that, on either of their deaths, the ſurvivor ſhould remain in a ſtate of celibacy. The huſband having died, the widow kept her vow, religiouſly, for about a twelvemonth. At the end of this period, however, ſhe began to repent of it, and being a

Catholic, ſhe applied to the prieſts, to know whether ſhe could not be releaſed from it. This having, as might be expected, been negatived, the good woman thought of appealing to a higher power, and accordingly ſhe daily paid her devotions to an image of the Virgin, who ſhe hoped would, by ſome ſign, ſanction her ſecond marriage. On one of thoſe occaſions, when, as uſual, ſhe fervently aſked the Virgin whether ſhe might not lawfully marry a ſecond time, a wag, who had concealed himſelf under the image, anſwered "*No!*"—On which the devotee immediately replied,—"Hold your tongue, you baſtard; I am "ſpeaking to your mother."

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122. An Italian architect, walking along Pall Mall, wrote the following lines on one of the columns in the front of Carleton Houſe:

Càre colonne
Che fate quà?
Non lo ſappiamo
In verità *.

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123. The Count de *Sedán* held that little ſtate as a fief of the crown of France, of which he was in other reſpects a ſubject. Louis XIV. wiſhing to put his paw upon this domain, had the Count arreſted and clapped into the *Baſtile*, on a ſuppoſed charge of treaſon. The reſult was, that, in order to ſave his life, he gave up his poſſeſſions; on which the wits of Paris made this pun—"*Il donna Sedán* (ſes dents) *pour ſauver ſa tête.*"

* Ah! my dear columns,
Why ſtand ye ſo?
Indeed, my good Sir,
We do not know.

124.

124. Mr. *Henry Erſkine*, the Scotch advocate, happening ſome years ago to meet *Lady Wallace* at a public place in Edinburgh, complimented her Ladyſhip on looking ſo well. "Lord!" ſaid ſhe, "I am as fat as a whale!"—"*I wiſh I were Jo-*"*nas.*"—"*What, three days and three nights!*"

125. A young woman came to a juſtice of the peace in Derbyſhire, to ſwear a baſtard child; it was not, however, till after ſome preſſing, that ſhe ventured to tell his Worſhip that it was to his own ſon. Hearing this he ſent her away, promiſing to take care both of her and the child. When his ſon came home from hunting, he accoſted him: "Very well, Mr. Dick, you have been doing a "pretty job, getting your own ſiſter with child!" —"Indeed, father," ſaid young Hopeful, "I did "it quite ignorantly; and if you mean to prevent "the like in future, *you muſt give me a liſt of all* "*your baſtards.*"

126. *Scarron* had compoſed ſome verſes, at the head of which he placed this dedication, "*A* "*Guillemette, Chienne de ma Sœur* *;" but having a quarrel with his ſiſter, he maliciouſly put into the *errata*, "For *chienne de ma ſœur*, read *ma* "*chienne de ſœur* †."

127. An action was brought in Jamaica againſt a perſon for printing ſome muſic. After the plaintiff's journeyman had proved the work done, the defendant's counſel, Mr. *Baker*, aſked him, if the muſic was not very incorrectly printed? "Sir,"

* To Guillemette, my ſiſter's bitch.

† *For* my ſiſter's bitch, *read* my bitch of a ſiſter.

ſaid

ſaid the witneſs, "I am no muſician; I under-
"ſtand you are, and therefore, *if you will ſing it*
"*over to the court and jury, they will be able to judge*
"*for themſelves.*"

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128. When one of *Lord Monboddo*'s friends pro-poſed to ſolicit for him the office of a Judge in the Scotch Criminal Court, his Lordſhip ſaid, "No;
"*I have more pleaſure in looking after my little*
"*farm, in the vacation of the Court of Seſſion,*
"*than I ſhould have to run about the country hanging*
"*people.*"

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129. On a late Northern Circuit, an action was brought. A ſold a horſe to B for eight guineas. B, perhaps, was not a very *good* judge of a horſe; however that might be, the horſe *died* the ſame night. B went the next morning to A, and told him that he was "*a little in for it,*" when he made the bargain: but he thought the horſe would not do for him *now*. A refuſed to take him back again without a conſiderable abatement. The ſecond bargain was ſtruck at ſix guineas and a half: this was conſidered as only *biting* the *biter;* but there was the validity of a *note* to examine; and one of the Counſel having, by dint of croſs examination, extracted the *truth* from a very ſly evidence, it was proved that the note had been given on a *Sunday!* and in a public-houſe too. This being eſtabliſhed, the Counſellor addreſſed him: "Well, my old
"buck! ſo I ſuppoſe you are one of thoſe people
"who do not oft go to church."—"Perhaps,"
ſaid the other, "*if the truth were known, I am as*
"*oft there as you are.*" The blunt promptneſs of the reply created a loud laugh from all preſent, in which the *old buck* ſeemed to join moſt cordially.

dially. "What makes *you* laugh?" ſaid the lawyer. "*Is not every body laughing?*" ſaid the other. —"True," rejoined the firſt, "but do you know "what they are laughing at?"—"Why, I think in "my heart," replied the fellow, "that they take "either you or I to be a *fool*; but I do not know "*which*."

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130. A little girl, on hearing that her mother had loſt a law-ſuit, ſaid, "Dear Mamma, I am ſo "glad that you have *loſt* that naſty ſuit that uſed to "plague you ſo!"

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131. Another, the daughter of the proprietor of a coal-mine, after attentively liſtening to an account given her of Hell by her father, who ſaid it was a place where the Devil perpetually roaſted ſinners at an immenſe fire, exclaimed—"O Papa! "*have not you intereſt enough with the Devil to get* "*him to take his coals of you?*"

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132. *Townſend*, the perſon appointed to protect *Majeſty* againſt the *thieves at Court*, having, at the *Chapel Royal*, been robbed of his *hat*, a *great Perſonage*, delighted with the joke of the *biter bit*, ſaid, "Eh! Townſend! loſt your caſtor! loſt "your caſtor! if I have not better guardians I "may loſe my *Crown!*—Eh, Townſend!—a bad "look-out—a bad look-out."

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133. EPITAPH.

Here lig I, *Vander Heldinbrod*,
Have mercy on my ſoul, Lord God!
As I would do were I Lord God,
And you were Vander Heldinbrod.

134.

134. A Catholic being at confeſſion, acknowledged that he had debauched another man's wife. "Son," ſaid the Prieſt, "this is a dreadful ſin, "and muſt be followed by ſevere penance.—"Who is the other man?"—"He is, Father, "a Proteſtant Miniſter."—"A Proteſtant!—Oh, "that is another affair; you were doing nothing "but what was meritorious, making repriſals "on the enemy, for which Heaven will reward "you."

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135. A perſon who, after ſeveral miſchances, became a coal-merchant, and very ſoon failed in that buſineſs, and was reduced afterwards to very indigent circumſtances, meeting a gentleman who had run up a conſiderable bill with him, mentioned his ſituation, and that he would be much obliged to him if he would ſettle his bill. The other anſwered—"Sir, I have long ſince ſettled with "your creditors."—"Have you?" ſaid the *ci-devant* coal-merchant; "*that is a liberty I never* "*took with them.*"

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136. As Mr. *Wyndham* ſtopped to change horſes, one day, in travelling to the country, he called at the inn for a newſpaper, when the Landlord brought him the *Morning Chronicle*.—"Take away that *abuſive* paper," ſaid he, "and "bring me the *Times*."—"*Indeed, Sir*," replied the Landlord, with great *naïveté*, "*You are as* "*much abuſed in the Times as you are in the Chro-*"*nicle.*"

137. *Mrs.* F.'s DELIGHT, *composed by her Husband,* T. F. *A. D.* 1690.

Some men they do delight in hounds,
And ſome in hawkes take pleaſure;
Some do rejoice in war and wounds,
And thereby gain great treaſure.

Some men do love on ſea to ſail;
And ſome rejoice in riding:
But all their judgments do them fail—
Oh! no ſuch joy as chiding.

When in the morn I ope mine eyes
To entertain the day,
Before my huſband e'en can riſe,
I chide him—then I pray.

When I at table take my place,
Whatever be the meat,
I firſt do chide—and then ſay grace,
If ſo diſpos'd to eat.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I ever do complain;
Too raw, too roaſt, too young, too old—
Faults I will find or feign.

Let it be fleſh, or fowl, or fiſh,
It never ſhall be ſaid,
But I'll find fault with meat or diſh,
With maſter, or with maid.

But when I go to bed at night,
I heartily do weep,
That I muſt part with my delight—
I cannot ſcold and ſleep.

However, this doth mitigate,
And much abate my ſorrow,
That though to-night it be too late,
I'll early ſcold to-morrow.

138. A gentleman of rank, notorious for not paying his tradeſmen's bills, happening to call on a friend in a remarkably handſome pair of boots, which the other very much admired, aſked him jocularly, how he thought he got thoſe boots. His friend made ſeveral gueſſes, ſuch as his ordering half a dozen pair more, and promiſing then to pay for the whole, &c. &c.—"No," ſaid the other, "all your gueſſes are far wide of the mark, and "you might gueſs a thouſand times ere you found "it out—*Why, I paid for them.*"

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139. *Biſhop Burnet* was remarkable for abſence of mind. Dining with the *Dutcheſs of Marlborough*, after the diſgrace of the *Duke*, he compared that great general to *Beliſarius*. "But," ſaid the Dutcheſs eagerly, "how came ſuch a man as Beli-"ſarius to be ſo miſerable, and ſo univerſally de-"ſerted?"—"*Oh, Madam, he had ſuch a brim-"ſtone of a wife!*"

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140. ODE *to a* PIG *while his Noſe was boring.*

Hark! hark! that pig! that pig! the hideous note,
More loud, more diſſonant each moment grows:
Would one not think the knife was in his throat?
And yet they're only boring through his noſe.

Thou fooliſh beaſt, ſo rudely to withſtand
Thy maſter's will, to feel ſuch idle fears!
Why, Pig, there's not a lady in the land,
Who has not alſo bor'd and ring'd her ears.

Pig! 'tis your maſter's pleaſure—then be ſtill,
And hold your noſe to let the iron through;
Dare you reſiſt your lawful ſovereign's will?
Rebellious ſwine! ye know not what ye do!

To

To Man o'er every beaſt the pow'r was given;
Pig, hear the truth, and never murmur more:
Wouldſt thou rebel againſt the will of Heav'n?
Thou impious beaſt, be ſtill and let them bore.

The ſocial Pig reſigns his natural rights,
When firſt with Man he covenants to live;
He barters them for ſafer ſty-delights,
For grains and waſh, which Man alone can give.

Sure is proviſion on the ſocial plan,
Secure the comforts that to each belong:
Oh, happy ſwine! th' impartial ſway of Man
Alike protects the weak pig and the ſtrong.

And you reſiſt! you ſtruggle now, becauſe
Your maſter has thought fit to bore your noſe;
You grunt in flat rebellion to the laws
Society finds needful to impoſe!

Go to the foreſt, Pig, and there deplore
The miſerable lot of ſavage ſwine;
See how the young pigs fly from the great boar,
How coarſely and how ſcantily they dine!

Behold their hourly danger, when who will
May hunt or ſnare, and ſeize them for his food;
Oh, happy Pig! whom none preſumes to kill,
Till your protecting maſter thinks it good.

And when, at laſt, the hour of cloſing life
Arrives (for pigs muſt die as well as men),
When in your throat you feel the long ſharp knife,
And your whole body is convuls'd with pain;

And when, at laſt, the death-wound yawning wide,
Fainter and fainter grows th' expiring cry;
Is there no grateful joy, no loyal pride,
To think that for your maſter's good you die?

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141. Charles II. having heard a high character

of a preacher in the country, attended one of his ſermons. Expreſſing his diſſatisfaction, one of the courtiers ſaid, that the preacher was applauded to the ſkies by his congregation. "Aye," replied the King, "*I ſuppoſe becauſe he is as ſtupid as* "*themſelves.*"

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142. When faſhions are worn out in this country, the antiquated articles are ſent to Germany, Sweden, and Ruſſia. A veſſel laden with ſuch merchandiſe was run down in the channel of St. Peterſburgh. Next day, a ſalmon was caught in the Neva, dreſſed in a white ſatin petticoat; two cods were caught with muſlin handkerchiefs round their necks, a haddock wore a boſom friend, ſharks and porpoiſes were obſerved in gowns of the lateſt taſte, and not a fiſh was to be ſeen that was not dreſſed in the freſheſt London faſhions that had ever viſited the North.

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143. A gentleman having engaged to fight a main of cocks, directed his feeder in the country, who was *a ſon of the Sod*, to pick out two of the beſt, and bring them to town. *Paddy* having made his ſelection, put the two cocks together into a bag, and brought them with him in the mail-coach. When they arrived, it was found that upon their journey they had almoſt torn each other to pieces; on which Paddy was ſeverely taken to taſk for his ſtupidity, in putting both cocks in one bag. "Indeed," ſaid the honeſt Hibernian, "*I thought* "*there was no riſk of their falling out, as they were* "*going to fight on the ſame ſide.*"

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144. On the evening when his Majeſty was ſhot at, in the Pit of Drury-lane Theatre, a gentleman,

man, who ſupped with Mr. *Erſkine* after the play, having related the circumſtance to him, the witty Barriſter obſerved—"Aye, I always thought he had "every thing to dread from the *Pittites*."

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145. A very beautiful woman having the miniature picture of her *ugly* huſband ſuſpended on her breaſt, aſked a gentleman whom he thought it like. "I think," ſaid he, "it is like *the Saracen's* "*Head on Snow Hill*."

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146. The following *jeu d'eſprit* is from the pen of the late Horace Walpole.

What a rout do you make for a ſingle poor kiſs!
I ſeiz'd it, 't is true, and I ne'er ſhall repent it:
May he ne'er enjoy one, who ſhall think 't was amiſs;
But, for me, I thank dear CYTHEREA who ſent it.

You may pout, and look prettily croſs: but I pray
What buſineſs ſo near to my lips had your cheek?
If you will put temptation ſo pat in one's way,
Saints, reſiſt if you can; but for me, I 'm too weak.

But come, my ſweet FANNY, our quarrel let 's end;
Nor will I by force, what you gave not retain.
By allowing the kiſs, I 'm for ever your friend;
If you ſay that I ſtole it, why take it again.

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147. *Lord Gardenſton*, the Scotch Judge, a man who was equally diſtinguiſhed for his wit, learning, liberality of ſentiment, and goodneſs of heart, was, in his younger days, not a little addicted to diſſipation. When he held the office of his Ma-

jeſty's Solicitor General, he had occaſion to argue a very important queſtion. The cauſe being called, no Mr. Garden appeared. The Court had the complaiſance to wait ſome time for him, and at length his attorney found him in a tavern, where he was *ſtill paſſing the evening*. He came into Court *not altogether ſober*, and immediately began his ſpeech, but, from *exiſting circumſtances*, he entirely forgot on which ſide he was, and made a ſpeech, not the leſs energetic from his inebriety, but totally againſt his client. In vain did the attorney, ſeveral times, attempt to make him underſtand that he was ſpeaking againſt his own cauſe; every inſinuation of that kind received a look of anger. At length, however, he recollected himſelf.—"My Lords," proceeded he, "I have "hitherto fairly taken the part of my adverſary; "I have urged every topic, I have anticipated "every argument which I preſume can be urged "on that ſide; and it now becomes me to anſwer "ſuch hypothetical arguments, and to ſhow the "juſtice of my client's caſe." He then went on, made the moſt complete anſwers to all the arguments he had maintained, and gained his client's cauſe.

148. The Captain of one of the Britiſh frigates, a man of undaunted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a cat. A ſailor, who from miſconduct had been ordered a flogging, ſaved his back by preſenting to his Captain the following petition:

By your Honour's command
A culprit I ſtand—
An example to all the ſhip's crew;
I am pinion'd and ſtript,
And condemn'd to be whipt;
And, if I am flogg'd—'t is my due!

A cat,

A cat, I am told,
In abhorrence you hold:
Your Honour's averſion is mine!—
If a cat with one tail
Makes your ſtout heart to fail,
O, ſave me from one that has NINE!

149. EPITAPH *on Mr.* ALDERMAN CURTIS, *ſuppoſed to be written by himſelf.*

Here lies *William Curtis*, late our Lord Mayor,
Who has left *this here world*, and gone to *that there*.

150. The favourite toaſts of this learned Alderman are, *A ſpeedy peace and ſoon!* and *The three C's*—King, Church, and Conſtitution.

151. *To a* LADY, *on her Picture, painted by herſelf.* *By* ALLAN RAMSAY.

To paint his Venus auld Apelles
Wal'd * a' the bonny maids in Greece;
You need nae mair than paint yourſell, laſs,
To ding † the painter and his piece.

152. A Miniſter, not the preſent one, related to a courtier the ridiculous manner in which councils of ſtate are held in ſome of the nations in Africa. In the council-chamber are placed twelve jars half full of water. Twelve Stateſmen enter naked, and ſtalking along with great gravity, each leaps into his jar, and immerges himſelf up to the chin, and in this attitude (well adapted for *cool* reflection) they deliberate on the national affairs. "You do not ſmile," continued the Mi-

* Picked. † Beat.

niſter. "Smile!—No," anſwered the courtier, "I ſee every day a more ridiculous thing than "that."—"Pray, what?" returned the Miniſter. "*A country*," replied the other, "*where the jars* "*alone ſit in council.*"

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153. Two boys, belonging to the chaplains of two different men of war, entertaining each other with an account of their reſpective manners of living—"How often, Jack," ſays the one, "do "you go to prayers?"—"Why," anſwered Jack, "we pray when we are afraid of a ſtorm, or going "to fight!"—"Aye," quoth the other, "there "is ſome ſenſe in that; but my maſter makes us "go to prayers when there is no more occaſion for "it than for my jumping overboard."

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154. A friend to ſocial order ordered a glaſs of brandy in a coffee-houſe, adding, "I ake care that "there is none of your damned *French* ſtuff in it." The waiter replied—"*Genuine Britiſh, Sir, I* "*aſſure you.*"

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155. On the 4th of June 1800, when the King reviewed the Volunteer Corps in Hyde Park, the day was as bad as it poſſibly could be. His Majeſty, with that magnanimity which ever attends him, himſelf bore with cheerfulneſs the pelting of the pitileſs rain, but his paternal ſolicitude made him feel anxiouſly for the *holyday ſoldiers*, unaccuſtomed to ſuch hardſhips. An inſtance of ſimilar feeling may alſo be ſeen in the commiſeration which his Majeſty expreſſes for the firſt City Magiſtrate, when relating the circumſtance of his viſit to St. Paul's, on the occaſion of his returning *ſound mind*. "It was a very bad day—very bad—

"very

" very bad indeed, and there was the poor dear " Lord Mayor on one of my caſt horſes, with the " rain pouring down upon his fine cloak and wig. " I was grieved for him—grieved for him—very " much grieved indeed."

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156. The firſt time that Mr. Pitt went to Cambridge after his election as member for the Univerſity, the Sophs were naturally gaping for the good things in his gift. Dr. *Paley*, who preached before the young Miniſter, choſe this appropriate text—" *There is a* LAD *here that hath two barley* " *loaves and three ſmall fiſhes, but what are theſe* " *among ſo many?*"

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157. A man having been capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, was, as uſual, aſked what he had to ſay why judgment of death ſhould not paſs againſt him. " Say!" replied he; " why, I think " the joke has been carried far enough already, " and the leſs that is ſaid about it the better—If " you pleaſe, Sir, we'll drop the ſubject."

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158. A *vamper* in Paternoſter Row waited on Mr. *Gibbon*—" Sir," ſaid he, " I am now pub- " liſhing a Hiſtory of England in numbers, by ſe- " veral good hands; I underſtand you have a " knack at them there things, and would be glad " to employ you." As ſoon as Gibbon recovered the uſe of his legs and tongue, he ran to the bell, and deſired his ſervant to ſhow this encourager of learning down ſtairs.

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159. Deiſts and atheiſts have wiſhed to aboliſh the Lord's Day, on a pretence that it is injurious to the State, as loſing a ſeventh part of the labour

of

of the people. But, without conſidering the queſtion in a religious point of view, we may obſerve this not only is a weekly day of reſt neceſſary, but that the abolition of Sunday would ruin moſt of the villages within twenty miles of London, which actually *ſubſiſt by breaking it*.

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160. Man is the only animal that thinks of poſterity; a horſe gives himſelf no concern whether his offſpring is to be brought up to the field, the turf, or the dray.

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161. In a company of *literati*, the late Mr. *Boſwell* obſerved, that the many definitions given of man, as a *biped animal*, *an unfeathered animal*, *a ſpeaking animal*, *a rational animal*, *&c.* were all improper, ſuggeſting, that to all of theſe there were exceptions in other animals; "But," ſaid he, "I "think man may, without any deception, be called "*a cooking animal*, as he is the only one that "dreſſes his food."—"This obſervation," ſaid Mr. *Burke*, "explains a proverb, which I never "before could make any thing of—*There is reaſon* "*in the roaſting of eggs!*"

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162. *The* RAZOR-SELLER.—*By* PETER PINDAR.

A fellow in a market-town,
Moſt muſical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence:
Which certainly ſeem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy with caſh and ſenſe.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard;
Poor Hodge, who ſuffer'd by a thick black beard,
That ſeem'd a ſhoe-bruſh ſtuck beneath his noſe:

The

The eighteen pence with hearty good will paid,
And proudly to himſelf in whiſpers ſaid,
" This raſcal ſtole the razors, I ſuppoſe.

" No matter if the fellow be a knave,
" Provided that the razors ſhave,
" It certainly will be a monſtrous prize."
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling, in heart and ſoul content,
And quickly ſoap'd himſelf to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a diſh or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Juſt like a hedger cutting furze:
'T was a vile razor!—then the reſt he tried—
All were imp ſtors—" Ah!" Hodge ſigh'd,
" I with my eighteen pence were in my purſe."

In vain to chaſe his beard and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and ſtamp'd, and ſwore;
Brought blood, and danc'd, blaſphem'd, and made wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His *muzzle*, form'd of *oppoſition* ſtuff,
Firm as a *Foxite*, would not loſe its ruff;
So kept it, laughing at the ir'n and ſuds:
Hodge, in a paſſion, ſtretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direſt vengeance with clench'd claws,
On the vile cheat that ſold the goods.
" Razors!—A damn'd confounded dog,
" Not fit to ſcrape a hog!"

Hodge ſought the fellow—found him, and begun—
" Perhaps, Maſter Razor-rogue, to you 't is fun,
" That people flay themſelves out of their lives:
" You raſcal! for an hour I have been grubbing,
" Giving my whiſkers here a ſcrubbing,
" With razors juſt like oyſter-knives:
" Sirrah!

" Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,
" To cry up razors that can't *ſhave*."

" Friend," quoth the razor-man, " I am no knave;
" As for the razors you have bought,
" Upon my ſoul I never thought
" *That they would ſhave*."

" Not think they'd ſhave!" quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
" What were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries;
" Made!" quoth the fellow with a ſmile—" *to ſell*."

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163. Dr. *Robertſon* the hiſtorian, in the courſe of a converſation with *Horace Walpole*, ſaid, " You " muſt know, Sir, that I look on myſelf *as a moderate Whig*." Mr. Walpole anſwered, " Yes, " Doctor, I look upon you as a *very* moderate " Whig."

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164. A lady of the *haut ton* gave orders to a ſhoemaker in Bond Street, for a pair of ſhoes of the moſt elegant taſte; when they were brought home, ſhe was delighted with them; never was any thing ſeen ſo handſome. After admiring them for two hours, ſhe put them on and wore them all the evening. Next morning, when ſhe was again putting them on, ſhe found them unfit for uſe. She ſent for the ſhoemaker: " Sir, this is quite ſhocking; " theſe ſhoes, which I got only yeſterday, are all " torn to pieces, and can never again be worn."— " Impoſſible, Madam!—'tis beyond my compre- " henſion. Ah, gad, no! how ſtupid I am! it muſt

" muſt be ſo! I'll wager five guineas, that your " Ladyſhip has *walked in them!*"

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165. ADVERTISEMENT, *from the Daily Advertiſer of December 8th*, 1797.

Wanted for *a wine-merchant's houſe* in the city, as a *porter*, an athletic man, of a ſerious countenance, a good character, and of the Lady Huntingdon perſuaſion; muſt attend prayers twice a day, and divine worſhip four times on Sunday; be able to bear confinement, have the fear of God before his eyes, and be maſter of two hundred weight. Wages fourteen ſhillings a week, and find himſelf. *N. B.* A Yorkſhireman will not be objected to, but no Iriſhman will be accepted. Apply to-morrow at one o'clock to T. D—d, at No.—, *Philpot-lane.*

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166. When *Maurice Margarot* was tried at Edinburgh for ſedition, the *Lord Juſtice Clerk* aſked him, " Hae you ony Counſel, mon?"—" No."—" Do you want to hae ony appointed?"—" *No*, " *I only want an interpreter to make me underſtand* " *what your Lordſhips ſay.*"

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167. Soon after Mr. *Dundas*'s laſt marriage, a perſon obſerved that he wondered that gentleman held ſo many offices, as he imagined it would be enough for him to do the *duty* of the *home department.*

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168. Some paſſengers were chatting idle nonſenſe to a *parrot* hung out at a window, when a devout old lady came up: " Oh, wickedneſs!" exclaimed ſhe, " why do you not teach him his " *Creed?*"

169. An Iriſh gentleman having come over to London to make his fortune, ſoon found himſelf much diſtreſſed for a dinner. Happening to paſs by a barber's ſhop, he ſaw announced on the window, *Money for live hair*, which, being no profound ſcholar, he read, *Money to live here*. "Aha!" ſays Paddy, "this is juſt what I was looking for; I am "now ſatisfied that the character of the Engliſh for "generoſity is well founded."—"Pleaſe to walk "in, Sir," ſays Mr. *Shave-for-a-penny*;—"ſit down, "Sir." A dirty towel is then put over him, and a braſs barber's baſin, full of warm lather, ſtuck in under his chin. "This is an odd ſort of enter-"tainment," thinks Paddy; "but a given horſe "muſt not be looked in the mouth." *Strap* ſteps out for his razors, and in the mean time Paddy, being extremely hungry, falls to gobbling up the contents of the baſin. Strap returning ſtares with aſtoniſhment, while poor Paddy, after almoſt vomiting up his guts, exclaims, "By Jaſus, you had "need to give a man *money to live here, for your ſoup "is like p--ſs, and your turnips are not half boiled!*"

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170. As a nobleman was receiving from *Louis XIII.* the inveſtiture of the Order of the Holy Ghoſt, and was ſaying, as is uſual on that occaſion, "*Domine non ſum dignus*" (Lord, I am unworthy of the honour)—"I know that well enough," replied the King; "but I could not reſiſt the impor-"tunity of my couſin Cardinal *Richelieu*, who "preſſed me to give it you."

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171. *Lord Kenyon* aſked a Barriſter, why he ſo often burdened himſelf with bad cauſes? "My "Lord," anſwered he, "I have loſt ſo many good "ones, that I am puzzled which to take."

172. Mr. *Pennant* had an unaccountable antipathy to *wigs*. Dining at Cheſter with an officer who wore a wig, when they had drunk pretty freely, he, after much patience, and many wiſtful looks, ſtarted up, ſeized the wig, and threw it into the fire. It was in flames in a moment, *and ſo was the officer*, who ran to his ſword. Down ſtairs flies Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the ſtreets of Cheſter. But Pennant eſcaped from ſuperior local knowledge. This a wag called *Pennant's Tour in Cheſter*.

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173. The houſe in which the immortal Shakeſpeare lived at Stratford upon Avon, is now inhabited by a *butcher*, who has written over his door—"*Shakeſpeare was born here.—N. B. A horſe and* "*cart to let.*"

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174. *The* DISCONSOLATE LOVER.—*By Sir* JOHN SUCKLING.

Why ſo pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee, why ſo pale?
Will, when looking pale can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why ſo pale?

Why ſo dull and mute, young ſinner?
Pr'ythee why ſo mute?
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee, why ſo mute?

Quit, quit for ſhame; this will not move,
This cannot take her:
If of herſelf ſhe will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her.

175. Mr. *Marryat* lately appearing in the Court of King's Bench to plead his own cauſe, *Lord Kenyon* obſerved that it was a ſaying of his late friend Mr. *Bearcroft, that when a man becomes his own counſel in a court of juſtice, it is ten to one but he has a fool of a client.*

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176. A man ſeeing in the ſtreet an old woman who drove ſome aſſes, ſaid, "*Adieu, mother of aſſes.*" "*Adieu, adieu, my ſon,*" anſwered ſhe.

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177. Counſellor Egan meeting his nurſe, who aſked him charity, ſaid, "No, damn you, I ſhall "give you nothing!" The nurſe, aſtoniſhed, aſked him what ſhe had done to offend him!—"By "Jaſus," ſaid the Counſellor, "*I was a fine boy,* "*and you changed me!*"

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178. One of the St. George's corps, on the night of the 4th of June, dreaming of the glorious manœuvres of the day, was overheard by his wife—"*To the right about wheel:*"—he wheeled about, and tumbled out of bed.

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179. *On the preſent Juſt and Neceſſary* WAR.

A glorious war, *John Bull*, where the whole gain
Is *grinning honour*, for the *thouſands ſlain.*
"'Tis falſe," ſay our Allies, "for John ſhall get
"A hundred millions ſterling——*more in debt!*"

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180. A Quaker driving a calf to Mancheſter market, put a flaming cockade on the ſide of its head. Being met on the road by a friend who aſked the meaning of this, he anſwered—"Why, "doesn't thou ſee, friend, that he is a young re-"cruit?"—"Where then are you going with him?"—"Where!

—"Where! why, to the ſlaughter-houſe, to be "ſure!"

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181. *Alexander* the Great generouſly recompenſing every man of genius, a perſon who had the addreſs to throw millet-ſeeds into a hole at a great diſtance, imagined that this *uſeful* act of ingenuity ought not to go without its reward. On his preſenting himſelf to Alexander, and ſtating his claims, the monarch ordered him *a buſhel of millet-ſeeds, that he might not want materials for the diſplay of his ingenuity.*

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182. *On Mr.* ALDERMAN WATSON's *Wooden Leg, the Subſtitute of that cut off by a ravenous Shark.*

"One moment's time may I preſume to beg?"
Says modeſt *Watſon*, on his wooden leg:
That leg, in which ſuch wondrous art is ſhown,
It ſeems to ſerve him almoſt like his own;
Oh! had the monſter who for breakfaſt ate
That luckleſs limb, his nobler noddle met,
The beſt of workmen, with the beſt of wood,
Had ſcarce ſupplied him with a head ſo good.

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183. A married woman who had an intrigue, inſiſted on having her lover's *portrait* to hang at her breaſt. He remonſtrated on her abſurdity, as this would be proclaiming their amour. "Oh," ſaid ſhe, "but to prevent a diſcovery, *it ſhall not be* "*drawn like you.*"

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184. A rich citizen's wife having been introduced to a lady of very high rank at the Lord Mayor's ball, went to pay her reſpects to her Grace, at her houſe in Groſvenor Square. The Dutcheſs, meaning to be mighty civil, and return the viſit,

aſked Mrs. Deputy, where ſhe lived. She replied, Near *Aldermanbury*. "Oh," ſaid her Grace, "I "hope the worthy *Alderman* your neighbour is "well."

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185. A Quaker was examined before the Board of Exciſe, reſpecting certain duties; the Commiſſioners thinking themſelves diſreſpectfully treated by his *thee-and-thouing*, one of them with a ſtern countenance aſked him—"Pray, Sir, do you know "*for what we ſit here?*"—"Yea," replied Nathan, "I do,—*ſome of you for a thouſand, and others for* "*ſeventeen hundred and fifty pounds a year.*"

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186. A certain Biſhop, in the courſe of viſiting his dioceſe, found a rector ſo extremely ignorant, that he could not help exclaiming, "What *aſs* could "give you a *living?*" The rector anſwered very reſpectfully, "*You, my Lord!*"

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187. When the *loyal inhabitants* of *ci-devant* PETTY FRANCE, out of deteſtation to French principles, gave that ſtreet the name of *York Street*, a *Jacobin* obſerved, that they had better have called it *Fetter Lane.*

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188. Two *prigs* were walking through Portugal Street, Lincoln's-inn Fields; as they paſſed the *ſtocks*, one of them obſerved that *them there* things were all out now. "Aye," quoth the other, "*ſtocks* "are out now, and *ties* are all the *kiddy.*"

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189. Two Iriſh ſoldiers being quartered in a borough in the Weſt of England, got into a converſation reſpecting their quarters.—"How," ſaid the one, "are you quartered?"—"Pretty well."—"What

"What part of the houſe do you ſleep in?"—"Up ſtairs."—"In the garret, perhaps?"—"The "garret! no, Dennis O'Brien would never ſleep in "a garret."—"Where then?"—"Why, I know not "what you call it; but if the houſe were turned "topſy-turvy I ſhould be in the cellar."

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190. *Granger*, who was a remarkably ugly man, contended that he was the handſomeſt thing in the world. He proved it *logically* thus:

"The handſomeſt part of the world," ſaid he, "is Europe; of Europe, France; of France, Paris; "of Paris, the Univerſity, of the Univerſity, the "College of ——; in the College of ——, the "handſomeſt chamber is mine; in my chamber, I "am the handſomeſt thing.—*Ergo*, I am the hand-"ſomeſt thing in the world."

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191. The *Greenlanders* are an unenlightened people. When one of them receives an affront, he does not, like the inhabitants of *civilized Europe*, challenge his adverſary to fight, but he gives him notice, that at a particular place and time he will recite a ſatirical poem againſt him; and if the other party does not appear, or does not give a very ſmart anſwer to the verſes, he is by theſe *ſavages* looked upon as a poltroon, in the ſame manner as an Engliſh or French gentleman would be, were he to refuſe to fight the man to whom he has done an injury, with ſword or piſtol.

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192. Some Frenchmen having landed on the Guinea coaſt, were carried before a negro Prince. His canopy was a tree, his throne a block of wood, and his guards three or four negroes armed with

wooden pikes. This ridiculous Monarch asked, "*Do they talk much of me in France?*"

193. *Queen Elizabeth*, admiring much the elegance and gallantry of the *Marquis de Villa Mediana*, a Spaniſh nobleman, complimented him on it, begging at the ſame time to know the name of the lady who poſſeſſed the heart of ſo accompliſhed a cavalier.—"Madam," ſaid he, "a lover riſks too "much on ſuch an occaſion, but your Majeſty's "will is to me a law; excuſe me, however, if I "fear to name her, but requeſt your Majeſty to "allow me to ſend you her portrait."—He ſent her —a looking-glaſs.

194. The Duke *de Montmorenci* having been condemned to die, M. *de Chalelot* eagerly ſolicited his pardon. "I think," ſaid the Monarch, "that you "would loſe one of your arms to ſave the Duke." He anſwered, "*Sire, I would willingly loſe both my "arms, which are altogether unſerviceable to your "Majeſty, to ſave one arm of a man who has gained "you ſo many victories.*"

195. A lady entering a Catholic church, a gentleman preſented her with the holy water, ſaying, "Madam, I preſent you with the emblem which "waſhes out original ſin; may I flatter myſelf with "the honour of a place in your heart?" The lady anſwered, "Sir, the place you hold with me is the "ſame as the holy water veſſel holds in the church, "near the entrance and far from the heart."—"Then, Madam," replied he, "I hope that with "your aſſiſtance, *I ſhall have an eaſy entrance.*"

196. A Scotch gentleman having a converſation with

with Mr. *Horne Tooke*, obſerved that he, in common with his countrymen, was apt frequently to confound *ſhall* and *will*, and that he wiſhed to have from ſo great a grammarian ſome rule reſpecting the uſe of theſe verbs. "I ſhall," ſaid Mr. Tooke, "give you an extremely ſimple rule. When you "ſit down to write, go on as your pen leads you: "then reviſe what you have written, and wherever "you find *will* ſubſtitute *ſhall*, and where you find "*ſhall* ſubſtitute *will*."

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197. *Compariſons of Drunkenneſs.* A man is ſaid to be *as drunk as an owl*, when he cannot ſee—*as drunk as a ſow*, when he wallows in the dirt—*as drunk as a beggar*, when he is very impudent—*as drunk as the devil*, when he is inclined to miſchief, and—*as drunk as a Lord*, when *he is every thing that is bad.*

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198. A number of workmen having been ſoon after the commencement of the war diſmiſſed from their employment at a great manufactory at Manchester, they were at the ſame time told that the want of trade which occaſioned this ſtep did not proceed from the war—"Now to me," ſays one of them bluffly, "the caſe appears directly contrary; "are we not at this moment employed in *ſhooting* "*our cuſtomers?*"

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199. *Lady Wallace* was one day at an auction bidding away at a great rate, when her brother-in-law, Mr. *Fordyce*, who had been a bankrupt, but had ſettled matters with his creditors *in a very comfortable manner*, ſaid, "Lady Wallace, if you go on in "this way you 'll break."—"No matter," ſaid ſhe;

ſhe; "*I may then be able to follow the example of ſome "of my friends, and live twice as well as ever.*"

200. During the reign of King *James II.* and when, *unlike the preſent day*, the people were much oppreſſed and burdened with taxes, that monarch having, in the courſe of a tour through England, ſtopt at *Winchelſea*, the corporation reſolved to addreſs his Maj ſty; but as the *Mayor* could neither read nor write, it was agreed that the Recorder ſhould prompt him on the occaſion. Being introduced, the Recorder whiſpered the trembling Mayor, "Hold up your head, and look like a "man." The Mayor, miſtaking this for the beginning of the ſpeech, addreſſed the King, and repeated aloud, "*Hold up your head, and look like a "man.*" The Recorder, in amaze, again whiſpered the Mayor, "What the devil do you mean?" The Mayor in the ſame manner, inſtantly repeated, "*What the devil do you mean?*" The Recorder alarmed, whiſpered more earneſtly, "By God, Sir, "you'll ruin us all." The Mayor ſtill imagining this to be part of his ſpeech, ſaid, with all his might, "*By God, Sir, you 'll ruin us all!*"

201. About four years ago a gentleman in Devonſhire thought that he could not give a greater proof of his loyalty, than in employing a number of perſons to burn that notorious incendiary, *Thomas Paine*, in effigy. At the concluſion, one of the fellows waited on him to know if there was any other *gemman* among his friends that he wiſhed to have burned, as they were ready to do it for the ſame quantity of beer.

202. A country gentleman, on hearing that ſeveral

ral perſons were puniſhed for ſelling the *Rights of Man*, proteſted that he knew no puniſhment too great for thoſe who dared to SELL *the Rights of Man*.

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203. Abyſſinian *Bruce* being in a company where he was aſked what muſical inſtruments are uſed in Abyſſinia, anſwered, after ſome heſitation, "I think "I ſaw one *lyre* * there." *George Selwyn* whiſpered his next man, "*Yes, and there is one leſs ſince he left "the country.*"

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204. An ignorant Barriſter had pleaded in the Court of Chancery the caſe of ſome orphans. As the Lord Chancellor was going out, this Counſel entered into ſome converſation with him, and ſaid he hoped he had been ſucceſsful in exciting his Lordſhip's compaſſion—"You have indeed," ſaid the Chancellor; "*I pity you very much.*"

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205. A Jew and a Chriſtian, both Italians, were partners in a ſnuff-ſhop. On Saturday, the Jew did not appear, but on Sunday he ſupplied the place of the Chriſtian. Some objections to this practice being ſtarted to the Jew, he anſwered, "*Trovata la legge, trovata l'inganno* †."

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206. A gentleman being informed that two of his female relations had quarrelled, aſked, "Did "they call each other ugly?"—"No."—"Well, "well, I ſhall ſoon reconcile them."

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207. A general officer, about ninety years of age, being diſturbed with the noiſe of ſome young

* Pronounced the ſame as *liar*.

† When *laws* were invented, *tricks* were invented.

officers

officers diverting themſelves with girls, ſaid, "*Gentlemen, is this the example that I give you?*"

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208. Mr. *Kincaid* (the ſon of the late Provoſt Kincaid, King's Printer for Scotland), a very gay, but very illiterate young man, having come into an aſſembly at Edinburgh, all covered with gold lace, one of the company aſked *Lady Wallace*, who that ſmart gentleman was? "Oh," ſaid her Ladyſhip, "that is *Young Bibles, elegantly bound in calf and gilt, but not lettered.*"

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209. *Lady Wallace*, with that *modeſty* for which ſhe has always been diſtinguiſhable, to a literary publication addreſſed to her ſon, prefixes the following *truly applicable* motto:

"*Diſce, puer, ex me virtutem, verumque laborem,*
Fortunam ex aliis *."

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210. A nobleman, when making his will, remembered all his domeſtics except his *ſteward*. "I *ſhall*," ſaid his Lordſhip, "*leave him nothing, becauſe he has ſerved me theſe twenty years.*"

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211. A young nobleman, lately admitted a member of the Board of Agriculture, obſerved, as he took his ſeat, that he himſelf was an extenſive farmer. The company knowing his Lordſhip's purſuits to be very different, ſtared a little at the declaration; but he explained it, ſaying, he ſowed a great deal of *wild oats*.

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212. The evening before a battle, an officer went and aſked *Marſhal Turenne* for permiſſion to

* From me, my ſon, learn fortitude and virtue;
Good fortune learn from others.

go

go and ſee his father, who was on the point of death;—"By all means," ſaid the Marſhal—"Ho-"nour thy father and thy mother, *that thy days* "*may be long.*"

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213. An Engliſh nobleman, being in a large company in Paris, ſome of the gentlemen of the party, after the ladies had retired, got to quarrelling, or, according to our phraſe, *fell by the ears.* His Lordſhip immediately ran into the drawing-room, and being not very well acquainted with the nice-ties of the French language, exclaimed, "*Ces meſ-*"*ſieurs là ſont tombés par les oreilles,*" to the aſtoniſh-ment of the ladies, who ran anxiouſly to ſee the gentlemen *hanging by the ears.*

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214. A *poetaſter*, who had at leaſt a very good idea of his own abilities, having begged a gen-tleman of taſte to give him his opinion of a poem he had written, called on him for that purpoſe, on a cold winter afternoon, at a time when the gentleman was engaged with company. From politeneſs, how-ever, he would not ſend our poet away, but beg-ging the excuſe of the company, he carried him into another room, where there happened to be no fire. After reading over the verſes, which were in-ſufferably long and dull, the gentleman, on being aſked his opinion of them, anſwered, ſhivering, "*Sir, if your verſes had contained more fire, or more* "*of them had been in the fire, I ſhould not have felt* "*ſo uncomfortable from them.*"

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215. At a *call of Serjeants* in the Court of Com-mon Pleas, as one of the candidates was entering in order to go through the *farce*, an *Aſs* that had found his way to the ſame door, got in before the Barriſter,

Barriſter, and juſt as the *Lord Chief Juſtice* pronounced, "*Methinks I ſpy a brother.*"

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216. Walking *Stewart*, having given an account of his being caſt away on an unknown coaſt, thus expreſſes himſelf: "After walking a conſiderable "way up the country, we ſaw, to our inexpreſſible "ſatisfaction, *a man hanging on a gibbet.* The de- "light afforded us by this *cheering ſight* is incon- "ceivable, *for it convinced us that we were in a* "*civilized country!*"

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217. A preacher in Italy was holding forth on the merits of his patron Saint. Finding no place ſufficiently honourable for ſuch diſtinguiſhed virtue, he concluded every paſſage by ſaying, "Where "ſhall we place this great patriarch?" One of the auditors, tired with the prieſt's tedious nonſenſe, roſe up and ſaid, "*He ſhall be extremely welcome to* "*my place, as I am going.*"

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218. An Iriſhman told his friend, that ſome days before he had met with a perſon who ſtruck him a blow—"And did you take it?" ſaid the other. "Did I take it? May I never ſee dear Dublin "again, my jewel, if I did not ſend the thief who "gave it me into eternity before he had time to "eat his breakfaſt next morning!"

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219. The ſame Hibernian, one evening at a maſquerade, being rather inebriated, thruſt his hand into a lady's boſom. She was enraged, and declared with all the dignity of an injured veſtal, that ſhe had never in her life been *ſerved ſo before.* "I firmly believe it, Madam," ſaid the reeling Hibernian; "but pray have pity; for, alas! if "your

"your *heart* be not more *ſoft* than your *boſom*, I "am undone."

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220. ASTRONOMICAL EPIGRAM.

Says the *Earth* to the *Moon*, "You 're a pilfering jade,
"What you 've ſtol'n from the *Sun* is beyond all belief!"
Fair *Cynthia* replies, "Madam *Earth*, hold your prate;
"The *receiver* is always as bad as the *thief*."

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221. EPIGRAM.

Why pray, of late, do Europe's kings
No jeſter in their courts admit?
They 're grown ſuch ſtately ſolemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.

But though each court a jeſter lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their face;
All mankind do behind their backs
Supply the honeſt jeſter's place.

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222. After the performance of Mr. *Henry James Pye* the laureat's Tragedy of *Adelaide*, a gentleman obſerved, that it was ſurpriſing it was not hiſſed. "How," ſaid a lady, "can people hiſs and "yawn at the ſame time?"

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223. When the *Earl of Cloncartie* was Captain of a man of war, he loſt his Chaplain. The Firſt Lieutenant, a Scotchman, announced his death to his Lordſhip, adding, he was ſorry to inform him that the Chaplain died a Roman Catholic. "Well, "ſo much the better," ſaid his Lordſhip. "Oot "awa, my Lord, how can you ſay ſo of a *Breetiſh*

" *Clergyman?*"—" *Why, becauſe I believe I am the* " *firſt Captain that ever could boaſt of a Chaplain* " *who had any religion at all.*"

224. *Lord North*, going one day to the Houſe, was ſtopped by the door-keeper, who told him he could not go in. " Why ſo?"—" Becauſe they " are now ballotting for an Election Committee." —" Aye," ſaid his Lordſhip with a ſmile, " yet it " is rather hard, conſidering that ſome people call " this my Houſe of Commons."

225. His Lordſhip, feeling ſome ſymptoms of an approaching fit of the gout, ordered his large gouty ſhoes. His ſervant could not find them, and concluding they were ſtolen, began to curſe the thief. " Poh, John," ſaid his Lordſhip, " how " can you be ſo ill-natured?—all the harm I wiſh " the poor rogue is—*that my ſhoes may fit him.*"

226. The Marquis of Townſend being when very young at the battle of Dettingen, a drummer's head was ſhot off ſo cloſe to him that his brains beſpattered his Lordſhip's regimentals. A veteran went up to encourage him, and told him not to be alarmed, as this was a common accident of war. " O dear," ſaid the other, " I think nothing of " that, but I am conſidering *what the devil could* " *bring this drummer here, who poſſeſſed ſuch a quan-* " *tity of brains.*"

227. When *Carri* the muſic-ſeller lived at Edinburgh, he happened, one Sunday, to paſs by the Tron church, while the congregation was ſinging pſalms. Confounded at the diſcordant ſounds, he aſked a man with a long puritanical face, who was going

going in, what was the matter? The other, aſtoniſhed at the queſtion, anſwered, that *the people were praiſing God Almighty.* "*Santa Maria!*" exclaimed Corri, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, "*God* "*Almighty muſt have one very bad ear!*"

228. The ſame Mr. *Corri* became bankrupt in Edinburgh, and having been thrown into priſon, he was liberated by the humanity of the law of that country, which allows an inſolvent debtor, who has not acted fraudulently, to be releaſed, on his giving up to his creditors all his property on oath. This is done by an action againſt the creditors called *ceſſio bonorum*, in the courſe of which the bankrupt muſt ſatisfy the Court reſpecting his loſſes, &c. Mr. Corri's Counſel, Mr. *Robert Sinclair*, after enumerating a variety of loſſes from the theatre, a tea-garden, &c. added, "There is one "article, my Lords, which I ſhall read to you "from Mr. Corri's own ſtatement—*Item, I have* "*had forty-ſeven lawſuits, all of which I loſt, ex-* "*cept one, and that coſted me* 3*l.* 17*s.* 4*d. for the* "*winning of it!*"

229. An attorney being employed to draw the *teſtament* of a rich man, was enjoined to word it in ſuch a manner, that no room might be left for conteſtation among his heirs. "That," quoth the man of law, "is impoſſible: can I go beyond *Jeſus* "*Chriſt*, whoſe *Teſtament* has been a perpetual "ſource of conteſt for theſe eighteen hundred "years?"

230. The favourite lap-dog of a lady having bitten a piece out of a male viſitor's leg, ſhe ex-

claimed, "Poor little dear creature! *I hope it will* "*not make him ſick.*"

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231. A perſon ſpeaking of the tenacity of life in turtles, aſſerted that he had ſeen one which had had its head cut off, open the jaws ſix weeks afterwards. The company ſeeming rather ſceptical, he ſaid, "I ſaw it, and I truſt none of you will doubt "my word." Then turning to one gentleman, he aſked what he thought. The other, after obſerving that it was very remarkable, aſked the relater, "Sir, if you had not ſeen the circumſtance your- "ſelf, could you have believed it?"—"Indeed, I "could not."—"*Then I hope you will excuſe me if* "*I don't believe it.*"

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232. The *Dutcheſs of Marlborough* * was preſſing the *Duke* * to take a medicine, and with her uſual warmth ſaid, "*I'll be hanged* if it does not "prove ſerviceable." *Dr. Garth*, who was preſent, exclaimed, "Do take it then, my Lord Duke, *for* "*it muſt be of ſervice in one way or another.*"

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233. To a gentleman who was continually lamenting the loſs of his firſt wife before his ſecond, ſhe one day ſaid, "*Indeed, Sir, no one regrets her* "*more than I do.*"

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234. VERSES *written under the Portrait of a* PARSON, *who had juſt taken Orders.—By* GRAY.

Such *Tophet* was—ſo grinn'd the bawling fiend,
Whilſt frighted prelates bow'd and call'd him friend:

* It will be evident that the *great*, not the *preſent* Duke and Dutcheſs are here meant.

Our

Our Mother-church, with half-averted ſight,
Bluſh'd as ſhe bleſs'd her griſly proſelyte;
Hoſannahs rang through Hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's ſelf had thoughts of taking Orders.

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235. RONDEAU.—*Humbly inſcribed to the Right Honourable* WILLIAM EDEN, *Lord* AUCKLAND.

Of Eden loſt, in ancient days,
If we believe what *Moſes* ſays,
A paltry pippin was the price;
One crab was bribe enough t' entice
Frail human kind from Virtue's ways.
But now when *Pitt*, th' all-perfect, ſways,
No ſuch vain lures the tempter lays,
Too poor to be the purchaſe twice
Of Eden loſt.

The Devil, grown wiſer, to the gaze
Six thouſand pounds a year diſplays,
And finds ſucceſs from the device;
Finds this fair fruit too well ſuffice
To pay the peace and honeſt praiſe
Of Eden loſt.

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236. *Carding and Spinning.*—*An* EPIGRAM.

To *ſpin* with art, in ancient times, has been
Thought not beneath the lady or the queen;
From that employ our maidens had the name
Of *Spinſters*, which the moderns never claim;
But ſince to *Cards* each damſel turns her mind,
And to that dear delight is ſo inclin'd,
Change the ſoft name of Spinſter to a harder,
And let each woman now be call'd a *Carder*.

237. ANOTHER.

When I call'd t' other day on a Noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the Bible, *well bound*;
Not as printed by Jackſon, and bound up in black,
But chain'd to the floor like a thief, by the back.
Unacquainted with *ton*, and your quality airs,
I ſuppos'd it intended for family pray'rs:
His piety pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought none would venture the Bible to ſteal:
But judge my ſurpriſe, when inform'd of the caſe—
He had chain'd it *for fear it ſhould fly in his face.*

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238. In the Houſe of Aſſembly of the iſland of Jamaica, a member having moved for leave to bring in a bill for preventing the frauds of Wharfingers, Mr. *Paul Phipps*, one of the members for St. Andrew, ſtood up and ſaid, "*Mr. Speaker*, I "ſecond the motion; the Wharfingers are, to a "man, a ſet of rogues; I *was one myſelf for ten* "*years.*"

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239. A caſe was tried before the Court of Seſſion at Edinburgh, in the year 1778. It was nothing more than an action for goods ſold and delivered, to the amount of near *forty pounds*, but from the number of witneſſes examined on both ſides, and the voluminous procedure of the Scotch courts, the total expenſe of the trial was *between two and three thouſand pounds!* The witneſſes are there, as in the equity courts of England, examined on commiſſion, and there were in this caſe an immenſity of witneſſes, who were point blank againſt each other. Mr. Secretary *Dundas*, then *Lord Advocate*, made a long ſpeech, to ſhow that his adverſary's witneſſes, particularly one *Margaret Clarke*, were perjured, and concluded with the following

following peroration—"Thus," ſaid he, "my "Lords, I truſt I have convinced your Lordſhips, "that this infamous woman, this Margaret Clarke, "has perjured herſelf, not only in preſence of "ALMIGHTY GOD; but, *what is ſtill more, in "preſence of David Murray*, your Lordſhips' "Commiſſioner!!!*"

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240. The late Lord *Kaims* uſed ſometimes to let his *wit* get the better of his *dignity as a Judge*. Being on the circuit at Perth, after a witneſs on a capital trial had concluded his teſtimony, his Lordſhip ſaid, "Sir, I have one queſtion more to aſk "you, and remember you are on your oath. You "ſay you are from Brechin."—"Yes, my Lord."—"When do you return thither?"—"To-morrow, "my Lord."—"Do you know *Colin Gillies?*"—"Yes, my Lord, I know him very well."—"*Then "tell him that I ſhall breakfaſt with him on Tueſday "morning!*"

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241. The ſame learned Judge's *wit* would occaſionally get the better even of his *parſimony*. One day, after coming out of the Court at Edinburgh, he went to make water at a place where the centinel on duty aſſumes a power of levying a fine for ſuch tranſgreſſion. "My Lord," ſaid the ſoldier, "you are fined."—"For what?"—"For piſſing "at this place."—"How much?"—"Three-"pence, my Lord."—"There is ſixpence for "you then, Sir; and remember you owe me a "piſs."

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242. When *Lord Harcourt* ſucceeded *Lord Townſend* in the adminiſtration of Ireland, he ar-

* An inferior clerk of the Court.

rived

rived at the caſtle of Dublin at midnight. Lord Townſend and a party of friends were then at their bottle; and after the firſt ſalutations, his Lordſhip ſaid, "You ſee, my Lord, how we are engaged; "and I hope, that in yout next diſpatches you "will mention this circumſtance, that *though you* "*came at the twelfth hour, you did not find us nap-* "*ping.*"

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243. A humouriſt aſked a citizen whether he would rather *kiſs a pretty girl or partake of a good feaſt.* The citizen honeſtly replied, that *he ſhould prefer the latter*; to which the wag rejoined, "I "never thought you a man of the *ton* before, but "I now find that you have more *taſte* than *feeling.*"

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244. When *Farinelli* received the Order of Calatrava from the King of Spain, and as part of the ceremony, the inveſting him with golden ſpurs was performed, the Engliſh ambaſſador obſerved, "In my country they clap *ſpurs* to *cocks*, but ne-"ver to *capons.*"

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245. A rich, but miſerly country gentleman, in the courſe of a ride with the late Mr. *Fazakerley*, his neighbour in the country, aſked his opinion on a caſe, which the Barriſter gave very fully and explicitly. Some time after, the Squire came to the other's chambers in a great hurry, ſaying—"Zounds, Mr. Fazakerley, I have loſt five thou-"ſand pounds by your advice!"—"By my advice! "How ſo?" replied Fazakerley. "Why, you "were wrong in the opinion you gave me, in ſuch "an affair."—"Opinion!" ſays the Serjeant, turning up a book, "I don't remember any thing "of it, and I ſee nothing of it in my book."—"Book!

"Book! no," says the other, "it was as we were "riding out together at such a time."—"Oh," says the Serjeant, "I remember it now; but that "was only my *travelling opinion*; and to tell you "the truth, neighbour, *my opinion is never to be "relied on, unless the case appears in my fee-book.*"

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246. Mr. *Ogilvy*, a Scottish clergyman, at Luman, in Forfarshire, had a great deal of eccentricity in his character and manner. One Sunday, when he was in the middle of his sermon, an old woman who kept an ale-house in the parish, fell asleep: her neighbour jogged her, in order to waken her. The parson seeing this, said—"I 'll waken her "fast enough—*Phew!*—(whistling)—*Janet! a "bottle of ale and a dram!*"—"*Coming, Sir.*"

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247. Another Sunday, in the time of a very hotly contested election for the county of Forfar, in which Mr. *Ogilvy* was a freeholder, *Lord Gray*, one of the party which he espoused, sent into the church to say that he wished to see the Parson at the public-house. He immediately stopped his discourse, and said—"My brethren, I am called "on the business of the nation; you will sing, to "the praise and glory of God, from the beginning "of the 119th Psalm, *and if I have not returned "when you have concluded it, you may either begin "it again, or go on to the next, as you like best.*"

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248. *Lord Kellie* * asking Mr. *Andrew Balfour* * for a toast, he gave, *Mirth and Innocence.* The next toast being his Lordship's, he gave—*Milk and Water.*

* See before, page 23.

249. *The* PILGRIMS *and the* PEAS.—*A Tale. By* PETER PINDAR.

A brace of ſinners, *for no good*,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's ſhrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, ſtone, wood,
And in well-powder'd wig look'd wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had theſe ſad rogues to travel,
With ſomething in their ſhoes much worſe than *gravel*;
In ſhort, their toes ſo gentle to *amuſe*,
The prieſt had order'd *peas* into their ſhoes:

A *noſtrum*, famous in old Popiſh times,
For purifying ſouls that ſtunk of crimes;
A ſort of *apoſtolic ſalt*,
Which Popiſh parſons for its powers exalt,
For keeping *ſouls* of ſinners *ſweet*,
Juſt as our *kitchen ſalt* keeps *meat*.

The knaves ſet off on the ſame day,
Peas in their ſhoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their ſpeed I wot:
One of the ſinners gallopp'd on,
Light as a *bullet* from a gun;
The other limpt as if he had been *ſhot*.

One ſaw the Virgin ſoon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his ſoul whitewaſh'd all ſo clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with ſaints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me ſay,
He met his brother rogue about half way—
Hobbling with outſtretch'd bum, and bended knees,
Damning the ſouls and bodies of the peas:
His eyes in tears, his cheek and brow in ſweat,
Deep ſympathiſing with his groaning feet.

"How

" How now!" the light-toed whitewaſh'd pilgrim broke,
" You lazy lubber!"
" Odds curſe it," cried the other, " 't is no joke—
" My feet, once hard as any rock,
" Are now as ſoft as blubber.

" Excuſe me, Holy Virgin, that I ſwear—
" As for Loretto, I ſhall not get there:
" No! to the Devil my ſinful ſoul muſt go,
" For damme if I han't loſt every toe.

" But, brother ſinner, do explain,
" How 't is that you are not in pain:
" What Power hath work'd a wonder for your toes?
" Whilſt I, juſt like a ſnail, am crawling,
" Now ſwearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,
" Whilſt not a raſcal comes to eaſe my woes?

" How is 't that you can like a greyhound go,
" Merry as if that nought had happen'd?—burn ye!"
" Why," cried the other grinning, " you muſt know,
" That juſt before I enter'd on my journey,
" To walk a little more at eaſe,
" *I took the liberty to boil my peas.*"

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250. One day, when *Holbein* the painter was privately drawing a lady's picture for *Henry* the Eighth, a nobleman forced himſelf into the chamber. Holbein threw him down ſtairs; the peer cried out; Holbein bolted himſelf in, eſcaped over the roof of the houſe, and running directly to the King, fell on his knees, and beſought his Majeſty to pardon him, without declaring the offence. The King

King promiſed to forgive him if he would tell the truth. Immediately arrives the Lord with his complaint. After hearing the whole, his Majeſty ſaid to the nobleman—"You have behaved in a "manner unworthy of your rank—I tell you, "of *ſeven peaſants I can make as many Lords, but* "*not one Holbein.* Begone, and remember this, "if you ever pretend to avenge yourſelf, I ſhall "look on any injury you do to the painter as done "to me."

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251. The *Dutcheſs of Suffolk* having, after the death of the Duke, married a young fellow who was her Maſter of Horſe, *Queen Elizabeth* ſaid to *Burleigh*, "What! has ſhe married her *horſe-* "*keeper?*"—"Yes, Madam," replied he, "*and ſhe* "*ſays your Majeſty would like to do ſo too.*"—*Lei-ceſter* was Maſter of the Horſe.

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252. An alchemiſt offered *Rubens* a ſhare of his laboratory, and of his proſpect of diſcovering the philoſopher's ſtone. Rubens carried the viſionary into his painting-room, and told him that his offer came twenty years too late, "For ſo long it is," ſaid he, "ſince I found the art of making gold "with my pallet and pencils."

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253. Hiſtory-painting is certainly the firſt, but not the moſt profitable line in the art.—A portrait-painter ſays, "Painters of hiſtory make the *dead* "*live*, and do not begin to *live* themſelves, till they "are *dead*.—I paint the *living*, and they make me "*live*."

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254. *Sir Godfrey Kneller* ſaid to a low fellow whom he overheard curſing himſelf, "God damn

" *you!*—God may damn the Duke of Marlbo-
" rough, and perhaps Sir Godfrey Kneller, but
" do you think he will take the trouble of damning
" ſuch a pitiful ſcoundrel as you!"

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255. *Sir Godfrey* makes this commentary on the paſſage of ſcripture where our Saviour ſays, *In my Father's houſe there are many manſions*—" At the
" day of judgment, God will examine mankind
" on their different profeſſions: to one he will ſay,
" Of what ſect are you?—I was a Papiſt—Go
" you there.—What was you?—A Proteſtant—
" Go you there.—And you?—A Turk—Go you
" there.—And you, Sir Godfrey?—I was of no
" ſect—Then God will ſay, Sir Godfrey, chooſe
" your own place."

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256. *Sir Godfrey* lived in Great Queen Street, next door to Dr. *Radcliff*. Kneller was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As there was an intimacy between him and the Phyſician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden, but Radcliff's ſervants gathering and deſtroying the flowers, Kneller ſent word, that he muſt ſhut up the door. Radcliff replied peeviſhly, " *Tell*
" *him he may do any thing with it but paint it.*"—
Sir Godfrey anſwered—" *I can take any thing from*
" *him but phyſic.*"

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257. *Cloſterman*, a painter of ſome note in the reign of King William, painted the *Duke* and *Dutcheſs of Marlborough* and all their children, in one picture, on which ſubject he had ſo many diſputes with the Dutcheſs, that the Duke ſaid, " *It*
" *has given me more trouble to reconcile my wife and*
" *you, than to fight a battle.*"

258. *Richard II.* on the Pope reclaiming as a ſon of the church, a Biſhop he had taken priſoner in battle, ſent him the Prelate's *coat of mail*, and in the words of the ſcripture aſked him, "Know "now whether this be *thy ſon's coat* or no?"

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259. *Jervas* the painter, who affected to be a free-thinker, was one day talking very irreverently of the Bible. *Dr. Arbuthnot* maintained to him, that he was not only a ſpeculative but a practical believer. Jervas denied it. Arbuthnot ſaid he would prove it: "You ſtrictly believe the ſecond "commandment," ſaid the Doctor, "for in your "pictures you make not *the likeneſs of any thing* "*that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath,* "*or in the waters under the earth.*"

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260. *Jervas* having ſucceeded in copying (he thought in ſurpaſſing) a picture of *Titian*, looked firſt at the one, and then at the other, and with parental complacency cried, "*Poor little Tit! how* "*he would ſtare!*"

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261. When *Lady Bridgwater* ſat to this *painter*, he ran over her beauties with rapture; but ſaid he, "I cannot help obſerving that your Ladyſhip has "not a handſome *ear*."—"No! pray, Mr. *Jervas*, "what is a handſome ear?" He turned his cap aſide, and ſhowed her his own.

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262. The great fault connoiſſeurs find in the pictures of *Sir Joſhua Reynolds*, is, that his colours do not ſtand; hence it has been ſaid, that he has always come off with *flying colours*.

263. A miſerable *miniature-maker* ycleped *Charles*, who deſignates himſelf *ſworn* miniature-painter to the Prince of Wales, and Royal *Academian*, in one of his numerous puffs, makes a compariſon between himſelf and *Sir Joſhua Reynolds*—He ſays, "What "Reynolds is *in large*, Charles is in miniature;" and towards the end of the advertiſement he *modeſtly* acknowledges "that he is ſuperior to Sir Joſhua "only in his colouring!"

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264. There is an admirable picture by *Titian* in the French National collection, in which *Jeſus Chriſt* is repreſented at table with two of his diſciples, one with a ſlouched hat with broad brims hanging over his back, and a huge chaplet round his waiſt; the other has a ſcarf or ſhoulder-belt on his coat. The two diſciples are portraits of *Francis I.* and *Charles V.* who were not a little diſpleaſed at being reduced to what they thought the humble ſituation of two of our Saviour's diſciples.

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265. *Paul Mazzochi*, in a piece, very reſpectably *executed*, repreſenting the four elements, makes fiſhes mark the ſea, moles the earth, and a ſalamander the fire. He wiſhed to have deſignated the air by a *cameleon*, but not knowing how to delineate that animal, he contented himſelf with a ſimilitude of ſounds, and introduced a *camel*, who extending his long neck, ſnuffs up the breezes around him.

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266. In a picture painted by *F. Chello della Puera*, the bleſſed Virgin is repreſented ſitting on a velvet ſofa, playing with a cat and a paroquet,

and ready to help herſelf to coffee from an engraved coffee-pot.

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267. Another painter has drawn *Joſeph* employing his art, as a carpenter, in conſtructing a *confeſſional*, while our Saviour ſtands by, as if to learn the trade.

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268. A Neapolitan artiſt allows the good thief a *confeſſor*, with a *crucifix* in his hand.

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269. *Tintoret* arms the Hebrews, while picking manna in the deſert, with modern fire-arms.

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270. In a very finely executed picture of *Abraham*'s Sacrifice of *Iſaac*, in a church in Flanders, the patriarch is repreſented as levelling at his ſon a muſket, which is prevented from going off by an angel making water in the pan.

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271. There is a picture by *Simeon Memmi*, who flouriſhed at *Sienna* in the beginning of the fourteenth century, in which is repreſented the *Devil*, almoſt expiring from the ſevere purſuit of a *Saint*, and having in a ſcroll from his mouth theſe words, "*Ohime! non poſſo pieu* *."

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272. A portrait of the ſame infernal perſonage proved fatal to *Spinello Aretino*, an artiſt of *Arezzo*, in the ſame age. He had drawn the Prince of Darkneſs under a form ſo exquiſitely hideous, that he could never eraſe the idea from his mind. One night a dream repreſented to his frighted imagination that awful ſpirit, under the ſame horrid ap-

* Oh! it is all over with me.

pearance,

pearance, ſtanding before him, in a menacing attitude, and reproaching him for drawing ſo very homely a likeneſs. Spinello awoke in an agony of dread; he had barely ſenſes left to tell the tale, before his reaſon gave way, and for the ſhort time he ſurvived, a fearful infanity never left him.

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273. *The* PAINTER.—*A* TALE. *(Original.)*

In ev'ry town and village round
A marv'lous wight is always found,
Whoſe works, in ſigns and wonders ſhown,
Make both himſelf and others known
Within the reach of mortal ken:
Beyond that ſpace, like other men,
His works unſeen, unheard his name,
Remain untrumpeted by Fame.
For each vain dauber muſt not hope
A Dryden, Addiſon, or Pope
To celebrate his art and ſkill,
Although thoſe brethren of the quill
Were loud and laviſh in applauſe
Of ſev'ral, with as little cauſe;
Whilſt many ſuch, for want of braſs
Or gold, their lives obſcurely paſs;
Nor when they die ſhall marble buſt
Be plac'd above their humble duſt;
No monument, no epitaph
To make fools ſtare, and wiſe folks laugh;
Telling, that "Nature, now alive all,
"Is glad ſhe's rid of ſuch a rival;
"Though finding him depriv'd of breath,
"Fears that herſelf may ſuffer death."
Contented by their works to live,
Till Death the fatal ſtroke ſhall give:
Yet not entirely reft of praiſe,
While ſimple clowns admiring gaze,

Seeing the *Globe* hang by a pole;
The *Moon* that never ſhall be whole.
With greater wonder they behold
Sol radiant blaze in burniſh'd gold:
The *Rainbow* too, plac'd as a ſign,
In earthly colours deigns to ſhine;
And hither by a fixed *Star*,
Strangers are guided from afar.—
Leaving the ſky, ſometimes he deigns
To mimic what the world contains;
His hand obſtetric, head prolific,
Produce ſtrange figures hieroglyphic
Of man, of beaſt, of fiſh, and fowl,
Of inſect, plant, jug, glaſs, and bowl:
Yet not confin'd to Nature's ſtore,
His fertile fancy ſtrikes out more;
And much more ſtrange than ſhe can brag on,
Dire monſters!—ſuch as *Fiery Dragon*;—
Of dreadful ſhape and diſmal hue,
The *Griffin green*, the *Lion blue*:
Phœnix unique, by him ſo doom'd,
Dies in ſelf-kindled flames conſum'd:
Pelican, ſhedding her heart's blood,
Feeds her unfilial infant brood;
A white-lead *Angel* here deſcends,
And there a lamp-black *Fiend* attends:
Half fiſh, half woman, 'bove the ſurges
A *Mermaid* from the ſea emerges;
A *Satyr*, ſomewhat more than demi-
Brute, and ſome others I could name ye:
So great his art, ſo vaſt his genius,
That things, howe'er heterogeneous,
Are by his pow'r combin'd together,
As if they all were of a feather;
But never with preſumptuous hand
Does he trangreſs Heav'n's high command,

For

For nothing with or without breath,
In heav'n above or earth beneath,
Or in the waters under earth,
'S like that to which his bruſh gives birth;
But all ſo like 't would poze a witch
Well to determine which is which,
Had not that happy art been found
Which " gives a form to empty ſound,"
And makes the hand talk to the eye:
The traveller elſe, as paſſing by,
Might for a *Cow* miſtake the *Steed;*
But that ev'n " he who runs may read,"
In capitals, " THE WHITE-HORSE INN,"
And in leſs characters, " *Wine*, *Beer*, and *Gin*."
When England *Charles* for *Noll* did barter,
Made one Protector—t'other a martyr;
When Roundheads rul'd our Cavaliers,
The Arts and Sciences in tears
Mourn'd *their* protector's hapleſs fate,
Gentle, generous, good, and great:
It happen'd in thoſe times fanatic,
Such artiſt with his hoſt ran a tick,
Five pounds or ſo—a deſperate ſcore!
(It might be leſs, or might be more.)
Of their diſcourſe, the conſtant theme
Whene'er they met; at laſt this ſcheme,
Poor Bruſh, quite haraſs'd, did impart,
To pay each other *art* for *art;*
Quoth he, " They differ but in name,
" The principle of both 's the ſame,
" On *drawing* both depend, 't is clear—
" I *pictures draw*, and you *draw beer*.
" Then ſince they are ſo near a-kin,
" To quarrel would be ſhame and ſin."
The Hoſt, who could not mend the matter,
Thought ſomething ſtill than nothing better:

In ſhort, without much farther jargon,
They both agreed, and ſtruck a bargain;
The Hoſt, in want of a new ſign,
Gives him the ſubject or deſign;
Not dictated by wicked wit,
But taken out of Holy Writ;
Nathleſs, reſolv'd to make a ſhow,
He would have *Pharaoh's Overthrow:* —
Home went the painter, overjoy'd
To find himſelf again employ'd,
Got his materials and his tools,
And laid the board all over *gules;*
But how to place the figures there
Requir'd more ſkill than fell to 's ſhare;
He beat his head, and rubb'd his brow,
But rubb'd in vain, *as I do now.*
Tir'd of the taſk, he ſoon gave o'er,
Said that ſhould do—he ſaid, nay ſwore.
Next day returning to his Hoſt,
He of his piece began to boaſt:—
" I 'm ſure it muſt be to your liking,
" It is ſo very bold and ſtriking."
" Well, ſay no more—let 's ſee—diſpatch,—
" Zounds!—what is this?—a mere red ſplatch!"
" Red ſplatch d'ye call 't?—*'t is the Red Sea.*"
" The Devil it is!—well, that may be,
" Then where are Pharaoh and his hoſt?"—
" *Drown'd in the ſea, you know they 're loſt.*"
" True—the Egyptians went to the bottom,
" But the Iſraelites, where have you got 'em,
" And Moſes too, who was their guide?"
" *Oh! they 're all ſafe on t' other ſide.*"
The Hoſt, who hitherto had ſtickled,
Finding at laſt his fancy tickled,
His viſage now began to uncloud,
And now he laugh'd both long and loud:

When

When he recover'd from his fit,
Quoth he, " Friend Bruſh, I love thy wit,
" And like thy joke, yet much I doubt
" Some dunces may not find it out;
" Therefore *(pro bono publico)*,
" In order that all men may know,
" In letters fair write under, (bids he)
" *This is the* PHARAOH *in the* RED SEA."

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274. The Sexton of a pariſh-church in Shropſhire inſiſted on a poor man, who had loſt his leg by amputation, paying ſixteen-pence for burying it. The pauper appealed to the Rector, who ſaid that he could not relieve him in the preſent caſe: but he would conſider it in his fees when the *remainder of his body came to be buried.*

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275. A young country clergyman was boaſting of having been educated at two colleges.—" You " remind me," ſaid an aged divine preſent, " of " an inſtance I knew of a calf that ſucked two " cows."—" What was the conſequence?" ſaid a third perſon.—" Why, Sir," replied the old gentleman, very gravely, " the conſequence was, that " he was a *very great calf.*"

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276. Sailors have a peculiar ſpecies of quaint wit, which they indulge upon all occaſions. The unfortunate men of this deſcription, confined in the cells of the Cold Bath Fields Priſon, where, God knows, there is little incitement to mirth, do not fail to indulge the uſual ſtrokes of ſea wit upon their ſituation. When they are going to *moor*, as they call it, one gives notice to *ſtream the buoy;* on which all thoſe who have a heavy log at their ancle, throw it down with violence on the ſtone floor of their

their cell: then one of thoſe who have the moſt maſſy irons, calls out, *Stand by the anchor*—another hollows, *Stand, clear the cable below.*—This is followed by a hoarſe voice, as if through a ſpeaking trumpet, *Let go the anchor;* upon which they all let go the *ſhank painters* (ſtrings that faſten the irons to their middle), and the irons fall with a heavy noiſe upon the ſtone pavement.

277. The proud *Duke of Somerſet* employed *Seymour* the painter to make ſome portraits of his running horſes: one day, at dinner, he drank to him with a ſneer—"Couſin Seymour, your "health." The painter replied, "I really do "believe that I have the honour to be of your "Grace's family." The Duke, offended, roſe from table, and ſent his ſteward to pay Seymour and diſmiſs him. Another painter of horſes was ſent for, who, finding himſelf unworthy to finiſh Seymour's work, honeſtly told the Duke ſo. On this the haughty peer condeſcended once more to ſummon his couſin. Seymour anſwered his mandate in theſe words—"*My Lord, I ſhall now prove* "*that I am of your Grace's family, for I will not* "*come.*"

278. *Lord Burlington* being aſked, why he built his houſe ſo far out of town? replied, becauſe he was determined to have no building beyond him.—What would his Lordſhip ſay, ſhould he now take a peep out of his grave, and ſee it ſtanding in the middle of Piccadilly?

279. A *certain General*, famous for not gaining battles, received, as a new-year's gift from an unknown

known hand, a box, containing a *drum*, with this device—" *It was made only to be beaten.*"

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280. EPITAPH *on a* PHYSICIAN.

Here *Doctor Fiſher* lies interr'd,
Who fill'd the half of the church-yard.

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281. The Editor of this little volume having once had the misfortune to draw down the vengeance of *the Rev. Robert Heron, Eſq.* §, perhaps the moſt voluminous and multifarious *book-maker* of the age, the learned *divine* vented his ſpleen in a publication, entitled, *The Ghoſt Extraordinary*, of which the preſent editor can with great truth affirm, in the words of *Parſon Adams*, that " he " would rather be the ſubject than the author." A copy of the *Grub-ſtreet* performance was, by this editor, ſent to a Scotch lady of great wit and beauty, who gave her opinion of it in the following words—" Poor Heron * ! when he wrote " his Ghoſt Extraordinary, he muſt have been in " a ſad *pickle*. He would make excellent *Salma-* " *gundy*, only it would taſte too much of the " *Fool* †."

§ *Reverend* and *Eſquire* are rather contradictory terms. Mr. Heron, however, although a clergyman of the church of Scotland, having, in his *invaluble* edition of *Junius's Letters*, affixed to his name the addition of *Eſqure*, it is thought proper to give him here *all his titles.*

* Often pronounced *Herring.*

† The common pronunciation, in Scotland, of *Few!* is *Fool.* Thus the Lord Provoſt of Edinburgh, when examined before the Privy Council reſpecting the famous *Portous's* mob, having been aſked by that *able Stateſman* the *Duke of Newcaſtle*, what ſort of ſhot was fired among the people by Captain Portous's ſoldiers, anſwered—" The ſame " that we fire at *dukes* (ducks) and *fools* (fowls)."

282.

282. The *figure in rhetoric* known under the name of a *bull*, is by no means confined to the inhabitants of Ireland. For example. A *puff* on Bayſwater Lying-in Hoſpital, publiſhed in the *Morning Herald* of the 17th of June 1800, concludes thus—"Since its firſt eſtabliſhment, upwards of 52,000 women have been delivered at this hoſpital, which at preſent particularly extends its ſuccour to the *widows* of ſailors and ſoldiers, who are ſo gallantly fighting for their country."

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283. One Dr. *Hunter*, a Scottiſh clergyman, in what he facetiouſly terms "A faithful Tranſlation of *Sonnini*'s Travels in Egypt," informs his readers, that at Malta "the *ridges* of the houſes are all *flat terraces*," and that, "at Roſetta the inhabitants *cut the throats* of their ducks, and *in that ſituation keep them alive*, with their wings broken;" and laſtly, that "the Orientals never take a *walk* but on horſeback."

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284. The author of the tragedy of Douglas makes his hero repeat—

"Beneath a mountain's brow the moſt remote
"And *inacceſſible*, by ſhepherds trod,
"A hermit liv'd."

Now, pray, Mr. Paddy *Home*, how did the ſhepherds reach this inacceſſible mountain's brow?

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285. Mr. Home, in another paſſage of the ſame tragedy, ſmells a little of the *ſod*—

"The river, ruſhing o'er its pebbled bed,
"Impoſes ſilence with a *ſtilly ſound*."

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286. Mr. *Campbell*, an Argyleſhire *Laird*, has given

given a ſpecimen of the *bull*, even beyond any of thoſe juſt recited. The excellent military road in that county, conſtructed under the late General *Wade*, running through part of his eſtate, he has recorded his ſenſe of this improvement by a conſpicuous monument, on which is inſcribed the following diſtich :—

" Had you ſeen this road *before it was made*,
" You'd lift up your hands, and bleſs General Wade."

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287. The *King* is well known to be very moderate as well in his eating as in his drinking, ſeldom taking above one or two glaſſes of wine at a meal. A Nobleman one day obſerved to him, " Sir, if every body drank like you, wine would " be very cheap !"—" No," anſwered his Majeſty, " if *every one* drank as much as I do, wine would " be very dear."

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288. Three old ſoldiers preſented themſelves to a General, recruiting his army, and told him *they had never turned their back on an enemy*, and as a proof of it, ſhowed him ſeveral wounds in the face and breaſt; on which the Officer ſaid, " My " lads, I ſhall be very glad to accept of you : ſuch " men as you are valuable; but I muſt at the ſame " time ſay, that *the ſoldiers who gave you theſe* " *wounds were ſtill more valuable.*"

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289. A Parſon preaching on the Reſurrection obſerved, that *Jeſus Chriſt* appeared to women rather than to men, in order that the circumſtance might more quickly ſpread.

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290. It has been obſerved that a number of

noblemen have the fate of *Diomed* and *Actæon*, who were *eaten up* by their *horſes* and *dogs*.

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291. The late Sir *Thomas Robinſon* was a tall, uncouth figure, and his appearance was ſtill more groteſque from his hunting dreſs; a poſtillion's cap, a tight green jacket, and buckſkin breeches. Going in this *habit* to viſit his ſiſter, who was married and ſettled at Paris, he arrived when there was a large company at dinner. The ſervant announced *M. Robinſon*, and he entered, to the great amazement of the gueſts. Among others, an Abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth, and thrice laid it down, with an eager ſtare of ſurpriſe. Unable longer to reſtrain his curioſity, he burſt out with, "Excuſe me, Sir—are you the *Robinſon Cruſoe* ſo "famous in hiſtory?"

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292. A Nobleman who had long heſitated in the time of the *League* which party to adopt, coming in as *Henry IV.* was playing at primero, the King called out, "Come, my Lord, *if we win, you will* "*be on our ſide.*"

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293. A buck Parſon going to read prayers at a village in the Weſt of England, found ſome difficulty in putting on the ſurplice. "Damn this ſur-"plice!" ſaid he to the clerk, "I think the devil "is in it." *Amen*, aſtoniſhed, waited till the Parſon had got it on, and then anſwered, "*I thinks as how* "*he is, Zir.*"

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294. A LAMENTABLE CASE, *ſubmitted to the Bath Phyſicians. By Sir* CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

Ye fam'd phyſicians of this place,
Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's caſe,

Not

Nor think that I am joking;
When ſhe would, he cannot comply,
When he would drink ſhe 's not a-dry;
And is not this provoking?

At night when Strephon comes to reſt,
Chloe receives him on her breaſt,
With fondly folding arms:
Down, down he hangs his drooping head,
Falls faſt aſleep, and lies as dead,
Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
With riſing flames young Strephon burns,
And fain, fain would be doing;
But Chloe now aſleep or ſick,
Has no great reliſh for the trick,
And ſadly balks his wooing.

O cruel and diſaſtrous caſe,
When in the critical embrace
That only one is burning!
Dear doctors, ſet this matter right,
Give Strephon ſpirits over night,
Or Chloe in the morning.

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295. EPIGRAM *on* LORD SWINTON, *a Scotch Judge, and Author of a Treatiſe on Weights and Meaſures. By the Hon.* HENRY ERSKINE.

John Swinton, grown old and unfitted for pleaſures,
Day and night would be talking of *weights* and of *meaſures*;
Says his wife, "My dear, think not of theſe things at all,
"For your *weight* is *too great*, and your *meaſure too ſmall*."

296. *Horace Walpole* ſays, "I know not how "*three* perſons can be *one*, but I know that *one* "perſon may be *two*. There are men who are "quite different perſons with their ſuperiors, and "with their equals and inferiors—with the former, "juſt and generous; with the latter, inſolent, and "full of extortion and impoſition."

297. A lover of muſic, but a very indifferent performer, having *bored* a friend who called on him with a number of ſonatas, obſerved, that they were all extremely *difficult*. "I wiſh to God," ſaid the other, "they had been *impoſſible*."

298. The late *Duke of Norfolk* boaſting to George Selwyn of his eſtates, ſeveral of which he had mortgaged for part of the purchaſe-money, added, "And what is more, they are all *of my own crea-* "*tion*." George drily obſerved, that, to make all perfect, there muſt be a *Redeemer*, as well as a *Creator*.

299. A certain bruiſing Parſon having been examined as a witneſs in the Court of King's Bench, the adverſe Counſel attempted to browbeat him: "*I think you are the bruiſing Parſon*," ſaid he. "I "am," ſaid the divine; "and if you doubt it, I'll "give it you under my *hand*."

300. Dr. *Walker*, Profeſſor of Natural Hiſtory at Edinburgh, a man of great ſcience, and alſo of great worth, is not a little finical in dreſs. His hair-dreſſing was, till lately that he got a wig, the work of two or three hours every day. Once when he was travelling from Moffat, where he was then miniſter, to pay a viſit to the late Sir *James Clerk*

Clerk of Pennicuick, he ſtopped at a country barber's ſhop on the way, in order to have his hair dreſſed. The barber, who, although he had often heard of his cuſtomer, but was unacquainted with his perſon, did all that he could to obey the numerous directions which he received; with aſtoniſhing patience did he for three hours curl, uncurl, friz, and labour at the Doctor's hair; at length, however, he could not avoid exclaiming, "Why, in all my life I never heard of a man ſo "ill to pleaſe as you, *except the mad Miniſter of* "*Moffat.*"

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301. At the Jeſuits ſchools it was an eſtabliſhed cuſtom to give annually prizes to ſuch ſcholars as made the beſt verſes on propoſed ſubjects. At one of theſe in *Franche Compté* the ſubject was on a particular year *the Society of the Jeſuits itſelf.* A ſcholar took the opportunity to give a ſmart ſtroke of ſatire, by a quibble on the names of two of their principal ſchools, *le College de l'Arc* (the School of the Bow) ſituated at *Dole*, and *le College de la Fleche* (the School of the Arrow) which was ſituated near a town of the ſame name in Anjou, and was a gift of the Crown to the Society in the reign of *Henry IV.* The following are the verſes:

Arcum *Dola dedit Patribus, dedit alma* Sagittam
Gallia; quis Funem *quem meruere dabit* * ?

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302. For a prize queſtion at an Engliſh academy, the following Latin couplet having been given:

* Dole gave the Fathers the *Bow*; Mother France gave them the *Arrow*; who will give them the *String* they deſerve?

Dicite, grammatici, cur maſculi generis Cunnus,
Et cur femineum Mentula *nomen habet?*

the prize was beſtowed on the author of this anſwer:

Eſt ſecundum duas regulas grammaticas:
"*Quæ maribus ſolum tribuuntur maſcula ſunto;*"
"*Eſto femineum quod femina ſola repoſcit.*"

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303. A gentleman having complained to a friend of his wife's *infidelity*, the other anſwered, "Don't "mind it; it is a complaint of which none *die*, but "on the contrary a great many *live* by it."

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304. On the French Revolution, when every thing *royal* was aboliſhed, a man who had a ſhow of wild beaſts, and among the reſt a royal tiger for fear of a charge of inciviſm, put on his ſign-board, *Le Grand Tigre National!*

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305. Dr. *Egerton*, the late Biſhop of Durham, on coming to that ſee, employed a perſon of the name of *Due* as his agent, to find out the true value of the eſtates held by leaſe under him, and in conſequence of Due's report, greatly raiſed both the fines and rents of his tenants; on which account the following toaſt was frequently drunk in the Biſhopric; "May the *Lord* take the *Biſhop*, and the "*Devil* have his *Due*."

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306. *Copy of an* ORDER *ſent by a* FARMER'S WIFE *to a Tradeſman in Town, for a ſcarlet Cardinal.*

SIR,

If you pleaſe to ſend me a ſcarlet cardinal, let it be full yard long, and let it be full, it is for a large woman, they tell me I may have a large one and a handſome

handſome one for eleven ſhillings, I ſhould not be willing to give more than twelve, but if you have any as long either duffel or cloth, if it comes cheaper I ſhould like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve ſhillings, I beg you, Sir, to be ſo good as not to fail ſending me this cardinal on Wedneſday without fail, let it be full yard long, I beg, or elſe it will not do, fail not on Wedneſday, and by ſo doing you will oblige

Your humble ſervant, M. WINNS.

P. S. I hope you will charge your loweſt price, and if you pleaſe not to ſend me a duffel one, but cloth, full yard long and full, and pleaſe to ſend it to Mr. Field's the waterman who comes to the Beehive, at Queenhithe, pray don't ſend me a duffel one but cloth, I have altered my mind, I ſhould not like it duffel but cloth, let it be full yard long, and let it be cloth for I don't like duffel, it muſt not be more than twelve ſhillings at moſt, one of the cheapeſt you have and full yard long, ſend two both of a length, and both large ones full yard long, both of a price, they be both for one woman, they muſt be exactly alike for goodneſs and price, fail then not on Wedneſday, and full yard long.

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307. The Princeſs *Mary* having a complaint in her ſtomach from eating *ice*, his Majeſty recommended it to her, always *to have the chill taken off* afterwards.

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308. *The* STATUARY *and the* CLOWN.

(Original.)

As through the ſtreets a certain clown
Was one day wand'ring up and down,
Chance brought him to a plaſterer's ſhop,
At which he made a ſudden ſtop,

And

And gaz'd and gap'd with admiration,
To ſee this wonderful creation;
Much he deſir'd, yet fear'd to buy,
Leſt that the price ſhould prove too high;
At laſt he ventur'd to advance
With awkward ſcrapes and complaiſance.—
" Pray, Zir! if I may be ſo bould,
" *Are all theſe vine things to be zould?*
" *I vain would buy, if not too dear,*
" *One of thoſe zelf zame vigures here.*"
" Oh! Sir, we have 'em at all prices,
" Of various ſhapes and diff'rent ſizes;
" Heroes and heroines of all ſorts,
" Who've blaz'd in arms, or ſhone in courts;—
" Pleaſe, Sir, walk in, and take your choice,
" We'll fit your taſte though e'er ſo nice."
" *I've heard as how the King of Pruſſia*
" *Has beat both France, and Spain, and Ruſſia;*
" *Now I zhou'd like to ha' his phiz;*
" *Tell me, good Zir, have you got his?*"
" I am afraid they are all gone."—
" *Zooks! I want that, and that alone.*"—
" But here's a King, his name was *Nero*,
" *Who was extremely like your hero.*"—
" *Noa! that woant do!*"—" Stay, here, at laſt
" I've found our beſt and only caſt."
So handed the firſt *Cæſar*'s head,
And palm'd it off in Pruſſia's ſtead:
Then round and round the ſimple gull
Survey'd, and found the plaſter ſcull
Quite void of brains, which he thought odd—
The artiſt anſwer'd with a nod—
" We've heads of great men in great plenty
" Alive, as light, as thick and empty."
" *But is it ztout and ſtrong enough?*
" *For I ne'er zaw zuch zort o' ztuff.*"

If

" If it ſtand ſafe upon a bracket,
" Nothing can ever break or crack it;
" The older 't is the more 't will harden."
" *Well, let me know your loweſt varden.*"
" Ten ſhillings is the price we fix,
" But you ſhall have it, Sir, for ſix."
" *Zix is too dear, I'll gee you vour.*"
" We have refus'd that o'er and o'er;
" Nor can you offer, you muſt own,
" For a *crown'd head* leſs than a *crown.*"
The clown thought the remark was juſt,
So paid his caſh and took the buſt;
Making his bow, then forth he ſallies,
And trudg'd through ſtreets, ſquares, lanes, and alleys:
Rudely he joſtles 'mongſt the throng,
And eager urg'd his way along,
Till by a yelping cur, in rear,
He was attack'd, which coſt him dear;
For the dull clown, who knew but little
How dear his bargain was, how brittle,
Thought he might venture to employ
His buſt the en'my to annoy:
'Tis no leſs true than ſtrange, to tell,
He threw, and *down brave Cæſar fell,*
And fell again at *Pompey*'s feet,
Pompey the *Little*, not the *Great.*
Amaz'd, the clown beheld his buſt
Turn'd " earth to earth," and " duſt to duſt;"
He ſtood ſome moments motionleſs,
Till hopes he might obtain redreſs,
Induc'd him back his ſteps to trace,
Thinking the ſeller would replace
The ſtatue, or the caſh repay.
Vain hope!—The modeller of clay

Rejected

Rejected the alternative,
Nor aught but good advice would give.—
" Go home," quoth he, " the objects learn
" Of juſt reſentment to diſcern;
" Nor to the dogs your buſtos throw,
" Whether they bark at you or no:
" He who the rude impertinence
" Of puppies hoping to ſilence,
" Uſes ſuch means and takes ſuch pains,
" Carries the *head* without the *brains*."

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309. Three young ladies boarding together at a convent in France, contracted ſuch a friendſhip for each other, that they reſolved never to ſeparate; but as their parents would ſoon take them out of the convent in order to marry them to different huſbands, what was to be done? They knew that no man in France was allowed to have three wives. They heard, however, that the Grand Signior might have as many as he pleaſed, and therefore they laid their heads together and wrote a letter, explaining to the Turk the tender friendſhip which united them, and ſaying that they had made choice of him for a huſband; this letter they ſent to the poſt-office, with the following ſuperſcription: " *To Mr. Grand Turk, at his Seraglio, Con-* " *ſtantinople, by Lyons.*" The oddity of the direction was the occaſion of the letter being opened, and this notable plot diſcovered.

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310. A painter having exhibited a miſerable picture of *Peter* denying *Chriſt*, a wag obſerved, that any one would have denied *ſuch a Chriſt*.

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311. On the 1ſt of May 1782, when debates ran high reſpecting the influence of the Crown, and the patriots inſiſted much on the Majeſty of the

the People, *George Selwyn* happening to meet a party of chimney-ſweepers' boys, decorated with gilt paper, &c. obſerved to a friend that was walking with him, "I have often heard of the *Majeſty* "of the *People*, but never before had the pleaſure "of ſeeing any of the *young Princes*."

312. A Nobleman who was remarkably abſtemious, was chiding one of his workmen for often getting drunk; "It is aſtoniſhing," ſaid his Lordſhip, "that *all good workmen* are addicted to drunk-"enneſs."—"Then," anſwered the man, "*your* "*Lordſhip I preſume is not a good workman.*"

313. *Henry the Fourth* of France had received notice of the conſpiracy of Marſhal *Biron*. It was obſerved by a nobleman that the Marſhal was one of the beſt card-players at court. "He *plays* "very well," ſaid the King, "but he *makes his* "*parties* very ill."

314. A Spaniſh Ambaſſador ſent to attend a congreſs of different powers, abandoned it, becauſe he could not obtain precedence of the French Ambaſſador. On his return to Madrid he waited on the King, and ſtated the reaſon of his conduct. "What!" ſaid the monarch, "could you think "of leaving ſuch an important buſineſs for the "ſake of a ceremony?"—The Ambaſſador anſwered, "A ceremony! *what is your Majeſty your-*"*ſelf but a ceremony?*"

315. A French Phyſician reading, in an Engliſh medical work, of the properties of the *Dog-and-Duck water* in certain complaints, preſcribed to a patient *the decoction of a Dog and a Duck!*

316.

316. When the old *Earl of Harrington* was on his death-bed, one of his miſtreſſes coming to ſee him was denied admittance, becauſe his Lordſhip had juſt *taken the Sacrament*. She with great *naïveté* ſaid, ſhe would wait till it had *worked off*.

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317. On account of the great number of ſuicides, an Iriſh member moved for leave to bring in a bill to make it *a capital offence*.

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318. An old lady, poſſeſſed of a handſome fortune, diſinherited her niece, and bequeathed her property to a young man who had found the means of *pleaſing* her. After the old woman's death, the gentleman and the niece happening to meet, ſhe ſaid to him in great good humour, "Sir, you have got "my aunt's property at a very eaſy rate." As ſhe was young and handſome, he anſwered, "Madam, "as you ſeem to know what it coſt me, *you ſhall be* "*welcome to it at the ſame price.*" She took him at his word, and they ſhared it happily together.

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319. *Meſſier Carrado*, of Naples, had a ſervant named *Chinchillo*, who one night, to treat his miſtreſs, cut off the leg of a crane that he was roaſting for his maſter's ſupper. When the bird came on the table, and the maſter aſked what was become of one of its legs, Chinchillo immediately ſwore that cranes had but one leg. The next morning, as he was riding behind his maſter, he made him, in order to convince him he was right, obſerve ſeveral cranes at rooſt on one leg, but his maſter ſhouting, they put down the other leg and flew away; whereupon Chinchillo, perceiving that his maſter was angry, cried out, "How lucky it was "that you did not ſhout laſt night, for your crane

"would

" would have put down the other leg and flown " away as theſe did, and you would have loſt your " ſupper." Carrado laughed, and forgave Chinchillo for his wit.

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320. A *poet* coming home to his apartment once at midnight, and diſcovering there a thief, aſked him, how he thought of finding any thing at night, in a place where he could himſelf find nothing in the day?

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321. Sir *Harry Wotton* defines an Ambaſſador to be, " *A man ſent to tell lies for the good of his* " *country.*"

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322. A gentleman of very high rank ſent expreſs for *Lord Thurlow*, when Chancellor, to *Windſor*. As he was walking the Terrace, his Lordſhip coming up, ſaid, in his blunt way, " Well, " what do you want now?"—" Oh, Thurlow, I " am glad you are come; I want you very particu- " larly."—" Well, what's the matter?—" You " have ſuch a living in your gift at preſent."— " Yes, and what then?"—" I am to beg you to " give it to a man I wiſh to befriend."—" Indeed! " but I ſhall do no ſuch thing; ſuch livings don't " come every day; why, it is fifteen hundred a " year."—" No matter, you muſt oblige me; this " is a very worthy man, with a large family, and " *he has made me a preſent of a capital white horſe.*" —" Well, I tell you, I won't."—" Come, come, " Thurlow, you muſt for once oblige me; and " more than that, I 'll get you to write him a letter, " ſaying that it is entirely of your own ſuggeſtion " on account of his worth."—" I 'll be damned if " I do."—" No! indeed you muſt do it; I ſhall

" very ſoon have a living of five and twenty hun-
" dred in my gift, and I promiſe you that I ſhall
" give you the diſpoſal of that, if you let me have
" this, and write the letter as I want it."—" Well,
" if your jockey Parſon muſt have it, tell me where
" he lives, that I may write to him."

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323. *Henry IV.* of France being informed by the gardener at Fontainbleau, that there were ſome particular ſpots in that garden where nothing would thrive, ſaid, " *Plant them with Monks and* " *Gaſcons; they will thrive any where.*"

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324. A perſon ſaying that he would not believe there was any devil, becauſe he had never ſeen him, was anſwered by another, " *By the ſame rule,* " *I ſhould believe you to have neither wit nor ſenſe.*"

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325. A young lady, ripe for matrimony, told her father that it was time he ſhould give her a huſband. He ſeemed to think very differently; on which ſhe ſaid, " Indeed, Papa, if you do not " give me a *huſband* ſoon, I ſhall give you a *ſon-in-* " *law.*"

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326. When Sir *John Scott* brought in his bill *for reſtricting the liberty of the preſs*, an Iriſh Peer ſuggeſted that all *anonymous* publications ſhould have the *name of the author* on the title-page!

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327. The Editor of this Collection happening one day to paſs through Weſtminſter Abbey, during the time of morning prayers, ſtopped in the area to hear the very fine hymn performed by the choir. As ſoon as it was over, a ſailor came up and ſaid, " I beg pardon, your honour, I wiſh to

" aſk

" aſk you a queſtion; no offence, I hope."—" Well, what is it?"—" Was not that *Rule* " *Britannia* that they were ſinging?"—" Yes, cer- " tainly!"—" *I thought it was like the words, and I* " *was ſure it was the tune.*"

328. *On* IMPRISONMENT *for* DEBT.—*By* THEOPHILUS SWIFT, *Eſq.*

Of old the debtor that inſolvent died,
Egypt the rites of ſepulture denied;
A different trade enlighten'd Chriſtians drive,
And charitably bury him alive.

329. Mr. *Charles Townſend* uſed every morning, as he came from his lady-mother's to the Treaſury, to paſs by the canal in the park, and feed the ducks with bread or corn, which he brought in his pocket for that purpoſe. One morning, having called his affectionate friends, the duckey, duckey, duckeys, he found, unfortunately, that he had forgotten them:—" Poor duckeys!" he cried, " I am " ſorry I am in a hurry and cannot get you ſome " bread, but here is ſixpence for you to buy ſome," and threw the ducks a ſixpence, which one of them gobbled up. At the office he very *wiſely* told the ſtory to ſome gentlemen with whom he was to dine. There being ducks for dinner, one of the gentlemen ordered a ſixpence to be put into the body of a duck, which he gave Charles to cut up. Our hero, ſurpriſed at finding a ſixpence among the ſeaſoning, bade the waiter ſend up his maſter, whom he loaded with epithets of raſcal and ſcoundrel, and ſwore bitterly that he would have him proſecuted for robbing the King of his ducks; " for," ſays he, " Gentlemen, this very morning

" did I give this ſixpence to one of the ducks in " the canal in St. James's Park."

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330. The *deaths* which *Bonaparte* underwent, during the time that he *lived* in Egypt, are aſtoniſhing:

In a *bloody* engagement, which turned the Levant into the *Red Sea*, he received five mortal wounds, and juſt lived to ſurrender his ſword to *Admiral Nelſon!*

In aſcending the Nile, *chin-deep in water*, he *periſhed of thirſt!*

Before he arrived at Cairo, *a million of Arabs* ſurrounded him, and cut him into *half a million of pieces!*

At Cairo he was aſſaſſinated by a *Tripoline gentleman!*

Soon after he left Cairo he was ſeized by *Murad Bey*, and guillotined!

Paſſing over the deſert to Suez, a *burning mountain of red-hot ſand* was raiſed by a whirlwind, and buried him *five thouſand fathoms deep!*

Juſt before he reached Suez, he and his whole army periſhed by famine!

At Suez the army was attacked by the plague, and Bonaparte died the laſt man of them!

At St. Jean d'Acre he was taken priſoner by a Turkiſh detachment, who fired him off from the mouth of a cannon!

Making his eſcape from St. Jean d'Acre, he and all his army were drowned in the Red Sea!

On his return to Egypt, the army mutinied, and cut off Bonaparte's head, ſending it to the Turkiſh Pacha as a peace-offering, to allow them to return to France!

There having been received no account of this

cat

eat of a *Chief Conſul*, from the time he *ran away* from Egypt till his arrival in France, we cannot ſtate *authentically* the number of deaths he ſuffered on his *retrograde voyage*, and we make it a point never to lay any thing before the public which has not

" ——————confirmations ſtrong,
" *As proofs of Holy Writ.*"

331. An *Iriſh officer*, after reading the accounts of *Bonaparte*'s deaths, ſaid, " This rebel thief has " had as many *lives* as one *Plutarch*, that I read " about when I was at ſchool, and he has coſt the " *gipſies* as many floggings as Plutarch coſt me."

332. A certain *auctioneer*, having become a *publican*, and ſoon after being thrown into priſon, the following paragraph, reſpecting him, appeared in a morning paper:

" Mr. ——, who lately left the *pulpit* for the " *bar*, has been now promoted to the *Bench*."

333. At the review of the volunteers on the King's laſt birth-day, when the *half-drowned heroes* were *defiling* by all the beſt ways, the *Bloomſbury* walked ſtraight through. This being reported to the King, his Majeſty, with his uſual jocularity, ſaid, that the *lawyers always went through thick and thin.*

334. A caſe was lately argued before the Court of Chancery, in which there was ſome diſpute about the age of a woman, whom Counſellor *Graham* (now the *Baron*) had ſtated to be five and forty, rather againſt the evidence. The *Maſter of the Rolls* diſputing a little the poſition of Mr. Graham,

the latter ſaid—" *I'll lay you a bottle*—my Lord, " I beg your pardon, I really forgot where I was."

335. Mr. *Garrow*, ſome ſhort time ago, examining a very young lady, who was a witneſs in a caſe of aſſault, aſked her, if the perſon who was aſſaulted did not give the defendant very ill language—if he did not call him a damn'd *Scotch Cobler*, and utter other words ſo bad that he the learned counſel had not *impudence* enough to repeat; ſhe replied in the affirmative.—" Will you, Madam, " be kind enough," ſaid he, " to tell the Court " what theſe words were?"—" Why, Sir," replied ſhe, " if *you* have not *impudence* enough to ſpeak " them, how can you ſuppoſe that *I* have?"

336. Royal Delicacy.—*By* Peter Pindar.

A King of France, upon a day,
With a fair lady of his court
Was pleas'd at battledore to play,
A very faſhionable ſport.

Into the *boſom* of this fair *court dame*,
Whoſe whiteneſs did the ſnow's pure whiteneſs ſhame,
King *Louis* by an odd miſchance did knock
The ſhuttlecock—
Thrice happy rogue, upon the down of doves,
To neſtle with the pretty little *loves!*
" *Now, Sire, pray take it out*," quoth ſhe,
With an arch ſmile.—But what did he?
What?—What to charming modeſty belongs!
Obedient to her ſoft command,
He rais'd it—but not with his *hand!*
No! marv'ling reader—with the *chimney tongs*.

337. After *Dr. Johnſon* had been honoured with an interview with *the King*, in the Queen's library at Buckingham-houſe, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the royal intellect. "His Majeſty," replied the Doctor, "ſeems to be poſſeſſed of much good na-"ture and much curioſity; as for his mind, it is "far from contemptible. His Majeſty, indeed, "was *multifarious* in his *queſtions*, but, thank God, "*he anſwered them all himſelf.*"

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338. A gentleman calling one day at *Fontenelle*'s country-houſe to dinner, he told his gueſt, among other things, that there were ſome aſparagus—"Do you like them?" ſaid he. "Yes, very "much, if dreſſed with oil."—"Oil! I prefer "them with ſauce."—"But ſauce diſagrees with "me," replied the gueſt. "Well, well, we "ſhall have them with oil!" Fontenelle went out to give his orders, but on his return found his poor acquaintance dead of an apoplexy. Running out immediately to the head of the ſtairs, he called out—"Cook, *dreſs the aſparagus with* "*ſauce.*"

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339. A gentleman having ſtopped at the inn of a country village in order to dine, took a walk into the church-yard while dinner was preparing. Here he found almoſt on every tomb this exquiſite ſtanza:

Affliction ſore long time I bore,
Phyſicians were in vain,
Till Death did come, and God did pleaſe
To eaſe me of my pain.

On returning to the inn, he obſerved to the landlord, that the church-yard was full of libels on the

phyſicians

phyſicians of the place, who were all ſaid to be unſerviceable. "Phyſicians!" ſaid mine hoſt, "Lord "love your ſoul, *we have not a phyſician within* "*twenty miles of us.*" The traveller having taken a ſecond peep into the repoſitory of the dead, found that moſt of theſe querulous perſonages had *died at ſeventy or eighty years of age.*

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340. *Sir Godfrey Kneller* was much affronted when his taylor aſked him to take his ſon as an apprentice. "Doſt thou think, man," ſaid he, "that I can make thy ſon a painter? No! *God* "*Almighty alone makes painters.*"

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341. *Sir Godfrey* being engaged in painting, and not wiſhing to be interrupted, when he ſaw a conſtable with a mob after him coming up to apply to him as a juſtice of the peace, called out, without inquiring into the affair—"Mr. Conſtable, "you ſee that turning; go that way, and you will "find an ale-houſe, the King's Head; go and "make it up."

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342. St. *Thomas Aquinas* was one day invited to dine with St. *Louis*, for whom there was ſerved up a very fine lamprey. Thomas employed the time of dinner in compoſing the laſt part of his hymn on the Holy Sacrament, and in the mean time, in the profoundneſs of his meditation, he ate up the whole lamprey that was deſigned for the King, and made an end of the hymn and the fiſh both at once. Overjoyed at having finiſhed ſo elaborate a poem, he cried out in an ecſtacy, "*Conſummatum* "*eſt!*" The company, who had ſeen the Saint play a good knife and fork, but knew nothing of his mental employment, looked on him as a very

profane

profane perſon, for applying to a piece of unmannerly epicuriſm the words which they all knew to be thoſe ſpoken by our Saviour, when expiring on the croſs.

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343. When the accounts of the late aſtoniſhing ſucceſſes of *Bonaparte* in Italy arrived, a young Nobleman obſerved, that Bonaparte had gained moſt of theſe advantages from the aſſiſtance of ſome new generals he had created—"I know no ge-"neral he has lately created," ſaid a gentleman preſent, "but one—*General Conſternation.*"

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344. An Iriſhman purchaſed the ſixteenth of a lottery-ticket, for which, as tickets were high, he paid a guinea and a half. In a few days it came up a twenty pound prize, for which, on application at the lottery-office, he received three and twenty ſhillings. "Well," ſays Pat, "I am glad it is no "worſe. As it was but a twenty pound, I have "only loſt eight and ſixpence, but by Jaſus *if it* "*had been a twenty thouſand I ſhould have been* "*ruined.*"

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345. Mr. *Elwes*, being one day ſurpriſed by a neighbouring gentleman, in the act of pulling down a crow's neſt, for the purpoſe of carrying the ſticks to the fire, his neighbour ſaid, he wondered he ſhould give himſelf this trouble. "Oh, "Sir," replied he, "it is really a ſhame that theſe "creatures ſhould do ſo.—Do but ſee what waſte "they make!—They don't care how extravagant "they are *."

346.

* This and the following anecdotes of Mr. *Elwes* are taken from the Life of that celebrated miſer, written by Captain *Topham*,

346. Mr. *Elwes*'s eldeſt ſon having fallen down with a ladder, when pulling ſome grapes, had the precaution to go into the village to the barber and get blooded. On his return, he was aſked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm. He told his father what had happened, and that he had got bled—"Bled!" ſaid the old gentleman, "but what did you give?"—"A ſhil-"ling," anſwered the boy.—"Pſha!" returned the father, "you are a blockhead! never part "with your *blood!*"

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347. A ſmall wine-merchant knowing that nothing could win Mr. *Elwes*'s heart ſo much as to make him preſents, begged his acceptance of ſome very *fine wine*, and in a ſhort time obtained the loan of ſeveral hundred pounds. Elwes uſed ever after to ſay, *It was, indeed, very fine, for it coſt him twenty pounds a bottle!*

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348. Mr. *Elwes*'s nephew, Colonel *Timms*, being on a viſit to him, at his ſeat at Marcham, in the night a quantity of rain fell, which, penetrating the roof of the old crazy manſion, ſoon wet the Colonel through the bed-clothes. He got up, and moved the bed, but he had not lain long before he found the ſame inconvenience. Again he got up, and again the rain came down. At length, after puſhing the bed quite round the room, he got into a corner where the ceiling was better, and ſlept there till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfaſt, he told him what had happened.—"Aye, aye!" ſaid the old man, "*I don't mind*

ham, and publiſhed by *Ridgway*; to which the reader is referred for a great deal of extraordinary anecdote and entertaining matter.

"*it*

" *it myſelf; but to thoſe who do, that's a nice corner* " *in the rain!*"

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349. When Mr. *Elwes* was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies in his neighbourhood had, for ſome neglect, incurred the diſpleaſure of the Spiritual Court, and were threatened with immediate *excommunication*. The whole import of the word they did not underſtand; but they had heard ſomething about ſtanding in a church, and a penance; and their ideas immediately ran on a *white ſheet*. Terrified at this, they hurried away to Mr. Elwes to know how they could make ſubmiſſion, and how the ſentence might be prevented. The excommunication being to take place next day, no time was to be loſt. Mr. Elwes, never ſparing of his perſonal labour, immediately had his horſe ſaddled, and putting, as was his cuſtom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he ſet out for London that evening, and reached it next morning, early enough to notify the ſubmiſſion of the culprit damſels. The ladies were ſo overjoyed—ſo thankful!—So much trouble and expenſe!—What return could they make? To eaſe their conſciences on this head, an old Iriſh gentleman, their nephew, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, told them—" My dears, is it *expenſe* you " are talking of? Send him *ſixpence*, and he gains " *twopence* by the journey!"

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358. One very dark night Mr. *Elwes*, hurrying along the ſtreet, ran with ſuch violence againſt the pole of a ſedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. Colonel *Timms*, at whoſe houſe he was, inſiſted on an apothecary being ſent for, to which Mr. Elwes reluctantly complied. The apothe-

apothecary, on his arrival, began to expatiate on the dangerous conſequences of breaking the ſkin; the peculiar bad appearance of the wounds, and the good fortune of his being ſent for.—" Very pro-" bably," ſaid old Elwes, " but, Mr. ———, in " my opinion, my legs are not much hurt; now " you think they are—ſo I will make this agree-" ment: I will take one leg, and you ſhall take the " other; you ſhall do what you pleaſe to yours, " and I will do nothing to mine; and I 'll wager " your bill that *my leg* gets well the firſt." He uſed to boaſt that he beat the apothecary by a fort-night.

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351. A gentleman, who was a very indifferent ſhot, being out with Mr. *Elwes*, ſhooting at random, lodged two pellets in his cheek. The blood appeared, and the ſhot certainly gave him pain; but when the gentleman came to make his apology and profeſs his ſorrow—" My dear Sir," ſaid the old man, " *I give you joy of your improvement: I* " *knew you would hit ſomething by and by.*"

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352. Mr. *Elwes* had two country ſeats, the one in Suffolk, and the other in Berkſhire; of theſe he gave the preference to the former, becauſe his journey from town thither coſt him only *twopence halfpenny*, that into Berkſhire amounted to *fourpence*. At this time he was worth eight hundred thouſand pounds.

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353. The extent of his property in houſes became ſo great, that he became, from calculation, *his own inſurer*. He ſoon, therefore, became a *philoſopher on fire*. When a public-houſe, belonging to him, was burnt down, he ſaid with great compoſure

poſture—" Well, well, there is no great harm " done; the tenant never paid me, and *I* ſhould " not have got quit of him ſo quickly in any other " way."

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354. Mr. *Elwes*'s uncle and predeceſſor, *Sir Harvey Elwes*, was, if poſſible, a greater miſer than himſelf; yet when he was robbed of no leſs than *ſeven and twenty hundred guineas in ſpecie*, he behaved remarkably well. It was Sir Harvey's cuſtom to go up to his bed-chamber at eight o'clock, where, after taking a baſin of water-gruel, he went to bed by the light of a ſmall fire, to ſave the unneceſſary extravagance of a candle. The gang, who knew the hour when his ſervant went to the ſtable, hid themſelves in the porch till they ſaw him coming up to his horſes, when they fell on him, bound and gagged him; they then ran up towards the houſe, tied the two maid-ſervants together, and going up to Sir Harvey, preſented their piſtols and demanded his money. He would give them no anſwer till he was aſſured that his ſervant, who was a great favourite, was ſafe. He then gave them the key of a drawer, in which were fifty guineas. But they knew too well he had much more in the houſe, and again threatened his life, if he did not ſhow them where it was depoſited. At length he ſhowed them the drawer, where was contained the large ſum already mentioned. On quitting him, they told him they ſhould leave a man behind, who would murder him if he moved for aſſiſtance. On which he very coolly, and with ſome ſimplicity, took out his watch, which they had not aſked him for, and ſaid, " Gentlemen, I " do not want to take any of you; therefore, upon " my honour I will give you twenty minutes for

" your escape; after that time nothing shall pre-
" vent me from seeing how my servant does." When they were taken up some years afterwards for other offences, and were known to be the men who robbed Sir Harvey, he would not appear against them. His lawyer pressed him to go to Chelmsford to identify their persons, but nothing could persuade him. " *No, no,*" said he, " *I have*
" *lost my money, and now you want me to lose my*
" *time also.*"

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355. An Irishman, speaking of the rapacity of the clergy in exacting their tithes, said—" By
" Jasus, let a farmer be ever so poor, they won't
" fail to make him pay their full tenths, *whether*
" *he can or not*; nay, they would, instead of a
" *tenth*, take a *twentieth*, if the law permitted
" them."

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356. The first regiment of foot, or Scotch Royals, have the nickname of *Pontius Pilate's guards*. An officer, fond of a joke, seeing a very old sergeant of this corps, during a total eclipse of the sun, drily asked him—" *Pray, Sergeant, was it much darker*
" *than this at the crucifixion?*"

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357. *Portrait of a* WOMAN.

Now see my Goddess, earthly born,
With smiling look and sparkling eye,
And with a bloom that shames the morn
New risen in the eastern sky;

Furnish'd from Nature's ample store,
And one of Pleasure's laughing train;
Stranger to all the wise explore,
To show their far-sought knowledge vain;

Untaught

Untaught as Venus, when ſhe found
Herſelf firſt floating in the ſea,
And, laughing, begg'd the Tritons round,
For ſhame, to look ſome other way;

And unaccompliſh'd all as Eve,
On the firſt morning of her life,
When Adam fondly aſk'd her leave
To take her hand, and call her wife.

Yet there is ſomething in her face
(Though ſhe 's unſkill'd in Plato's lore),
Might bring your Platos to diſgrace,
For leaving precepts taught before.

And there are raptures in her eye
(Though ſhe 's unſkill'd to conjure down
The pale moon from th' affrighted ſky),
Might draw Endymion from the moon.

And there are words that ſhe can ſpeak,
More eaſy to be underſtood,
More ſweet than all the heathen Greek,
By Helen talk'd when Paris woo'd.

And there are raptures in her pow'r,
More worth than all the flatt'ring fame
Of learning's unſubſtantial dow'r,
In preſent praiſe or future name.

Let me but preſs her ſoft warm hand,
And let me whiſper in her ear,
What Learning would not underſtand,
And Wiſdom would diſdain to hear;

And let her liſten to my tale,
And let one charming bluſh ariſe,
Bleſt omen that my vows prevail,
I'd ſcorn the ſcorn of all the wiſe.

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358. One very ſultry evening in the dog-days, *Garrick* performed the part of *Lear*. In the four

firſt acts he received the accuſtomed tribute of applauſe. At the concluſion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the ſoft infection. At this intereſting moment, to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent, his face aſſumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new paſſion; it was not tragic; it was evidently an endeavour to ſuppreſs a laugh. In a few ſeconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the ſame manner, and the beauteous Cordelia, who was lying extended on a crimſon couch, opening her eyes to ſee what occaſioned the interruption, leaped from her ſofa, and with the *Majeſty of England*, the gallant *Albany*, and *tough old Kent*, ran laughing off the ſtage. The audience could not account for this ſtrange termination of a tragedy in any other way than by ſuppoſing that the *dramatis perſonæ* were ſeized with a ſudden frenzy; but their riſibility had a different ſource. A fat Whitechapel butcher, ſeated on the centre of the front bench of the pit, was accompanied by his maſtiff, who being accuſtomed to ſit on the ſame ſeat with his maſter at home, naturally ſuppoſed that he might here enjoy the like privilege. The butcher ſat very far back, and the dog finding a fair opening, got on the ſeat, and fixing his fore-paws on the rail of the orcheſtra, peered at the performers with as upright a head and as grave an air as the moſt ſagacious critic of the day. Our corpulent *ſlaughter-man* was *made of melting ſtuff*, and not being accuſtomed to the heat of a play-houſe, found himſelf much oppreſſed by the weight of a large and well-powdered Sunday *periwig*, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the *head* of the *maſtiff*. The dog being in ſo conſpicuous, ſo obtruſive a ſituation, caught

the

the eye of Mr. Garrick and the other performers. *A maſtiff* in a *churchwarden's wig* was too much. It would have provoked laughter in Lear himſelf, at the moment of his deepeſt diſtreſs; no wonder then that it had ſuch an effect on his repreſentative.

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359. Once that *John Kemble* played Hamlet in the country, the gentleman who *enacted Guildenſtern* was, or imagined himſelf to be, a capital muſician. Hamlet aſks him—"Will you play upon "this pipe?"—"My Lord, I cannot."—"I pray "you."—"Believe me, I cannot."—"I do be-"ſeech you."—"*Well, if your Lordſhip inſiſts on it,* "*I ſhall do as well as I can;*" and to the confuſion of Hamlet, and the great amuſement of the audience, he played *God ſave the King*.

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360. Two ladies, belonging to Covent-Garden, (not *Covent-Garden Theatre*, but *Covent-Garden Market*) happening to fall out, poured forth on each other a torrent of rhetoric, which, although extremely well in their mouths, would not appear altogether ſo becoming in theſe pages. At length, the one finding her opponent fairly an overmatch, but being unwilling to give up the conteſt, laid her arms acroſs, aſſumed a placid ſmile, and to every virulent epithet returned an humble curtſey. Her ſucceſs was complete; for her yet enraged adverſary being deprived of the fuel that fed her fire, and her gall being ſtill unexhauſted, ſhe went up to the other's very noſe, ſtuck her arms a-kimbo, and foaming with wrath, exclaimed, "*Speak, ſpeak,* "*bitch, or I'll burſt.*"

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361. In the reign of Louis XIV. ſeveral ladies of rank were accuſed of magic. Of theſe, a Dut-

chefs was examined by a magiſtrate, moſt *hideouſly ugly*. She confeſſed that ſhe had converſed with the devil. "Under what reſemblance was "he?" ſaid the magiſtrate, gravely. "*In his own* "*perſon, and he reſembled you as much as one drop of* "*water does another.*"

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362. The moſt wonderful effects of preaching that we read of are recorded in the works of an Italian monk, who, ſpeaking of *St. Francis Xavier*, ſays, that "by one ſermon he converted ten thou- "ſand perſons, *in a deſert iſland.*"

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363. A ſoldier having, by order of a court-martial, been ſentenced to receive corporal puniſhment, one of the drummers, ordered to inflict it, abſolutely refuſed, ſaying that it was not his duty. "Not your duty!" ſaid the Sergeant-major— "Not your duty!" repeated the Adjutant—"What "do you mean?"—"I know very well," replied the drummer, "that it is not my duty: I was pre- "ſent at the court-martial as well as you, and I "heard the Colonel ſay that he was to receive *cor-* "*poral* puniſhment. I am only a *drummer*, not a "*corporal.*"

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364. *Advice to* TAPSTERS.

Ye tapſters who 're wont to draw porter and ale,
And would probably wiſh to draw more,
You may hear of a plan from a very ſhort tale,
Which perhaps you have not heard before.

Giles Trick'em an hoſtler the world did begin,
Till, on ſtrength of each traveller's bounty,
He ſet up a pot-houſe, and there he laid in,
I think, the worſt ale in the county.

Giles'

Giles' maxim was this—" If my profits are great,
" The ſooner I 'll taſte the world's pleaſures:"
And hence—like ſome *other* wiſe men in the ſtate,
He would oftentimes deal in *half meaſures.*

To a cuſtomer once, as converſing they ſtood,
Giles bragg'd (for he always would ſpeak
Of his trade in the handſomeſt terms that he could),
That he drew his three hogſheads a week.

" That 's a vaſt deal, indeed," quoth the other,
" yet ſtill
" As you don't ſeem a man to mind trouble,
" I 'm certain of this, that you may, if you will,
" Draw nearly that quantity double."

" I ſuppoſe," replied Giles, *with a wink of his eye,*
" That you mean me to mix certain drugs
" To make people drink."—" Why no, truly, not I;
" What I meant was—*by filling your jugs.*"

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365. Our braggadocios are nothing to the French Gaſcons. Two of theſe *worthies* having an altercation, the one ſaid—" Don't put me in a paſſion, " otherwiſe I'll toſs you up ſo high, that ere you " reach the ground you 'll die of hunger." The other anſwered—" Take care, Sir, I do not throw " you ſo high, that, ere you can deſcend, the flies " will have devoured you."—" Wretch!" returned the former, " my patience is at an end; if " I take you only in my left hand, I ſhall ſhake " you into ſo many pieces, that the largeſt will be " your ear."

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366. An officer, who had by very bold acts made a fortune in the army, had an enterpriſe propoſed

poſed to him by the commander, which was extremely dangerous, but which, if accompliſhed, would produce great emolument. "Sir," ſaid the officer, "I adviſe you rather to employ one who "has to make his fortune; for my part, I am con-"tented with mine."

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367. Soon after the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, the deputies of the Reformed were treating with the French King for a peace. The articles having been agreed on, the deputies required ſecurity for their performance. "What!" ſaid the King, "is not "my word ſufficient ſecurity?" One of the deputies anſwered—"*No, by St. Bartholomew, Sir.*"

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368. It is not ſince the revolution only, that the *poiſſards* of Paris have *made a noiſe*. In the time of Louis XIV. the Dauphin having recovered from a ſerious illneſs, the *ladies* of this body ſent four deputies to offer their congratulations. After ſome difficulties, they were admitted to the Dauphin's apartment. One of them began an harangue.—"What," ſaid ſhe, "would have become of us, "had our dear Dauphin died?—We ſhould have "loſt our all." The King, meanwhile, entered behind, and being extremely jealous of his power and glory, frowned at this ill-judged compliment; when another of the deputation, with a ready wit, regained his Majeſty's good graces by adding—"True, we ſhould have loſt our all; for our good "King could never have ſurvived his ſon."

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369. A noble, but not a learned Lord, having been ſuſpected to be the author of a very ſevere but well-written pamphlet againſt a gentleman high in office, he ſent him a challenge. His Lordſhip profeſſed

ſeſſed his innocence, aſſuring the gentleman that he was not the author; but the other would not be ſatisfied without a denial under his hand. My Lord therefore took the pen and began—"*This is to* "*ſcratify, that the buk called the* ——" "Oh, "my Lord," ſaid the gentleman, "I am perfectly "ſatisfied that your Lordſhip did not write the "book."

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370. A clergyman, who was at once a lover of *argument* and of *pudding*, being at a viſitation, in which, during the time of dinner, the Archdeacon was holding forth on the tranſitory things of this life, enumerating health, beauty, riches, power, &c. the parſon liſtened with great attention, and afterwards turned round to help himſelf to a ſlice of pudding, when he found it was all eaten; on which, turning to the Archdeacon, he begged that in future he would not, in his catalogue of *tranſitory* things, forget to inſert *a pudding*.

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371. Mr. *Patten*, curate of Whitſtable, had in his character a great number of particularities, and many good traits, but among the latter, that of a good paymaſter was not to be included. On the contrary, Fame reported ſo unfavourably of him reſpecting this article, that none of the Canterbury tradeſmen would let him have an article of goods without his firſt depoſiting the ready money. Under this predicament, his wig had long paſſed through the medium of ſtraight hair to a ſtate of inward or *negative curling*; in ſhort, it was become ſuch as was fit only for a ſcarecrow: but how to get another was the difficulty; *he* wanted *money*, and the *tradeſmen* wanted *faith*. In this ſituation, he accidentally heard of a new peruke-maker, from London,

don, who had lately ſettled in the High-ſtreet. To him he went, and beſpoke a full *cauliflower* wig. The barber, ſtruck with the appearance of his new cuſtomer, whoſe character had not reached his ears, readily undertook to furniſh him; and his dinner being ready, he reſpectfully begged the honour of the Doctor's company to partake of it, and afterwards he introduced a large bowl of punch. Patten ate and drank heartily, and got into great good humour. When the bowl was out, the barber would proceed to buſineſs, and produced his meaſures, but Patten cut him ſhort, by ſaying, he need not trouble himſelf to meaſure him; he would get his wig elſewhere. The barber, fearing he had taken offence at ſomething that had paſſed at table, humbly begged pardon if he had been wanting in reſpect, proteſting that it was unintentional, and contrary to his meaning. "No, no," anſwered Patten, "it is nothing of that: *look you, I find you* "*to be an honeſt generous fellow; it would be a pity to* "*take you in; I ſhould never have paid you for your* "*wig; I ſhall therefore get it elſewhere.*"

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372. *Patten* long refuſed to read the *Athanaſian Creed*. The Archdeacon reproving him for that omiſſion, told him that his Grace the Archbiſhop read it:—"That may be," anſwered Patten, "per-"haps he may believe it; he believes at the rate of "*ſeven thouſand* a year; *I* at leſs than *fifty*."

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373. The Archbiſhop (Dr. *Secker*), during *Patten*'s laſt illneſs, ſent him ten guineas by the Archdeacon, to whom he made the following acknowledgment:—"Thank his Grace moſt heartily, and "tell him, now I know he is a *man of God*, for I "have ſeen his *angels*."

374. EPIGRAM *on a Scotch Preſbyterian.*

An old Scotch Preſbyterian, ſour and ſly,
"The Lord *preſerve* me!" always us'd to cry;
To him a buxom wench did jeering ſay,—
"To *preſerve* you were ſugar thrown away.
"Preſerves are ever made of ſweeteſt fruits;
"With your ſour nature vinegar beſt ſuits;
"Pray alter then your pray'r, and from this day,
"'Good Lord, pray *pickle* me!' in future ſay."

375. ANOTHER, *written by a* GENTLEMAN *on the Window of the Secretary of State's Office.*

In ſore affliction, tried by God's commands,
Of patience, Job the great example ſtands;
But in theſe days, a trial more ſevere
Had been Job's lot, if God had ſent him here.

376. *A* SPEECH, *adapted to the meaneſt Capacities, and which may be ſpoken upon any Queſtion.*

SIR,

Unuſed, unacquainted, unhabituated, and unaccuſtomed to public ſpeaking, I riſe, Sir, in conſequence of having caught your eye, Sir, to expreſs, with the utmoſt diffidence, my humble ideas on the important queſtion now before the Houſe. I am, therefore, Sir, bold to affirm, and I am alſo free to declare, that I by no means meet the ideas of the honourable gentleman who ſpoke laſt. I will not, however, go over the ſame ground, or commit myſelf, by taking up a principle without the moſt perfect conſideration. But as I am upon my legs, I certainly ſhall not blink the queſtion, nor am I at all inclined to meet it half way, but ſhall at once deliver my opinion with that openneſs that becomes a Britiſh ſenator. Sir, if the well-

well-being of civilized ſociety, and the continuance of order and tranquillity, is the grand object of our inveſtigation, I cannot heſitate to pronounce—Sir, I cannot heſitate to pronounce—that I want words to expreſs my indignation at the general tenour of the arguments and of the language uſed on the other ſide of the Houſe. Sir, the idea does not attach, and the arguments that have been laid hold of, do not apply. No, Sir, I am again free to aſſert, and, Sir, I am by no means diſinclined to prove, that if gentlemen, under the exiſting circumſtances, do not act with vigour and unanimity againſt the introduction of French principles, our glorious conſtitution, produced by the wiſdom of our anceſtors, may fall to the ground, Sir, yes, fall to the ground, by the impulſe of Jacobin innovation. If, Sir, we do not ſupport this glorious conſtitution, and the religion of our anceſtors, both may yield to French anarchy and atheiſm. But on this head we are ripe to deliberate, and I truſt that the gentlemen with whom I have the honour to act, and who conſtitute the majority of this honourable Houſe, for whoſe worth, integrity, independence, firmneſs, perſpicuity, ingenuity, perſeverance, and patriotiſm, I have the moſt profound and dignified reſpect, and in whom I alſo place the moſt entire and perfect confidence: I ſay, Sir, I truſt they will continue united to reſiſt all innovation whatever; for, Sir, you muſt be ſenſible that every idea of reform is bad, and by no means ſuited to the exiſting circumſtances, and I truſt that the majority of this honourable Houſe will reſiſt every thing like reform, until there ſhall be a total annihilation of French principles. Thus, Sir, having given my ſentiments on this important queſtion,

I ſit

I ſit down with declaring my reſolution to vote againſt the amendment.

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377. Two gentlemen happening to meet, the one obſerved, "So, our friend ———, the Attor-"ney, is dead."—"Yes, and I hear he has left "very few *effects*."—"It could not be otherwiſe; "he had very few *cauſes*."

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378. *Thomas Paine* was in company at dinner in London, when the Britiſh Conſtitution became the ſubject of converſation. One gentleman obſerved, that we were ſo naturally inclined to monarchy, that half a dozen of Engliſh gentlemen could not meet together at dinner without appointing a Chairman or Sovereign. "It is very true," ſaid Thomas Paine; "but if thoſe half dozen "were to dine together every day, and had among "them only one bottle of wine, and their Chair-"man took a pint of it to himſelf, then, if they "liked a glaſs of wine, they would either take the "office by rotation, or contrive to do without it al-"together."

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379. A gentleman expatiated on the juſtice and propriety of an hereditary nobility; "Is it not "right," ſaid he, "in order to hand down to "poſterity the virtues of thoſe men who have been "eminent for their ſervices to the country, that "their poſterity ſhould enjoy the honours con-"ferred on them as a reward for ſuch ſervices?" —"By the ſame rule," ſaid a lady, "if a man is "hanged for his miſdeeds, all his poſterity ſhould "be hanged too."

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380. Dean Swift obſerves, that conſidering how

many hopeful *princes* we have had, it is perfectly aſtoniſhing that we ſhould have had ſo few *tolerable kings*.

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381. *The following Advertiſement was publiſhed in the Morning Poſt of the 26th July* 1793:—

"ROYAL CONSTITUTIONAL INSURANCE SOCIETY.

"The late Revolution in France, and the ſentiments openly avowed by the numerous body of "Republicans and Levellers in the different parts "of this kingdom, having juſtly created great "alarms and apprehenſions for our glorious conſtitution, particularly among his Majeſty's Miniſters, the Members of both Houſes of Parliament, the Clergy, and other reſpectable bodies—A ſociety of independent gentlemen propoſe to open an office, upon the moſt honourable and diſintereſted principles, for the inſurance of Titles, Penſions, Boroughs, Orders "of Knighthood, Church Livings, Monopolies, "and other property of a ſimilar nature, at as moderate premiums as the nature of the riſk will "permit. The Society will alſo inſure the continuance of the preſent Conſtitution, without "what is called Reform of its pretended abuſes, "during the continuance in office of the preſent "virtuous Adminiſtration, or for any given time, "not exceeding ten years, upon equally reaſonable terms.

"Schemes at large will ſhortly be advertiſed; "in the mean time, it is proper to give notice, that, "for the ſecurity of the inſured, a large ſum of "money will be depoſited by the Society in the "American and French funds."

382.

382. During the riots in 1780, moſt perſons, in order to ſave their houſes, wrote on their doors —"*No Popery.*" *Grimaldi*, the dancer, to avoid all miſtakes, wrote on his—"*No Religion.*"

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383. *Alteration! Wonderful Alteration!*

The day after Candlemas-day, in the reign of Edward the Second, in the year 1314, a Parliament was aſſembled purpoſely to fix the price of victuals, which were then ſo dear that the common people were not able to live. It was fixed as follows:

A ſtalled or corn-fed ox, no more than	£1	4	0
A graſs-fed ditto	0	16	0
A ſtalled or corn-fed cow . . .	0	12	0
A graſs-fed ditto	0	10	0
A fat ſheep, with the wool on . .	0	1	8
A fat ſheep, with the wool ſhorn .	0	1	2
A fat hog, two years old . . .	0	3	4
A fat gooſe	0	0	2½
A ditto, in the city of London . .	0	0	3
A fat capon	0	0	2
A ditto, in the city of London . .	0	0	2½
A fat hen	0	0	1
A ditto, in the city of London . .	0	0	1½
Two chickens	0	0	1
Two ditto, in the city of London .	0	0	1½
Four pigeons	0	0	1
Three ditto, in the city of London .	0	0	1
Twenty-four eggs	0	0	1
Twenty ditto, in the city of London .	0	0	1

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384. A lady of quality, dreſſed in a gaudy and immodeſt manner, was in a jeweller's ſhop with her maid; a gentleman coming in, and thinking ſhe was a woman of pleaſure, began to make love

to her; but, turning to him, with indignation, ſhe ſaid—"Sir, do you know whom you talk to? I "am the wife of Mr. ———." "Madam," anſwered the gallant, coldly, "You ſhould either "be what you ſeem, or ſeem what you are."

385. A rich man ſent to call a phyſician, who felt his pulſe, and ſaid—"Sir, do you eat well?" —"Yes," ſaid the patient. "Do you ſleep well?" —"I do."—"*Then*," ſaid the phyſician, *I ſhall "give you ſomething to take away all that.*"

386. The Editor of this Collection obſerved to a friend, that he had ſeen ſomething ſimilar adverti ſed to be publiſhed *in numbers*—"Yours," replied the other, "will, I truſt, not only be pub- "liſhed but be *ſold in numbers.*"

387. *The* FRIEND *of* HUMANITY *and the* KNIFE-GRINDER.

Friend of Humanity.

Needy Knife-grinder! whither art thou going?
Rough is the road—your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blaſt;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches.
Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who, in their coaches, roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 't is crying all day "Knives and
"Sciſſars to grind O!"
Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did ſome rich man tyrannically uſe you?
Was it the Squire, or Parſon of the pariſh,
Or the Attorney?

Was

Was it the Squire, for killing of his game, or
Covetous Parſon, for his tithes diſtraining,
Or roguiſh Lawyer, made you loſe your little
All in a law-ſuit?
Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom
Paine?
Drops of compaſſion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as ſoon as you have told your
Pitiful ſtory.

Knife-grinder.

Story! God bleſs you! I have none to tell, Sir;
Only laſt night a-drinking at the Checkers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you ſee, were
Torn in a ſcuffle.
Conſtables came up for to take me into
Cuſtody; they took me before the Juſtice:
Juſtice Oldmixon put me in the Pariſh-
Stocks for a vagrant.
I ſhould be glad to drink your honour's health, in
A pot of beer, if you will give me ſixpence:
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, Sir.

Friend of Humanity.

I give thee ſixpence! I will ſee thee damn'd firſt—
Wretch! whom no ſenſe of wrongs can rouſe to
vengeance,
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritleſs outcaſt!

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388. A priſoner being brought up to Bow-ſtreet, the following dialogue paſſed between him and the ſitting magiſtrate. "How do you *live?*"—"Pretty "well, Sir; generally a *joint and pudding at din-* "*ner!*"—"I mean, Sir, how do you *get your* "*bread?*"—"I beg your Worſhip's pardon;

" ſometimes at the *baker*'s, and ſometimes at the " *chandler's ſhop.*"—" You may be as witty as " you pleaſe, Sir; but I mean *ſimply* to aſk you, " *how you do?*"—" *Tolerably well, I thank your* " *Worſhip; I hope your Worſhip is well.*"

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389. Soon after Mr. *Foot* had his houſe at North-end, Fulham, fitted up, a friend came to ſee him. Sam, having carried him through the houſe, aſked how he liked it: he anſwered, that it was very neat, and handſomely furniſhed; but at the ſame time, that there was not a room *fit to ſwing a cat in*—" Sir," ſays Foot, " *I do not* " *mean it to ſwing cats in!*"

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390. *Baron Perryn*, having been engaged on a viſit to *Foot*, came at an early hour, in order to enjoy the pleaſure of angling in the pond. Foot, ever ready to oblige his gueſts, ordered the fiſhing apparatus to be got ready, and a chair to be placed at the pond-ſide for the accommodation of the *learned ſportſman*. Two hours did the Baron throw the line, with as much patience as he would, when on another *ſeat*, hear the *oratory* of Mr.—— or Mr.——. At length Foot and his company came out.—" Well, Baron, do they bite?"—" No, " I have only had a nibble or two."—" By God, " you have not!" ſays the ſon of Ariſtophanes. " What do you mean?" ſays his Lordſhip. " I " mean, that there is not a fiſh in the pond, for " the water was only put in yeſterday."

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391. One day, *Lord Kellie*, whoſe frequent ſacrifices to Bacchus had produced a *rubicundity* of noſe that would have done honour to Bardolph himſelf, called on Mr. *Foot*, at Fulham, " Oh, Kellie!" ſays

ſays Foot, "I am glad you are come; my peaches "are very backward; do, for God's ſake, *hold your* "*noſe over them for two or three hours.*"

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392. In the year 1792, when the Gazettes were filled with reſolutions of gentlemen of all deſcriptions to defend the Conſtitution and Religion of this country, againſt Republicans and Levellers, with their lives and fortunes, the following loyal reſolutions were publiſhed by a very reſpectable ſociety of the *ci-devant* choſen people of God.

At a Meetbinge of Shentelmend of Order and goot Government, met at de Shign of de Bluſhing Moſes *in Duke's Place.*

Reſholbet, Becaas ſom French beebles hap ſet up a new *pork-ſhop*, over de vay:

Reſholbet, Becaas we hate dat dam pork-ſhop over de vay:

Reſholbet, Dat thoſe vat ſell kriſkens and black bodens, and thoſe tings, is very bad.

Reſholbet, Dat we iſh ver ſhartin our beebles has more of de goot ſens, as to eat any of dat.

Reſholbet, Dat ve promiſh de beebles dat roſt pork, or any thing vat has pork vit, is very unſhaveri.

Reſholbet, Dat Moſes himſelf ſaid ſo, and all de Rabbis ever ſince den, ſaid ſo, and all de beebles believe it ever ſince.—Vat! can dere be better antikity as dis?

Reſholbet, Vat after all dis vill de beebles eat?

Reſholbet, Vell den, ſhall dey begin to eat de pork now, becaas Rabbi Pritzli, and all dem dam ſet, tell dem only to try how de pork taſte?

Reſholbet, *Omnium*, Dat de beebles muſt not taiſte de pork;—'t is very dangerous for dem once to taiſte de pork—for vy?—☞Becaas of de conſhakenſes.

Reſholbet,

Reſholbet, Dat none but de Rabbis and all de High Prieſt can eat de pork without eatin de Devil at de ſame time.

Reſholbet, *Ergo*, dat if de common beebles eat dis pork, de dievil vil eat dem.

Reſholbet, Dat ve vil all tell dem ſo, and do all as ve can to mak them belif it.

Reſholbet, Dat ve vil put all on de corage—for vy?

—☞ Becaas Mordecai de Jew ſtill ſhitteth in de king's gate.

Reſholbet, *Finis*, Becaas ve hate dat dam pork-ſhop over de vay.

(Shigned) By order fun de Cabrouſhe,
SHAM HAM SHAM, *&c.*

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393. Captain *Patrick Blake*, celebrated for *letting* bulls, was once in a company where ſome young officers were talking lightly on religious ſubjects, which, as the Captain was really a pious man, gave him conſiderable uneaſineſs; at length, one of them mentioning the Devil in rather a ludicrous manner, he jumped up from his chair, and inſiſted on their leaving off that indecent diſcourſe, ſwearing by Jeſus that the *Devil* was an improper ſubject for their mirth, being the *fourth perſon* in the *Trinity*.

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394. A gentleman in Glouceſterſhire attending the funeral of his wife, in all the pomp of woe, a hare ſtarted in the midſt of the proceſſion. Being a keen ſportſman, he was unable to withſtand this, but immediately throwing off his cloak, puſhed on two greyhounds, the conſtant attendants of his ſteps, after the hare. Having killed her, he returned, and having reſumed his ſable cloak, and with it his melancholy tone, he ſaid, "In the

" name of God, let us proceed with the remains " of my deareſt wife, and finiſh the ſorrowful ce- " remony for which we are met."

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395. In May 1784, a bill, intended to limit the privilege of franking, was ſent from the Parliament of Ireland for the royal approbation. In it was a clauſe, enacting, that any member who, from illneſs or *other cauſe*, ſhould be unable to write, might authorize another perſon to frank for him, provided that on the back of the letter ſo franked, the member gave a certificate, under his hand, of his inability to write.

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396. In another bill, for pulling down the old Newgate in Dublin, and rebuilding it on the ſame ſpot, it was enacted, that, in order to prevent unneceſſary expenſe, the priſoners ſhould remain in the old jail till the new one was finiſhed.

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397. In the year 1790, when the Lord Chancellor *Thurlow* was ſuppoſed to be on no very friendly terms with Mr. *Pitt*, a nobleman aſking the latter how Thurlow drew with him, the Premier replied, " I don't know how he *draws*, but he " has not yet *refuſed his oats*."

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398. *A* SPECIMEN *of the Perfection, Wiſdom, Conſiſtency, Equality, and Impartiality of the Engliſh Law.*

" The common law is the abſolute perfection of human " reaſon; for nothing that is contrary to reaſon is conſo- " nant to law."

" The act of law never doth wrong." COKE.

1. Clergymen and peers are not puniſhable for crimes,

crimes, for which ſevere puniſhments are inflicted on all others; this is the caſe in all felonies having, what is called, *benefit of clergy*.

2. Perſons tried for felony are not allowed a copy of the indictments againſt them, or even to ſee the indictments. They are not permitted to have counſel to argue their caſes, even though they ſhould be enabled to ſee them; yet the moſt learned counſel are employed againſt them.

3. In caſes at the ſuit of the Crown, the ſervant of the Crown names ſpecial jurors.

4. A man who picks my pocket of a handkerchief ſhall be hanged; while another who takes away an innocent man's life by perjury, is put on the pillory.

5. If a man owes ten pounds, he may be impriſoned for life; if he makes an unnatural aſſault on another, he may be impriſoned for perhaps ſix months.

6. It is the ſame crime to coin a ſixpence, as to murder the King, or to plunge the country in a civil war.

7. It is equally capital to ſet fire to a hay-rick, and to burn a populous town.

8. To write a letter to a man, threatening to burn his houſe, is a capital crime;—to plunge a knife in another's boſom, where death does not enſue, is (except in ſome particular circumſtances) a miſdemeanor, puniſhable by fine and impriſonment.

9. To burn a houſe, of which the criminal is a tenant at will, is capital; but, if he has a leaſe, it is only a miſdemeanor.

10. To wound cattle is a capital crime—to wound a man only a miſdemeanor.

11. A comedian who performs in a theatre royal is a reputable perſon; but if the ſame man plays the ſame characters in a theatre which wants the ſtamp of royalty, he is a rogue and a vagabond.

12. It is high treaſon to have a connexion with the King's eldeſt daughter; but a man may have a dozen children by each of the other daughters of the King, without committing any crime whatever.

13. "Almoſt in every caſe, the law for the "King is not the law for the ſubject." *Wood's Inſtitute*, page 21.

14. A poor man is deprived of the means of recovering his right from a rich man, on account of the expenſe of the law: for, if he ſhould be able to borrow 40*l.* or 50*l.* to carry on his action for 10*l.* due to him by his rich neighbour, and ſhould, by means of that money, procure a verdict of his country for the debt, the rich man can, by writs of error, arreſts of judgment, bills in chancery, &c. ſo haraſs the poor plaintiff, that he ſhall in the end be obliged to give up, with the loſs of perhaps ten times his debt.

15. The expenſes of an action for two pounds are the ſame as for two thouſand.

16. A *gentleman* of large property may hunt on the ground of a *man* of ſmall property; while the *man* of ſmall property may not hunt on his own ground.

17. Peers and Members of Parliament cannot be arreſted for debt, *but their creditors may.*

18. Peers and Members of Parliament pay no poſtage.

19. Although every perſon in the kingdom pays taxes, a very ſmall proportion of the people elect repre-

repreſentatives: yet every man is bound to obey the law, from the *fiction*, that it is made either by himſelf or his repreſentatives.

20. Every man is bound to know all the laws; although it will take more than twenty guineas to purchaſe them, and more than a profeſſional education to underſtand them.

21. If a man is tried at the quarter ſeſſions for a petty aſſault, it will coſt him more if he be acquitted than if he ſhould be convicted.

22. If a man's wife be unfaithful to him, he cannot procure a divorce, unleſs he can afford to pay 3 or 400*l.*

23. Monopolies are eſtabliſhed in favour of towns and rich trading companies, whereby all other perſons are excluded from the natural right of exerciſing their labour to the beſt advantage.

24. If a man has choſen the profeſſion of a ſeaman, he may, at a miniſter's pleaſure, be dragged from his home, his friends, his family, and his country, and devoted to ſlavery during his life; and if he endeavour to regain his freedom, he ſhall be hanged.

25. The law gives a man's eldeſt ſon all his eſtate, and leaves the reſt of his children beggars.

26. If, by my induſtry, I make my land worth ten times its former value, I muſt pay ten times as much as I did, to the Prieſt.

27. The King pays no coſts.

28. The poor man is hanged for taking a loaf from a baker's ſhop to ſatisfy the cravings of nature—the baker, whoch eats a whole pariſh, is fined a few ſhillings—and the great man, who plunders the nation of thouſands, goes unpuniſhed.

399.

399. *The* Ass.

" Curſe that Republic," cried the King, " whoſe arms
" Roll like a torrent with reſiſtleſs ſway;"
Balaam approv'd the timid king's alarms,
Saddled his *aſs*, and journey'd on his way.
The aſs a while trudg'd cheerily along,
And *light of heart*, though *heavy was his load*,
At length he ſtopp'd, though Balaam ſcourg'd him on,
For *Heaven's avenging angel croſs'd the road.*
His *hireling maſter, obſtinate in wrong*,
Nor ceas'd the angry threat, nor ſpar'd the goad.
In vain the aſs, ſubmiſſive to his will,
Suffer'd the tyrant long his rage to wreak.
The tyrant rag'd as long as he was ſtill,
But Balaam trembled when he heard him ſpeak.

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400. In the year 1793, when the *Duke of Richmond* had the command of the camp on Warley Common, he ordered that a captain ſhould always do duty in the kitchen, to ſuperintend the dreſſing of the ſoldiers' meat. Being aſked the reaſon, he ſaid it was, that his officers might be accuſtomed to *ſtand fire.*

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401. Mr. *Pitt* being aſked why he gave ſo many of the firſt places in the State to his relatives, anſwered, it was, that he might have about him perſons on whom he could depend. " Then," ſaid his friend, " *it would be ſtill better that you took all* " *the places to yourſelf.*"

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402. A married lady having lately been diſcovered in a very improper ſituation, the matter was brought on the carpet, at a tea-drinking party at

the weſt end of the town. "Poor woman!" ſaid a Young Lady, with a deep ſigh——"Poor wo-"man! Poor woman, indeed! poor man, I "think," replied an old Citizen, rather peeviſhly. ——"Vile woman!" cried an Old Maid.—— "We ſhall have her in the Commons," ſaid a Civilian.——"We ſhall have her in the papers," ſaid a Politician.——"She ſhould be brought to a "white ſheet," ſaid a Curate.——"Amen," ſaid a Clerk.——"She ſhould be toſſed in a blanket," exclaimed the Old Maid.——"Mercy on us all!" cried the Young one, "and yet, ſomehow or other, "one cannot ſuppreſs a ſigh."——"Somehow or "other, one cannot ſuppreſs a laugh," quoth the Civilian; "I ſuppoſe in the end they muſt be di-"vorced, and our Court ſettles all theſe differ-"ences."——"The Devil ſettles all theſe differ-"ences!" roared the Citizen.——"Moſt likely "he may," ſaid a Country Gentleman.

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403. *Extract from an Eſſay by the late* LORD HALES, *intitled*, "Meditations among the Books."

Who are they, whoſe unadorned raiment beſpeaks their inward ſimplicity? They are *Law-books*, *Statutes*, and *Commentaries on Statutes*. Theſe are *Acts of Parliament*, which all muſt obey, and yet few only can purchaſe. Like the Sphinx of antiquity, they ſpeak in enigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not. Theſe are *Commentaries on Statutes:* for the peruſing of them the longeſt life of man would prove inſufficient: for the underſtanding of them the utmoſt ingenuity of man would not avail. Cruel is the dilemma between neceſſity and the impoſſibility of underſtanding. Yet are we not left utterly deſtitute

deſtitute of relief: behold, for our comfort, an *Abridgment of Law and Equity!* It conſiſts not of many volumes; it extends only to *twenty-two folios*; but, as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive ſubſtance of a ſtalled ox, ſo may this *compendium* contain the eſſential gravy of many a report and adjudged caſe. The ſages of the law recommend this abridgment to our peruſal. Let us with all thankfulneſs of heart receive their counſel: *much are we beholden to phyſicians, who only preſcribe the bark of the quinquina, when they might oblige their patients to ſwallow the whole tree.*

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404. The old *Earl of Pembroke* one morning took it into his head to daub with colours the cheeks and eyes of his fine ſtatues. Delighted with his *taſte*, he ran in queſt of the ladies of the family to ſhow them this wonderful improvement. In the mean time, a waggiſh youth, his relation, had extended the *colouring* to ſome *other parts* —"Walk "in, ladies, it is life itſelf," ſaid the Peer.—His ſurpriſe and confuſion, and the *colouring* of the women, may be ſuppoſed.

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405. *Sir Robert Walpole* uſed to ſay, that it was fortunate ſo few men could be Prime Miniſters, as it was beſt that few ſhould thoroughly know the ſhocking wickedneſs of mankind.

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406. *Pope Innocent XI.* to whom James II. ſent an Ambaſſador after his abdication, had the good ſenſe to ſee that the reſtoration of the Catholic ſyſtem in England would be impoſſible. The Ambaſſador, who had long requeſted an audience, in order to propoſe deciſive ſteps, at length, diſguſted

with the Pontiff's coolneſs, demanded an audience of leave; and being ſpeedily admitted, he pronounced an harangue rather reproaching the Pope for his indifference. The Pope having heard him with great *ſang froid*, anſwered, "Sir, the air of "Italy is rather dangerous to foreign conſtitu- "tions. I beg you will have a reverend care of "your health, and I wiſh you a good journey."

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407. EPIGRAM *on* MR. PITT *dining with* LORD BAYHAM *on a Faſt Day.*

Pitt every day ſends troops away,
And Frenchmen quickly ſlay 'em;
He then at laſt commands a *faſt*,
And goes to dine with *Bayham*.
In this, O Pitt, you ſhow your wit,
Moſt hypocritic ſinner:
The people in *church* you leave in the lurch,
And ſteal with *the Lord* to dinner.

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408. *To* GEORGE ROSE, *Eſq. on his late Pamphlet.*

Uncramp'd yourſelf by grammar's rules,
You hate the jargon of the ſchools,
And think it is extremely ſilly;
But reading your unfetter'd proſe,
I wiſh the too licentious *Roſe*
Was temper'd by the chaſter *Lilly*.

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409. EPIGRAM.

Gracchus, both ſtudious and reſerv'd,
Would ſeldom ſpeak, his wife obſerv'd,
Unleſs ſome want or other preſs'd him,
Or ſhe with fondneſs kind careſs'd him:

To tell the reaſon he was loath;
But ſhe ſo teas'd him every day,
The cauſe t'explain, be it what it may:
At length he ſaid—" My dear, I own,
" Since marriage, I am ſilent grown,
" Becauſe *you 've tongue enough for both.*"

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410. *Nell Gwyn*, when miſtreſs to *Charles II.* being ſolicited by a *Sir John Germain*, to whom ſhe had loſt a conſiderable ſum of money at play, to exchange the debt for other favours, no leſs honeſtly than wittily replied, " No, Sir John, *I am too good* " *a ſportſwoman to lay the dog where the deer ſhould* " *lie.*"

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411. The fame *Sir John Germain* being told that *Sir Matthew Decker* wrote *St. Matthew's Goſpel*, he was ſo much perſuaded of Sir Matthew's piety, that by his will he left two hundred pounds, to be by him diſtributed among the Dutch paupers in London.

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412. When *Sir John Germain* was on his death-bed, his lady adviſed him to receive the ſacrament. " Do you think," ſaid he, " that it will do me any " good?"—" Certainly," ſhe anſwered. He took it; and after an hour, he ſaid to her, " My dear, " what was that little thing that you made me " take? You ſaid it would do me good; but I do " not find myſelf a bit better."

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413. The Biſhop of ——— has been much in the habit of viſiting the laboratory of Mr. *Swainſon*, where that gentleman prepares his *Velno's Vegetable Syrup*. On one of theſe viſits Mr. Swainſon ſaid, jocularly, " I wiſh, my Lord, that it were

" to become the cuſtom to take the ſacrament in " my ſyrup."—The Biſhop very ſeriouſly anſwered, " *I wiſh to God it were; it would cure both* " *body and ſoul at once.*"

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414. *An* INDIAN TALE.

A Viceroy of Johor governed his province with ſuch cruelty, that he was maſſacred in an inſurrection, and Chaon Malon, the King of Siam, ſeizing the chiefs of the rebels, contented himſelf with puniſhing a few of them. Afterwards, aſſembling the eſtates of Johor in the hall of the palace—" Vile inſects!" ſaid he, " you are no longer " worthy to be governed by one of my Mandarines. Proſtrate yourſelves, therefore, before " the Viceroy I have choſen for you." Then calling a huge maſtiff—" Come, Barkhouf," ſaid he, " reign over theſe wretches in my name, and " exterminate them, if they do not obey you." Then addreſſing himſelf to a Chineſe, who had long reſided at Johor—" You," ſaid he, " ſhall " be Barkhouf's Prime-miniſter; ſerve him faithfully, and give him counſel, if he ſtands in " need of it." Manifor—for that was the name of the Viceroy—had no difficulty in making the King of Siam believe that he underſtood the canine language; for, immediately turning to the dog, and bowing three times to the earth, his *bark* was anſwered by another from the throne, that made the whole palace reſound; and the anſwer, being ſuitably interpreted by the Miniſter, gave the utmoſt ſatisfaction to the whole aſſembly. Even Chaon Malon could not help admiring the forcible eloquence of the new Viceroy, and the ſingular erudition of his interpreter. Barkhouf, notwithſtanding a little ferocity in his exterior, proved the

the beſt of the canine ſpecies. In the Council-chamber, he was perfectly docile to the inſtructions of Mani; and in the Chamber of Audience, his appearance was always without *hauteur*; as upon certain ſigns from his miniſter, he never failed wagging his tail, or preſenting his paw to any perſon formally introduced to kiſs it. His dinner was always ſimple but ſolid, and generally eaten with the appetite of a ruſtic. He ſometimes amuſed himſelf with hunting, and at other times in obſerving the manœuvres of the troops in his territory. All diſpatches were ſigned by his paw, dipped in ink for the purpoſe, which ſerved both for ſignature and ſeal, and his reign was long and happy.

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415. A Clergyman at Oxford, who was extremely abſent, as he was going to read prayers, heard a ſhowman, with an exhibition of wild beaſts, hollow out—"*Walk in, walk in, ladies and* "*gentlemen; all alive! alive ho.*" This ſo ran in the head of our *diſtrait* Parſon, that in reading the ſervice, when he came to the words, "and doeth "that which is lawful and right, he ſhall ſave his "ſoul alive," to the aſtoniſhment of the congregation, he added, in the higher key of his brother ſhowman, "*All alive! all alive ho!*"

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416. *Fontenelle*, in his old age, was very deaf, and was always attended by his nephew, a talkative, vain young man. When any thing remarkable had eſcaped Fontenelle's auditory nerve, he would aſk his nephew what was ſaid?—The coxcomb's anſwer frequently was—"Uncle *I* ſaid—"—"*Bah!*" was the conſtant retort of the philoſopher.

417.

417. SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A partner in a banking-houſe, who lives near enough to the abode of our facetious firſt Magiſtrate to noſe his Lordſhip's kitchen whenever turtle is the order of the day, was very lately at a ſmall watering-place on the coaſt of Eſſex. Being in the country, he determined to partake of its ſports; and, for the firſt time in his life, to have a day's ſhooting.—"When we are at *Rome*," ſaid the Cit, "we muſt do as they *does* at *Rome*."

A vulgar ſportſman, ſuch as a country Squire, or a ruſticated Nobleman, ſets off on foot, or at beſt on a ſhooting poney, in purſuit of his game. A City *Cræſus* diſdains ſuch ſimplicity. Accordingly our Banker, with a merchant for his companion, got into his phaeton, took the pointers he had borrowed into the carriage, and ordered his ſervants in livery to follow him.

The dogs, who had never been uſed to ſuch a faſhionable ſtyle of travelling, ſoon began to ſhow ſymptoms of uneaſineſs, and even of an inclination to deſert.—They were detained, however, in part by careſſes, and partly by force, till they had very nearly reached the ſcene of action; when, by a violent and unanimous effort, they all jumped out, and ran home, except one, which was perſuaded to follow by the ſervants behind. But even he might as well have gone with the reſt; for hardly had they hunted three fields over, when the obſtinate brute ſtopped all of a ſudden, to the great ſurpriſe and chagrin of the city ſportſmen. They hallooed him on; they whiſtled to him; but nothing could make him move. It was very provoking, they ſaid; they never ſaw a dog ſo *reſtive* in their lives. So, taking a whip from a domeſtic, they

they began to belabour the refractory *Carlo*, who darted into the covey, and away went the birds.

Before the Banker could recover from the alarm occaſioned by the flapping of their wings, take up his gun and cock it, the partridges were out of ſight. Theſe were all he ſaw that day; nor could he ſufficiently regret the bad behaviour of the dog. —"If he had not ſtopped," ſaid the Banker, "I "ſhould have fired into the thick of the *brood*, "and killed one half of them." His companion made no doubt but he ſhould have killed the reſt.

On his return to his carriage, the *Man of Money* determined to try his ſkill at ſome ſparrows on a dunghill. He *ſhut his eyes*; and before he could open them again to count the dead ſparrows, a pig, which was lying under the ſtraw, and which he had ſhot in the head, came running out, and laid itſelf at his feet, ſqueaking moſt horribly in the agonies of death. And out came the farmer's men with flails and pitchforks; and out came the farmer's dog, and ſeized him by the coat; and out came the farmer himſelf, and took him by the collar.

Perceiving himſelf thus beſet, the Banker offered an honourable compoſition; but when he found that no leſs a ſum than three guineas was demanded, he demurred, and ſaid, that a pig of equal ſize might be purchaſed for leſs money in London. His companion, however, obſerving that pigs were more plentiful in Leadenhall market than in the country, the money was produced; and the farmer, and the farmer's men, and the farmer's dog, retired to their reſpective kennels.

It is the quality of a great mind not to be eaſily diſcouraged. The Banker, therefore, reloaded his piece; and ere he had proceeded far, hearing a ruſt-

a ruſtling in the hedge, he let fly at a venture. The report of the gun was immediately followed by cries of—" *Good lack! I'm ſhot! As Got ſhall* " *ſhave me, I'm ſhot!*" It was a Jew, who had been making a ſacrifice—not that of the Paſchal lamb—and who, at the cloſe of it, while employed in plucking up graſs, " and ſhrubs of " broader leaf, and more commodious," received a large portion of the charge in that part where, according to Butler,

" ——— A kick hurts honour more
" Than deepeſt wounds receiv'd before."

As the Banker had never ſeen a magpye in the city that did not ſpeak, he ſuppoſed that the whole ſpecies was naturally loquacious, and made no doubt but he had killed one of thoſe talkative birds. " *I have ſhot a magpye*," ſaid he, to his companion, and off he ran to pick up his game; when, in the paſſage of the hedge, he was met face to face by the furious Iſraelite. Seeing him in the nakedneſs of a *Sans-culotte*, and bleeding from flank to flank, the Banker ſtarted back in ſpeechleſs horror. The " circumciſed dog" purſued and took him by the throat, ſwearing, by the God of *Moſes*, that he would have blood for blood. This dreadful threat he enforced by the moſt ſanguinary arguments *à poſteriori*, and would probably have realized it, if the Banker's friend had not offered him " egre- " gious ranſom." At the firſt mention of money, the bleeding member of the half-tribe of *Manaſſeh* relaxed his gripe, examined the paper that was tendered to him by the Banker, and retired well ſatisfied, when he found that it was a check upon Meſſrs. *Foſter*, *Lubbock*, and *Boſanquet*.

418.

418. On the 4th of July 1800, a cauſe was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, againſt a Sheriff's Officer, for an eſcape. From the evidence it appeared, that the Officer had taken the debtor in London, where the writ was ſued out; that the debtor had made his eſcape, and got into the county of Middleſex, where he was again taken; but in conſequence of a mob aſſembling and threatening the Bailiff with glaſs-bottles, brickbats, &c. he let go his prey. The defence which the Bailiff ſet up, was, that he had not arreſted the debtor in London, and therefore could not detain him when he took him in Middleſex. *Sergeant Cockle*, the Counſel for the plaintiff, in his reply, ſaid, that had the Officer, inſtead of alleging a falſehood, come fairly forward, and thrown himſelf on the mercy of the Jury, by ſaying, it was true he had taken the debtor in London, and after the eſcape had retaken him in Middleſex, but that from the threats of the mob he had been obliged to let him go; he (the Counſel) would have had *his mouth ſhut.*—He was prevented from proceeding, by *Lord Elden*, who obſerved—"My brother Cockle will excuſe "me if I interrupt him; he will, I am certain, "always do his profeſſional duty in as good-na- "tured a way as any perſon I know; but I can- "not give full credit to his preſent aſſertion. Had "the Officer adopted the exact line pointed at, I "am very well ſatisfied that my brother Cockle, "*provided he had on his brief the ſame number of* "*guineas which now are indorſed on it, would not* "*have had his mouth ſo eaſily ſhut.*"

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419. In the courſe of the ſame cauſe, *Lord Elden* obſerved, that the perſons who ſported the glaſs-bottles, in order to prevent the debtor from being

being arreſted in Middleſex, under a writ iſſued in London, had taken *a very ſummary way of preſerving the privileges of the city.*

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420. *Mr. Rochead*, of Inverlieth, a man of ſome fortune in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, was one day taking his ride, and being, according to his own idea, a perſon of no ſmall conſequence, he thought proper to ſhow it by riding on the *foot-path.* Meeting a plain farmer-looking man, he ordered him imperiouſly to get out of the way. "Sir," ſaid the other, "I don't underſtand this; "I am upon the foot-path, where I certainly have "a right to walk."—"Do you know, Sir," ſaid Mr. Rochead, "to whom you ſpeak?"—"I do "not, indeed."—"Sir! *I am Mr. Rochead, of "Inverlieth.*"—"Well, Sir, but that certainly "does not entitle you to ride on the foot-path, and "to drive a humble pedeſtrian off it."—"Why, "Sir, I am a Truſtee of this road."—"If you are, "you are *a very bad one.*"—"You are a very im-"pudent fellow. Who are you, Sir?"—"I am "*John Duke of Montague.*"—It is almoſt unneceſſary to add, that the haughty *Laird* of Inverlieth, after a *very awkward apology*, went off into the main road.

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421. *Mr. Pringle*, the member for Selkirkſhire, holds the office of King's Chamberlain, and Treaſurer of *Etric Foreſt.* The royal revenue thence ariſing is *three hundred and ſixty-two pounds per annum*, for collecting which, the Chamberlain receives a ſalary of *five hundred pounds.* When Mr. Pringle had, along with the other loyal ſubjects of the county, ſigned a reſolution to ſupport the King and Conſtitution with his life and fortune,

tune, a gentleman, *who had not ſo good a treaſurer-ſhip*, obſerved, that he hoped Mr. Pringle would, during the continuance of the preſent *juſt and neceſſary* war, *be ſatisfied with the rents of Etric Foreſt for collecting them.*

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422. *Hugo Arnot*, author of the Hiſtory of Edinburgh, &c. was a perfect *walking ſkeleton*. One day he was eating a ſplit dried haddock, or, as it is called in Scotland, a *ſpelding*, when *Harry Erſkine* came in—"You ſee," ſaid Hugo, "I am not "ſtarving."—"I muſt own," replied the other, "*that you are very like your meat* *."

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423. Mr. *Arnot* was a man of wit and genius, but of great eccentricity. He married his cook-maid, becauſe ſhe dreſſed beef-ſteaks well; he had no bell in his houſe, but fired a piſtol when he wiſhed to call a ſervant: he frightened a pious pſalm-ſinging carpenter out of his houſe, by deſiring him to mend a ſtool, which he told him was made by Jeſus Chriſt, when he was at his apprenticeſhip; and, among a variety of other whims, he was wont to parade his ſkeleton perſon mounted on a large dun horſe at the Croſs (the Exchange) of Edinburgh. On this exhibition, a wag happily quoted the following paſſage of the Revelations—"*I looked, and, behold, a pale horſe, and his name that "ſat on him was Death.*"

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424. The language of the law ſeems to have been, at all times and in all countries, extremely

* It may be neceſſary to inform the Engliſh reader, that this is a Scotch phraſe, to expreſs that a perſon looks as if he lived well.

redundant. There is hardly more tautology in a modern conveyance than in the oldeſt one we read of, namely, that of the cave of Machpelah from Ephron to Abraham. "And the field of Ephron, "which was in Machpelah, which was before "Mamre, the field and the cave which was "therein, and the trees that were in the field, "that were in all the borders round about, were "made ſure unto Abraham for a poſſeſſion in the "preſence of the children of Heth, before all that "went in at the gate of the city."

425. HYMN *to the* CREATOR, *by a new-made* PEER.

Hail, gracious Sire! to thee belong
My morning pray'r, my even ſong;
My heart and ſoul are thine:
Inſpire me, while I chant thy praiſe,
In zealous, though in feeble lays—
And ſhow thy pow'r divine!

Late, while I lay a ſenſeleſs maſs,
As dull as peaſant, ox, or aſs,
Unworthy note and name,
Methought thy *fiat* reach'd mine ear—
"Let Mr. SCRUB become a Peer!"
And Scrub a Peer became.

Of ſuch a change in Nature's laws
What pow'r could be th' efficient cauſe,
Inferior to a God?
All public virtue, private worth,
Conſpicuous talents, ſplendid birth,
Attend the Sov'reign's nod.

I 'm now a member of that Court
That ſettles, in the laſt reſort,

The

The buſineſs of the nation;
Where, ſince I 'm kick'd up ſtairs by thee,
I 'll clearly prove my pedigree
As old as the *creation* *.

But not omnipotence alone
Adorns the owner of a throne;
His attributes paſs counting:
Of juſtice, when he hangs poor knaves,
Of mercy, when rich rogues he ſaves,
He 's rightly call'd the fountain.

In part of payment for thy favours,
I tender thee my beſt endeavours,
If haply thou ſhalt need 'em;
Nor ſhall I grudge thy ſhirt to air,
For all the Bed-room Lords declare
Thy ſervice perfect freedom.

The Devils of old, as Milton ſings,
Were angry with the King of Kings,
And thought he 'd reign'd too long:
Of late the herd of Gallic ſwine
Dar'd to deny the right divine
Of Kings, to govern wrong.

"Go," ſaid the Lord, "my ſon, purſue
"This factious, diabolic crew,
"And on them pour my ire:
"In hell, then, let them count their gains,
"There dwell in adamantine chains,
"And roaſt in penal fire!"

* *Clown.* You were beſt ſay theſe *robes* are not *gentlemen born.* Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Autolicus. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Aye, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

WINTER'S TALE, Act V. Sc. II.

So didſt thou ſend thy choſen ſon,
With ſword, and bayonet, and gun,
French Atheiſm up to root:
He fought, he beat, the rebels fell;
He ſent their armies all to hell—
Or tried at leaſt to do't.

Yield never to ſuch fiends accurs'd;
Fight on, and bid them do their worſt;
And, if thy Commons ſtill
Shall vote thee caſh to ſubſidize
Our truſty, firm, ſincere allies,
We'll not reject the bill.

Theſe truths, when firſt we riſe to ſpeak,
With voice irreſolute and weak,
As is the mode, we utter;
But, in the progreſs of th' oration,
Inflam'd with lordlike indignation,
At Jacobins I ſputter:—

" My *Luds*, you've heard a noble *Lud*
" Wiſely adviſe to ſhed more blood;
" For who that wears a ſtar,
" While honour in this Houſe ſurvives,
" Values a ruſh plebeian lives?
" I therefore vote for war.

" What! leave Religion in the lurch!
" No:—ſink our commerce--ſave the church;
" Nor ſpare men, money, nor ſhip;
" Freſh millions after millions fling—
" For if we loſe our Church and King,
" What will be left to worſhip?

" My *Luds*, the reverend Peers in lawn
" Have laid their precious ſouls in pawn
" Upon the war's ſucceſs;

" Theſe

" Theſe wizards know a curious ſpell,
" Which, rightly us'd, will Heaven compel
" The Britiſh arms to bleſs.

" Let ev'ry ſoul forbear to treat
" His hungry maw with drink or meat
" On We'n'ſday next till e'en;
" The grumbling of our famiſh'd inwards
" (So 't is decreed by holy Synods)
" Cures God Almighty's ſpleen."

But I digreſs.——Whoever wiſhes
To ſhare the treat of loaves and fiſhes,
The Courtier's faith muſt cheriſh:
Which faith, unleſs each mother's child
Keep pure and whole, and undefil'd,
He ſhall moſt ſurely periſh!

All epithets of God to thee
Belong in th' infinite degree,
Juſt, powerful, good, and wiſe;
And, what behov'd me firſt to ſing,
As God's eternal, ſo the King
Of England never dies.

Then hymn his praiſe, ye choſen few,
Whom he vouchſafes a nearer view
Of his effulgent glory;
Avaunt, ye Whigs! no peace expect,
For none is number'd with th' Elect,
Except an arrant Tory.

This faith, like Vicar erſt of Bray,
I 'll hold until my dying day,
And perſevere ſtedfaſt in;
And whoſo dare gainſay or ſcoff
The ſmalleſt particle thereof,
Be damn'd to everlaſting.

426. The Chineſe diſplay no genius, but for imitation they are unrivalled. A gentleman wiſhing to have a ſilk coat made in China, requeſted his friend, who was Captain of an Indiaman, to procure one for him; and in order that it might be made exact, he ſent an old coat as a pattern. The Chineſe taylor was ſo correct as not even to omit to copy a patch that was on one of the elbows.

427. *Lord Northington* being very ſick, ſent for the *Marquis of Caermarthen*, a man of great piety, who, though ſurpriſed at the meſſage, waited on him, and begged to be honoured with his Lordſhip's commands. "I ſent for you," ſays *ſurly Bob*, "to beg you to recommend me to ſome able "parſon, whoſe *advice* I may ſafely take in regard "to the neceſſary *ſettlements* reſpecting the future "welfare of my ſoul, which I fear will be ſhortly "*ejected* from my body."—"My Lord," replied the Marquis, "I am ſurpriſed at the queſtion. "As Chancellor, your Lordſhip has had the diſ"poſal of much church preferment, which doubt"leſs you always beſtowed on pious and deſerving "men.—For example, what think you of Dr. "T——?" "Oh! name him not," exclaimed the quondam Chancellor: "that is one of "my crying ſins; I ſhall certainly be damned, "were it only for making that fellow a dean."

428. On his death-bed *Lord Northington* ordered his gardener to cut down ſome clumps of trees, purely becauſe they were agreeable to his ſon. The gardener, in order to curry favour with the heir, and expecting every moment the death of his old maſter, did not follow theſe orders. His Lordſhip, finding, on inquiry, that his commands had

not

not been obeyed, eaſily conceived the gardener's motive, and ſending for him up into his chamber, thus addreſſed him:—" *So, damn you, you have* " *not done as I ordered you; I ſuppoſe you think I* " *am going; ſo I am, and be damned to you, but you* " *ſhall go firſt:—ſtrip him,*" ſaid he, to ſome of his attendants, " *and kick him out of the houſe.*"

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429. An Iriſh gentleman hearing that his mother was married again, ſaid, in great perturbation, " I hope ſhe won't have a ſon older than me, for " by Jaſus if ſhe has I ſhall be cut out of the " eſtate."

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430. *Moliere*, who was frequently very abſent in mind, one day hired a coach to carry him to the theatre, but he being in haſte, and the carriage not proceeding with the rapidity he wiſhed, he got out, placed himſelf behind, and endeavoured to puſh it forward. Notwithſtanding the loud and general laughter this act occaſioned, he was not ſenſible of his folly. On arriving at the theatre he was covered with mud, and abuſed the coachman for having ſuch a dirty carriage, and it was not without much ado that he was made to underſtand the truth.

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431. A lady, after having been for a long time under the care of the late Mr. *Cruickſhank*, for a cancer in her tongue, the diſorder came to ſuch a height, that he told her, the only thing he could now do to ſave her life was to *cut it out*. This, it may be conceived, was an operation to which few women would conſent, and accordingly ſhe declared that ſhe would *rather loſe her life than her tongue*. Mr. Cruickſhank ſaid, that the only remedy he could adviſe, which had the ſmalleſt chance of being

of ſervice, was *Velno's Vegetable Syrup*, and recommended to her to take the advice of Mr. *Swainſon* on it. She and her huſband (who did not wiſh *altogether* to loſe his wife's prattle) accordingly waited on that gentleman at his houſe at Twickenham, and mentioned her caſe, and the advice of Mr. Cruickſhank. Mr. Swainſon ſaid that he had not had much experience of the efficacy of his medicine in that particular diſorder, but from the nature of its compoſition he thought it probable that it would be of ſervice. About three months afterwards, this lady and her huſband called at Mr. Swainſon's houſe, in Frith Street. She came, ſhe ſaid, to thank him for the complete cure a few bottles of the medicine had operated, and this ſhe did with a *volubility of utterance* which evinced a free and *perfect uſe of the tongue*; and which drew from the huſband an obſervation, that he was almoſt ſorry that Mr. Cruickſhank's *radical cure* had not been adopted.

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432. Lesson *for* Young Barristers*.—*How to examine a Witneſs.*

Dramatis Perſonæ. The Barriſter—The Witneſs.

B. Call John Tomkins.

W. Here—*(is ſworn.)*

B. Look this way—What 's your name?

W. John Tomkins.

B. John Tomkins, eh! And pray, John Tomkins, what do you know about this affair?

W. As I was going along Cheapſide—

B. Stop, ſtop! not quite ſo faſt, John Tomkins. When was you going along Cheapſide?

W. On Monday, the 26th of June.

* The reader is deſired to take notice, that no alluſion is here meant either to Mr. *Erſkine* or Mr. *Garrow*.

B. Oh

B. Oh, oh! Monday, the 26th of June—And pray, now, how came you to know that it was Monday the 26th of June?

W. I remember it very well.

B. You have a good memory, John Tomkins—here is the middle of November, and you pretend to remember your walking along Cheapside in the end of June.

W. Yes, Sir, I remember it as if it was but yesterday.

B. And pray, now, what makes you remember it so very well?

W. I was then going to fetch a midwife—

B. Stop there, if you please. Gentlemen of the jury, please to attend to this.—So, John Tomkins, you, a hale, hearty man, were going to fetch a midwife. Now, answer me directly—look this way, Sir—what could you possibly want with a midwife?

W. I wanted to fetch her to a neighbour's wife, who was ill a-bed.

B. A neighbour's wife! What, then, you have no wife of your own?

W. No, Sir.

B. Recollect yourself; you say you have no wife of your own?

W. No, Sir; I never had a wife.

B. None of your quibbles, friend; I did not ask if you ever had a wife. I ask you if you have now a wife; and you say, No.

W. Yes, Sir; and I say truth.

B. Yes, Sir! and no, Sir! and you say truth! we shall soon find that out. And was there nobody to fetch a midwife but you?

W. No; my neighbour lay ill himself—

B. What! did he want a midwife too? *(A loud laugh.)*

W. He

W. He lay ill of a fever; and ſo I went, to ſerve him.

B. No doubt, you are a very ſerviceable fellow in your way.—But pray, now, after you had fetched the midwife, where did you go?

W. I went to call upon a friend—

B. Hold! What time of the day was this?

W. About ſeven o'clock in the evening.

B. It was quite daylight, was it not?

W. Yes, Sir; it was a fine ſummer evening.

B. What! is it always daylight in a ſummer evening?

W. I believe ſo—*(Smiling.)*

B. No laughing, Sir, if you pleaſe; this is too ſerious a matter for levity.—What did you do when you went to call upon a friend?

W. He aſked me to take a walk; and when we were walking, we heard a great noiſe—

B. And where was this?

W. In the ſtreet.

B. Pray attend, Sir—I don't aſk you, whether it was in the ſtreet—I aſk you what ſtreet?

W. I don't know the name of the ſtreet; but it turns down from—

B. Now, Sir, upon your oath—do you ſay you don't know the name of the ſtreet?

W. No. I don't.

B. Did you never hear it?

W. I may have heard it; but I can't ſay I remember it.

B. Do you always forget what you have heard?

W. I don't know that I ever heard it; but I may have heard it, and forgot it.

B. Well, Sir, perhaps we may fall upon a way to make you remember it.

W. I

W. I don't know, Sir; I would tell it if I knew it.

B. O! to be ſure you would; you are remarkably communicative.—Well, you heard a noiſe, and I ſuppoſe you went to *ſee* it too.

W. Yes; we went to the houſe whence it came—

B. So! it came from a houſe, and pray what kind of a houſe?

W. The Cock and Bottle, a public-houſe.

B. The Cock and Bottle! why, I never heard of ſuch a houſe. Pray what has a cock to do with a bottle?

W. I can't tell: that is the ſign.

B. Well—and what paſſed then?

W. We went in to ſee what was the matter, and the priſoner there—

B. Where?

W. Him at the bar there; I know him very well.

B. *You* know him? how came you to know him?

W. We worked journey-work together once; and I remember him very well.

B. So! your memory returns: you can't tell the name of the ſtreet, but you know the name of the public-houſe, and you know the priſoner at the bar.—You are a very pretty fellow! And pray what was the priſoner doing?

W. When I ſaw him, he was—

B. When you ſaw him! did I aſk you what he was doing when you did not ſee him?

W. I underſtood he had been fighting.

B. Give us none of your underſtanding—tell what you ſaw.

W. He was drinking ſome Hollands and water.

B. Are

B. Are you ſure it was Hollands and water?

W. Yes; he aſked me to drink with him, and I juſt put it to my lips.

B. No doubt you did, and, I dare ſay, did not take it ſoon from them. But now, Sir, recollect you are on your oath—look at the jury, Sir—upon your oath, will you aver, that it was Hollands and water?

W. Yes, it was.

B. What! was it not plain gin?

W. No; the landlord ſaid it was Hollands.

B. O! now we ſhall come to the point—The landlord ſaid! Do you believe every thing the landlord of the Cock and Bottle ſays?

W. I don't know him enough.

B. Pray what religion are you of?

W. I am a Proteſtant.

B. Do you believe in a future ſtate?

W. Yes.

B. Then, what paſſed after you drank the Hollands and water?

W. I heard there had been a fight, and a man killed; and I ſaid, "O! Robert, I hope you have "not done this:" and he ſhook his head—

B. Shook his head! And what did you underſtand by that?

W. Sir!

B. I ſay, what did you underſtand by his ſhaking his head?

W. I can't tell.

B. Can't tell!—Can't you tell what a man means when he ſhakes his head?

W. He ſaid nothing.

B. Said nothing! I don't aſk you what he ſaid—What did you ſay?

W. What did I ſay?

B. Don't

B. Don't repeat my words, fellow; but come to the point at once.—Did you ſee the dead man?

W. Yes; he lay in the next room.

B. And how came he to be dead?

W. There had been a fight, as I ſaid before—

B. I don't want you to repeat what you ſaid before.

W. There had been a fight between him and the—

B. Speak up—his Lordſhip don't hear you—can't you raiſe your voice?

W. There had been a fight between him and the priſoner—

B. Stop there—Pray, when did this fight begin?

W. I can't tell exactly; it might be an hour before. The man was quite dead.

B. And ſo he might, if the fight had been a month before—that was not what I aſked you. Did you ſee the fight?

W. No—it was over before we came in.

B. We! What we?

W. I and my friend.

B. Well—and it was over—and you ſaw nothing?

W. No.

B. Gem'men of the jury, you 'll pleaſe attend to this—he poſitively ſwears he ſaw nothing of the fight.—Pray, Sir, how was it that you ſaw nothing of the fight?

W. Becauſe it was over before I entered the houſe, as I ſaid before.

B. No repetitions, friend.—Was there any fighting after you entered?

W. No, all was quiet.

B. Quiet! you juſt now ſaid you heard a noiſe—you and your precious friend.

W. Yes, we heard a noiſe—

B. Speak up, can't you? and don't heſitate ſo.

W. The noiſe was from the people, crying and lamenting—

B. Don't look to me—look to the jury—well, crying and lamenting.

W. Crying and lamenting that it happened; and all blaming the dead man.

B. Blaming the dead man! why, I ſhould have thought him the moſt quiet of the whole—*(Another laugh.)*—But what did they blame him for?

W. Becauſe he ſtruck the priſoner ſeveral times, without any cauſe.

B. Did you ſee him ſtrike the priſoner?

W. No; but I was told that—

B. We don't aſk you what you was told.—What did you ſee?

W. I ſaw no more than I have told you.

B. Then why do you come here to tell us what you heard?

W. I only wanted to give the reaſon why the company blamed the deceaſed.

B. O! we have nothing to do with your reaſons, or theirs either.

W. No, Sir, I don't ſay you have.

B. Now, Sir, remember you are upon oath—you ſet out with fetching a midwife; I preſume you now went for an undertaker.

W. No, I did not.

B. No! that is ſurpriſing; ſuch a friendly man as you! I wonder the priſoner did not employ you.

W. No, I went away ſoon after.

B. And what induced you to go away?

W. It became late; and I could do no good.

B. I

B. I dare ſay you could not—And ſo you come here to do good, don't you?

W. I hope I have done no harm—I have ſpoken like an honeſt man—I don't know any thing more of the matter.

B. Nay, I ſhan't trouble you farther. *(Witneſs retires, but is called again.)* Pray, Sir, what did the priſoner drink his Hollands and water out of?

W. A pint tumbler.

B. A pint tumbler! what! a rummer?

W. I don't know—it is a glaſs that holds a pint.

B. Are you ſure it holds a pint?

W. I believe ſo.

B. Aye, when it is full, I ſuppoſe.—You may go your ways, John Tomkins. A pretty hopeful fellow, that! *(Aſide.)* *

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433. A player, named *Robinſon*, applied to Mr. *Wilkinſon*, the manager of the York company, for an engagement for himſelf and his wife, ſtating, that ſhe was capable of performing all the firſt characters; but as to himſelf, *he was the worſt actor in the world.* Wilkinſon engaged them, and the lady fully anſwered the character given of her. The firſt part ſent to Mr. Robinſon, was that of a mere walking gentleman. Indignant at this, he went to the manager, and aſked how he could think of ſending him ſo paltry a part. "Sir," replied the other, "here is your own letter, ſaying, that you "are the worſt actor in the world."—"*Aye, but* "*then I had not ſeen you.*"

* This, and ſeveral other articles in the preſent collection, are taken from that excellent annual Repoſitory, *The Spirit of the Public Journals*, publiſhed by Ridgway.

434. When *Woodward* firſt played Sir John Brute, *Garrick* was induced, from curioſity, or perhaps jealouſy, to be preſent. A few days after, when they met, Woodward aſked Garrick how he liked him in the part, adding, "I think I ſtruck "out ſome beauties in it."—"*I think*," ſaid Garrick, "*that you ſtruck out all the beauties in it.*"

435. When *Goldſmith*'s Comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* was rehearſing, he was at great pains in inſtructing the actors. On the firſt repreſentation, he was not a little diſpleaſed to find the repreſentative of Diggory play it as an Iriſhman. As ſoon as Diggory came off the ſtage, Goldſmith aſked him the meaning of this, as it was by no means intended for an Iriſh character. "Sir," replied he, "*I ſpoke it as near as I could to the manner* "*in which you inſtructed me, except that I did not* "*give it quite ſo ſtrong a brogue.*"

436. *Fox*, the Brighton Manager, having been engaged at the Haymarket Theatre, during the reign of the elder *Colman*, had the part of one of the Scholars in the Padlock ſent him. "Sir," ſaid he, addreſſing the Manager, "I am aſtoniſhed at "getting this part, ſo much beneath me; beſides, "how would a man of my ſize and figure look "like a ſcholar?"—"Indeed," replied Mr. Colman, "*you ſeem to be better fed than taught.*"

437. Dr. *Johnſon* invented a ſtyle of his own, as the beſt vehicle for ſtrong opinions and oracular deciſions. And though the framer of an artificial language is ſeldom exact at all times, yet Johnſon ſcarcely ever ſtepped out of the full period, or betrayed himſelf by mixing familiar expreſſions with gigantic

gigantic phraſeology; and if at any time he ſo far forgot himſelf, as to ſpeak like any body elſe, he ſoon corrected the miſtake by tranſlating it into his own language; as in the following inſtance. In one company he had praiſed the Rehearſal vehemently; in another ſomebody ventured to do the ſame, leaning perhaps on his authority; upon which the Doctor called out, "Hold, Sir!—The "Rehearſal has not ſalt enough to keep;" when inſtantly recollecting himſelf, he went on—"I ſay, "Sir, the Rehearſal has not ſaline particles enough "interſperſed in it to preſerve it from putrefac-"tion."

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438. A DIALOGUE.

The Alarmiſts. Do you not ſee thoſe men upon the heath?—a ſtrange, ſour-looking gang, with a Parſon at their head.

John Bull. I think I do; but I am ſomewhat near-ſighted.

Alarmiſts. There have been many robberies committed on this heath formerly.

John Bull. So I am told.

Alarmiſts. You heard of the terrible fire laſt night over the river at Gaulſtown?

John Bull. I did.

Alarmiſts. A moſt ſhocking fact—ſuppoſed to have been ſet on fire by the gypſies. There was horrid plundering and murdering; and ſeveral women and children found roaſted in the rubbiſh.

John Bull. Indeed!

Alarmiſts (ſignificantly.) Thoſe people muſt be the very gypſies.

John Bull. They are coming this way, ſure enough.

Alarmiſts. Highwaymen of the worſt ſort! You

had better be upon your guard. Houſebreakers, footpads, pickpockets, fortune-tellers, all in one! There are ſeveral foreign ruffians come over lately to join them.

John Bull. I have a deal of property about me.

Alarmiſts. The ſoldiers are very near; we had better ſee them to ſtand by us.

John Bull. Aye, do, do.

A Byſtander. Really, Sir, there is no danger.

John Bull. No danger, wretch! I ſuppoſe you are in league with the rogues. Precaution is always prudence.

Alarmiſts (ſeverally.) Let me take charge of your watch, Sir.—Give me your gold, Sir.—I'll keep your pocket-book—theſe bank-notes are better deſtroyed, Sir.—Will you not take out your buckles too?

John Bull. You are really very kind, gentlemen—but now I begin to ſee the men plainer, I think I know them: O yes, perfectly. They are only the people that come from the Dipper's meeting. You may return me my property, gentlemen.

Alarmiſts. That, Sir, is impoſſible; 't is all diſpoſed of.

John Bull. Diſpoſed of! how diſpoſed of? I might as well have given it to thoſe poor fellows. 'T is all one to me whom I am robbed by.

Alarmiſts. True, Sir; but it is not all one to us.

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439. An old General uſed to dreſs in a fantaſtic manner, by way of puffing himſelf. It is true people would ſay, "Who is that old fool?" but it is equally true that the anſwer was, "That is the famous General ——, who took ſuch a place."

440.

440. *Simpſon*, the celebrated mathematician, was aſked why he did not become a Fellow of the Royal Society? "Becauſe," ſaid he, "people might be "apt to read the letters, F. R. S. *Fool Robin* "*Simpſon*."

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441. The keeper of a paltry alehouſe had on his ſign, after his name, the letters, M. D. F. R. S. A Phyſician, who was moreover a Fellow of the Royal Society, aſked him how he preſumed to affix theſe letters to his name. "Indeed, Sir," ſaid he, "I have as good a right to them as you have."—"What do you mean, you impudent ſcoundrel?" replied the Doctor. "I mean," returned the other, "that I am *Drum-Major of the Royal Scots Fuzi-* "*leers*."

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442. An attorney in France, having purchaſed a charge of bailiff for his ſon, adviſed him never to work in vain, but to raiſe contributions on thoſe who wanted his aſſiſtance. "What! father," ſaid the ſon, in ſurpriſe, "would you have me ſell juſ-"tice?"—"Why not?" anſwered the father: "*is* "*ſo ſcarce an article to be given for nothing?*"

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443. *Lord Armadale*, one of the Scotch Judges, and ſon-in-law to the late celebrated *Lord Juſtice Clerk*, has a ſon, who at the age of *eleven or twelve* roſe to the rank of a *Major*. One morning his mother hearing a noiſe in the *nurſery*, rang to know the cauſe of it. "It is only," ſaid the ſervant, "*the* "*Major greeting for his porridge* *."

* Crying for his breakfaſt.

444. Washing-Day.

The Muſes are turn'd goſſips; they have loſt
The buſkin'd ſtep, and clear high-ſounding phraſe,
Language of Gods—Come then, domeſtic Muſe,
In ſlip-ſhod meaſure looſely prattling on,
Of farm or orchard, pleaſant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies; or ſhoe loſt in the mire
By little whimpering boy with rueful face;
Come, Muſe, and ſing the dreaded *Waſhing-day*.
Ye, who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend
With bow'd-down ſoul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, ſmooth ſliding after week, brings on
Too ſoon; for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort. Ere the firſt gray ſtreak of dawn
The red-arm'd Waſhers come and chaſe repoſe.
Nor pleaſant ſmile nor quaint device of mirth
E'er viſited that day; the very cat,
From the wet kitchen ſcar'd, and reeking hearth,
Viſits the parlour, an unwonted gueſt.
The ſilent breakfaſt meal is ſoon diſpatch'd
Uninterrupted, ſave by anxious looks
Caſt at the low'ring ſky, if ſky ſhould lower:
From that laſt evil O preſerve us, Heav'ns;
For ſhould the ſkies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet; then expect to hear
Of ſad diſaſters, dirt and gravel ſtains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapp'd ſhort, and linen by dog-horſe thrown down,
And all the petty miſeries of life.
Saints have been calm while ſtretch'd upon the rack,
And Montezuma ſmil'd on burning coals,
But never yet did huſwife notable
Greet with a ſmile a rainy waſhing-day.
But grant the welkin fair, require not thou,
Who call'ſt thyſelf perchance the maſter there,

Or

Or ſtudy ſwept, or nicely duſted coat,
Or uſual tendance; aſk not, indiſcreet,
Thy ſtockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus, nor hope to find
Some ſnug receſs impervious: ſhouldſt thou try
The cuſtom'd garden-walks, thine eye ſhall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender ſhrubs,
Myrtle or roſe, all cruſh'd beneath the weight
Of coarſe check apron, with impatient hand
Twitch'd off when ſhow'rs impend; or croſſing lines
Shall mar thy muſings, as the wet cold ſheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt.—Woe to the friend
Whoſe evil ſtars have urg'd him forth to claim
On ſuch a day the hoſpitable rites;
Looks, blank at beſt, and ſtinted courteſy,
Shall he receive; vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roaſt chicken, ſavoury pie,
Or tart or pudding—pudding he nor tart
That day ſhall eat; nor, though the huſband try,
Mending what can't be help'd, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, ſhall his conſort's brow
Clear up propitious; the unlucky gueſt
In ſilence dines, and early ſlinks away.
I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day ſtruck into me; for then the maids,
I ſcarce knew why, look'd croſs, and drove me from them;
Nor ſoft careſs could I obtain, nor hope
Uſual indulgences; jelly or creams,
Relique of coſtly ſuppers, and ſet by
For me their petted one; or butter'd toaſt
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
Of ghoſt, or witch, or murder—ſo I went
And ſhelter'd me beſide the parlour fire.
There my dear Grandmother, "eldeſt of forms,"
Tended the little ones, and watch'd from harm,

Anxiouſly

Anxiouſly fond, though oft her ſpectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravell'd ſtocking, might have ſour'd
One leſs indulgent———
At intervals my Mother's voice was heard
Urging diſpatch; briſkly the work went on:
All hands employ'd to waſh, to rinſe, to wring,
To fold, and ſtarch, and clap, and iron, and plait.
Then would I ſit me down, and ponder much
Why waſhings were.—Sometimes thro' hollow bowl
Of pipe amus'd we blew, and ſent aloft
The floating bubbles, little dreaming then
To ſee, Mongolfier, thy ſilken ball
Ride buoyant thro' the clouds: ſo near approach
The ſports of children and the toils of men.
Earth, air, and ſky, and ocean, have their bubbles,
And verſe is one of them—this moſt of all.

445. *Dr. Bentley*'s ſon reading a novel, the Doctor aſked him—"Why do you read a book "which you cannot quote?"

446. *Louis XI.* when a youth, uſed to viſit a peaſant whoſe garden produced excellent fruit. When he aſcended the throne, this peaſant preſented to him a turnip of extraordinary ſize. The King ſmiled, and, remembering his paſt pleaſures, ordered a thouſand crowns to the peaſant. The lord of the village hearing of this liberality, thus argued with himſelf: "If this peaſant has a thou-"ſand crowns for a turnip, I have only to preſent "a fine horſe to the munificent monarch, and my "fortune is made." Accordingly he carries with him to court a beautiful barb, the pride of his ſtable, and requeſts his Majeſty's acceptance of it. Louis highly praiſed the ſteed, and the donor's expectations

pectations were raiſed to the utmoſt, when the King called out—"Bring me my turnip," and added, in preſenting it to the *Seigneur*, "*This* "*turnip coſt me a thouſand crowns, and I give it* "*you for your horſe.*"

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447. A perſon maintained that poverty was a virtue. "That," ſaid a byſtander, "is literally "*making a virtue of neceſſity.*"

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448. The *Duke of Roquelaure* accidentally finding at Court a very ugly country-gentleman, who had a ſuit to offer, preſented it to the King, and urged his requeſt, ſaying he was under the greateſt obligations to the ſuitor. The King aſked, what were theſe great obligations? "*Ah, Sir, were it* "*not for him I ſhould be the ugliеſt man in your Ma-* "*jeſty's dominions.*"

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449. A Curate and his wife had heard that the Moon was inhabited: they procured a teleſcope to aſcertain the fact. The lady had the firſt peep. "I ſee," ſaid ſhe, "I ſee two ſhades, inclining "towards each other; they are, undoubtedly, two "happy lovers."—"Pooh!" ſaid the Curate, looking in his turn, "theſe two ſhades are the "two ſteeples of a cathedral."

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450. An officer who had loſt an eye, ſupplied it with a glaſs one, which he always took out when he went to bed. Being at an inn, he took out his eye, and gave it to the ſimple wench who attended, deſiring her to lay it on the table. The maid ſtill waiting and ſtaring, he aſked her—"What "do you wait for?"—"Only for the other eye, "Sir," ſaid ſhe.

451.

451. *The* YOUNG LARKS.

Hoc erit tibi argumentum ſemper in promtu ſitum,
Nequid expectes amicos, quod, tute agere poſſies.
ENNIUS *apud* GELLIUM, II. 29.

Once on a time, ſo ſays the parable,
In a fine waving field of arable,
A Lark amidſt the corn had rear'd her brood;
It would have done you good
To ſee how ſhe with grain had cramm'd their maws;
And how, with winking eye
And neck awry,
Panting, they lay behind their burſting craws;
And ſcarce could chirp, or ſay
"Mamma, good day!"
No Larks of Dunſtable were ever fatter,
What then could be the matter?
—'Twas this: the corn ſhe knew was ripe and brown,
The neighbouring fields already down;
And much the prudent mother was afraid
They ſhould be forc'd to quit their calm retreat,
And emigrate to ſome leſs happy ſeat.
"My dears," ſays ſhe, "we are betray'd;
"Liſten, and be upon the watch,
"Mind what the farmers ſay
"From day to day,
"And bring it me. A little eaves-dropping
"Is, now and then, a very uſeful thing."
The little birds rous'd from their ſtupid ſleeping;
And being very perfect for their age
In the bleſt ſyſtem of eſpionage,
Leaning half o'er the neſt
Their ſpeckled toad-like breaſt,
By day, by night, were now alert and peeping.

Next

Next morning, ſure enough, the farmer came,
Himſelf and ſon. Quoth he, " We're much to blame;
" This corn our huſbandry diſgraces,
" So bearded, ripe, and briſtling in our faces;
" Next morn to cut it we 'll begin,
" And therefore call our neighbours in:
" 'T is a rare crop!" he ſaid, and walk'd away.
The little Larks, in wild diſmay,
Before they went to bed,
In terror told what he had ſaid.
" This time you need not fear," Mamma replies;
" Truſt what I ſay, by long experience wiſe."
And ſo it prov'd. The neighbours, huff'd and chaff'd,
A civil anſwer ſcarce vouchſaf'd:
They leave their dinners and their ale,
Sweating beneath the ſun of July,
To help two clumſy boors! A likely tale!
Hodge had forgot his diſtance, truly.
Hodge ſcratch'd his head.—" Well, let it be:
" We now our real friends ſhall ſee:"
For many a friend the farmer had,
Who all to ſerve him would be glad;
And eating kin, and Chriſtmas couſins,
The farmer reckon'd them by dozens—
" Go tell our friends it muſt be done,
" (This job) before next Friday's ſun."
The friends and kinſmen promis'd meeting,
And ſent him many a cordial greeting.
The little Larks were now quite ſure
They in a hurry muſt decamp.
" Peace!" ſaid the parent; " be ſecure
" That yet you need not tramp:
" This buſtle only ſerves to make me laugh;
" Old birds, like me, are never caught with chaff."

Next morn a number of excuſes came:
Friend Ralph was ſeiz'd a little lame;
Friend Simon gone to ſell his mare;
Hob to buy cheeſe at Stourbridge fair:
Some were detain'd within their houſes,
For fear of fever, by their ſpouſes;
And couſin John declar'd 'twas plain
The glaſs foretold a deal of rain:
'T was not, he thought, with ſky ſo fickle,
A *proper time* to uſe the ſickle.
" My ſon," ſaid Hodge, now undeceiv'd,
" A uſeful leſſon we've receiv'd:
" Do thou, before to-morrow's dawn,
" For thee and me two ſickles bring;
" We'll help ourſelves, whate'er betide."
" Now, now, 'tis time," the old one cried,
" That we were on the wing:
" This was the only ſtroke I fear'd,"
She ſaid; and all, before the day appear'd,
Moſt wiſely were withdrawn.
My tale, I know, is ſomewhat old:
We'll try the moral to unfold.
You, who have feather'd well your neſt,
Scrips, Placemen, Penſioners, and Co.,
Living in eaſe and clover bleſt;
I grieve to ſee you fretting ſo,
Running diſtractedly about and frighten'd
At every falſe alarm by fancy heighten'd;
'T is, without queſtion,
Exceeding bad for your digeſtion:
Wherefore, I beg you, hear a little reaſon,
And keep your terrors for the proper ſeaſon.
When in petitions form'd to ſooth and flatter,
Beginning with Moſt Gracious!
Its loving ſubjects hope that Government
Will, in its wiſdom, give them full content,
Redreſſing all that is vexatious;

" Let

" Let not your noble courage be caſt down,"
Sons of the ſilk or the prunella gown!
Its wiſdom ſcarce will ſtir about the matter.
I hope you do not think 't was meant
(A thing ſo ſacred and ſo high)
To drudge and labour for the good
Of the poor Swiniſh Multitude,
Juſt like an eagle ſtooping to a fly.
Their coarſe petitions they'll be ſcarcely able
To bear upon the table;
No, no, depend upon 't, your doom
Will never from *this* quarter come.
Nor yet, when Oppoſition-patriots warm
Raiſing of eloquence a ſtorm,
In ſpeech and writings bold,
Tell us we're bought and ſold,
And thunder out *Reform*;
Need you with fretting, or with fear, grow thinner.
You will not loſe one corporation dinner:
Their tropes are good, it is divine to hear them;
I only ſay—you need not fear them.
But ſhould the people once begin
Themſelves to put the ſickle in;
(The ſickle—mind, I ſay no more,
For fear of miſrepreſentation;)
Or ſhould John Bull himſelf prepare
Of his own crop to take the care,
He, and his ſturdy ſons together,
Coarſe-grain'd, who fear nor wind nor weather,
Your golden days indeed are o'er:
To borough-jobbing then adieu;
Loans, contracts too,
Snug ſinecures, and penſions, all, good by!
" No ſong, no ſupper," then will be the cry:

And ſoon you 'll be no more, I gueſs,
Than *ci-devants*, or French Nobleſſe.

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452. A poor man going along the ſtreet was attracted by the grateful ſmell of the kitchen of a cook's ſhop; he ſat down, and there ate the little loaf he had in his pocket. Having finiſhed his repaſt, he declared he was as much regaled as if he had dined on the good things within. The cook, hearing this, buſtled out, and collaring him, inſiſted on payment of ſixpence for his dinner. In vain did the poor devil contend that he had got none of his meat. The cook referred to his own declaration. After much altercation, it was at length agreed to refer the diſpute to the firſt perſon who came up. That firſt perſon happened to be a *lunatic*. However, having heard the arguments of both parties, he told the poor man he muſt give the ſum demanded; and after many difficulties his only ſixpence was produced. He then deſired the cook to bring two plates, and putting the ſixpence between them, he rattled it, and returned it to the pauper, and the plates to the cook, telling the latter, that as the other was ſatisfied with the *ſmell* of his *beef*, he muſt be ſatisfied with the *ſound* of the man's *money* *.

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453. There being a lawſuit between Mr. *Foot* and Mr. *Roſs*, reſpecting the Edinburgh Theatre, let by the latter to the former, which came by appeal before the Houſe of Lords, the matter was terminated in favour of Roſs, and Foot was ſaddled with the coſts. When he had paid the bill to

* This anecdote is taken from a *grave* book of the law, *Swinburn on Wills*, where it is ſtated as a ſpecimen of the lucid intervals of lunatics.

Mr.

Mr. *Walter Roſs*, Mr. Roſs's Scotch ſolicitor, he ſaid to him, "Now, Walter, when do you go to "Scotland?" — "To-morrow."—"And how "do you travel? I ſuppoſe, like the reſt of your "countrymen, you will do it in the moſt econo- "mical manner."—"Yes," replied he, "I ſhall "travel *on Foot!*"

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454. A gentleman at his own table having as a toaſt given *the Church*; his wife ſaid, "My dear, "I am ſurpriſed at your giving that toaſt, when "to my knowledge *you have not been in it theſe ſix "weeks.*"

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455. A parſon having been appointed to preach before his Majeſty's Commiſſioner at Edinburgh, the *Earl of Airly* thought it would be a good joke to fill him drunk, ſo as to incapacitate him. Accordingly on the day before the ſermon was to be preached, his Lordſhip invited the man of God to dinner, and plied the bottle as hard as he could. Notwithſtanding all the entreaties of the preacher he could not get away till long paſt midnight. When he reminded my Lord that he was to preach next day, and had not compoſed a word of his ſermon, the anſwer conſtantly was—"Well, *another* "*glaſs, and then.*" Being, however, ſuch a divine as the one deſcribed by his countryman *Thomſon**, he at length laid the noble Lord under the table, and walked off. He appeared in his place at Church, where Lord Airly and a number of other

* Perhaps ſome doctor of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyſs of drink,
Outlives them all, and from his buried flock
Retiring, full of rumination ſad,
Laments the weakneſs of theſe latter times.

noblemen and gentlemen attended the Lord High Commiſſioner. His text was, "The wicked ſhall "be puniſhed, *and that right early*," which he took care to repeat often enough in the midſt of his diſcourſe, accompanied always with a motion of his fiſt, ſhowing that he did not forget the trick attempted the preceding evening. It was then, as it ſtill is in the Scotch churches, a cuſtom for the clerk, or precentor, as he is there called, to ſet up a half-hour ſand-glaſs to warn the preacher when it was time to give over. Our Doctor, however, was no more ſparing of his oratory than Lord Airly had, on the preceding evening, been of his wine; whenever the precentor looked up to admoniſh him that the glaſs was near out, he coolly told him, loud enough for Lord Airly to hear—"*Another* "*glaſs, and then.*"

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456. When Mr. *Wilkes* was upbraided by a friend for his change of ſentiment on a particular political ſubject, he replied, "If I ever held the "opinion you mention, it muſt have been when "I was a *Wilkite.*"

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457. The late Reverend Dr. *Webſter* of Edinburgh was, or appeared to be, a keen Methodiſt. He did not, however, think it a ſin to offer frequent and deep libations to the Roſy God. He was, in ſhort, *a ſix-bottle man.* One night, having exceeded that quantity, he was ſtaggering home extremely tipſy (a circumſtance very unuſual with him), when he was met by a particular friend. "Ah! Doctor," his friend exclaimed, "what "would your old women ſay if they ſaw you in "this ſtate?"—"*Say! why they would not believe* "*their eyes.*"

458.

458. *Dominico* the harlequin, going to ſee *Louis XIV.* at ſupper, fixed his eye on a diſh of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, ſaid, "Give that *diſh* to Dominico."—"*And the* "*partridges too, Sire?*"—Louis penetrating into the artfulneſs of the queſtion replied, "*And the* "*partridges too.*" The diſh was gold.

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459. A French general of an envious diſpoſition, ſaid to the *Duke D'Anguien*, who had juſt gained the celebrated battle of Rocroi in 1643, "What "can thoſe who envy your glory ſay now!"—"I "do not know," anſwered the Prince. "*What* "*do you ſay?*"

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460. Sir —— —— was a great amateur and even profeſſor of boxing and wreſtling, and willingly imparted his knowledge to thoſe that conſulted him. A noble Lord called on him one day, when the Baronet ſtarted his favourite topic. The Peer's politeneſs leading him to ſay that he ſhould like to ſee a ſpecimen of his ſkill, the Baronet ſuddenly ſeized him from behind, and threw him over his head. Up ſtarts his Lordſhip in a rage, when Sir —— ſaid very gravely, "*My* "*Lord, this is a proof of my great friendſhip for you.* "*That maſterſtroke I have ſhown to no other perſon* "*living.*"

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461. At a dinner of literary perſons, it was obſerved that a new *Jeſt-book* would be a good ſpeculation, "For," added the obſerver, "all the "books of Jeſts, Anecdotes, &c. are very dull and "ſtupid."—"It is very true," ſaid Mr. *D'Iſraeli*, by way of fiſhing for a compliment; "the *Curio-* "*ſities of Literature* is a very dull book."—"*It is* "*a very dull book, indeed,*" ſaid Miſs Plumtre.

462.

462. The *Abbé Regnier*, Secretary of the French Academy, was collecting from each member a contribution for a certain purpose. The President *Roses*, a great miser, had paid his quota, which the Abbé not perceiving, he presented his hat to him a second time. Roses said he had already paid. "I "beg your pardon," said Regnier, "I believe it, "although I did not see it."—"And," added *Fontenelle*, who sat beside him, "*I saw it, but do not* "*believe it.*"

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463. A bookseller being asked what difference he found in the way of trade, between books of gallantry and books of devotion, "I find," said he, "that few buy the former, but a great many "read them, and on the contrary, that many pur- "chase the latter, but few read them."

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464. A nobleman having a very ignorant librarian, a lady said to him, "My Lord, you seem to "imitate the policy of the Eastern princes, who "set over their seraglios eunuchs, guardians of "beauties they cannot enjoy."

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465. In a former part of the present publication, the Editor has had occasion to take notice of the *modesty* of a person named *Charles*, who called himself a painter. That *artist* is, however, in this respect altogether outdone by another, *equally able*, named *Roberts*, whose bill has just been put into the hands of the Editor.—After announcing that he paints "*the most astonishing likenesses ever seen* "for half-a-guinea," this hero of the small brush adds—"As the number of artists (and each a "candidate for public favour) daily increase, "it remains with the discerning public to decide "which

" which has the greateſt claim to ſuperiority—Mr. " *Roberts* flatters himſelf, his will not be judged in- " ferior to any—*but ſuperior to all ! ! !*"

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466. A gentleman aſked another, what he thought of the new monopoly of Millers, founded on the ruins of the Albion Mill Company. " I " think," replied the other, " that, like the Albion " Mills, it will probably *end in ſmoke.*"

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467. *Song in the* ROVERS, *a* GERMAN DRAMA.

I.

Whene'er with hagard eyes I view
This dungeon that I 'm rotting in,
I think of thoſe companions true,
Who ſtudied with me at the U-
NIVERSITY *of Gottingen.*

(Weeps, and pulls out a blue handkerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly on it, he proceeds.)

II.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love ſat knotting in!
Alas! MATILDA then was true!
At leaſt I thought ſo at the U-
NIVERSITY *of Gottingen.*

III.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how ſwift you flew,
Her neat poſt-waggon trotting in;
Ye bore MATILDA from my view;
Forlorn I languiſh'd at the U-
NIVERSITY *of Gottingen.*

IV.

IV.

This faded form, this pallid hue,
This blood my veins is clotting in;
My years are many—they were few
When firſt I enter'd at the U-
NIVERSITY *of Gottingen.*

V.

There firſt for thee my paſſion grew,
Sweet, ſweet MATILDA POTTINGEN;
Thou waſt the daughter of my TUTOR, Law Profeſſor at the U-
NIVERSITY *of Gottingen.*

VI.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu!
That kings and prieſts are plotting in;
Here doom'd to ſtarve on *water-gruel*, never ſhall I ſee the U-
NIVERSITY *of Gottingen.*

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468. During a very hard froſt, a lady reproving a gentleman for ſwearing, adviſed him to leave it off, ſaying it was a very bad habit: "Very true, "Madam," anſwered he, "but at preſent it is too "cold to think of parting with any *habit*, be it "ever ſo bad."

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469. Lately when *Baby Kemble* made a ridiculous motion in the Common Council, he obſerved at dinner, that he was afraid he ſhould be *brought over the coals for it*. A wit ſaid, "Then *all the fat* "*would be in the fire.*"

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470. When *Wilkes* was in France, and at Court, *Madame Pompadour* addreſſed him thus: "You "Engliſhmen

" Engliſhmen are fine fellows—pray how far may " a man go in his abuſe of the Royal Family " among you?"—" *I do not at preſent know,*" replied he drily, " *but I am trying.*"

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471. *Lord Tyrawley*, a little before his death, was viſited by ſeveral Engliſhmen, who came under a pretence of friendly inquiries after his health, but in reality to ſee if he was dying, that they might apply for his employments. The old General, ſeeing clearly their motives, ſaid to ſome of them, " Gentlemen, I know well your reaſons for " being ſo ſolicitous after my health. I have but " two things worth having, my regiment, and my " girl, neither of which will fall to your lot: I'll " tell you how they will be diſpoſed of; *a Scotch-* " *man will get the one, and an Iriſhman the other.*"

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472. EPIGRAM.

Robert complain'd the other day
That Frank had ta'en his character away:—
" I take your character!" ſays Frank, " God zounds,
" *I would not have it for ten thouſand pounds.*"

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473. EPITAPH *in Guilford Church-yard.*

Reader, paſs on, ne'er waſte your time
On bad biography and bitter rhyme;
For what *I am*, this cumbrous clay enſures,
And what *I was*, is no affair of yours.

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474. An honeſt country gentleman, perfectly unacquainted with the world, being invited to dine along with a numerous and elegant company, at the houſe of a nobleman who was deſirous of procuring his vote, had every attention paid to him.

He

He was placed at my Lady's right hand, and in the midſt of dinner ſhe aſked him to drink a glaſs of wine with her, ſaying, " *Hob and nob, Mr.* ——." The gentleman ſtared and bluſhed up to the eyes. She, thinking it was mere baſhfulneſs, repeated the words, and the gentleman looking, if poſſible, more confuſed, ſhe coloured herſelf, when he, after much heſitation, ſaid, " Madam, excuſe me, " but *I never hob and nob except with my wife.*"

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475. *Lord Roſs* being on his death-bed, was deſired by his chaplain *to call on God:* he replied, " I will, if I go that way, but I don't believe I " ſhall."

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476. *Lady Sundon* was bribed with a pair of diamond ear-rings to procure a perſon a good place at Court. Although the matter was notorious, ſhe made no ſcruple of conſtantly wearing them. This being blamed in a company, *Lady Wortley Montague* ſaid—" And pray where is the harm? " I, for my part, think her Ladyſhip acts wiſely " —*for does not the buſh ſhow where the wine is* " *ſold?*"

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477. Mr. *St. Leger*, the father of the General, was a very ſtrong powerful man, but remarkably foppiſh in his dreſs. One morning walking along in his red ſlippers, he was paſſing by a duſt-cart, when the duſtman called out jeeringly—" *Smoke* " *Mr. Red-heels!*" Mr. St. Leger went up to him, and taking hold of him by the waiſtband of the breeches, chucked him into his cart, and then walked on with the greateſt coolneſs.

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478. A lady aſked a very ſilly Scotch nobleman, whom ſhe met with in London, how it happened that

that the Scots, out of their country, were generally men of more abilities than those who remained at home. "Oh, Madam," said he, "the reason is "obvious. At every outlet there are persons sta-"tioned to see that, for the honour of the country, "no one be permitted to leave it, who is not a "man of understanding!"—"*Then*," said she, "*I* "*suppose your Lordship was smuggled.*"

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479. Dr. *Radcliffe* told Dr. *Mead*, one day, on the latter's starting for practice, "There are two "ways, my boy, for a physician to treat his pa-"tients; either to bully or to cajole them. I have "taken the first, and done very well, as you see: "you may take the latter, and perhaps do as "well."

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480. *Cardinal de Bernis*, when only an Abbé, solicited some preferment from *Cardinal Fleury*, who was then fourscore. Fleury told him very fairly, that he should never have any thing in his time. Bernis replied, "*My Lord, I shall wait.*"

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481. A French officer, being one day in compa-ny with the Marshal *Meilleraye*, said, "If I am "not a Marshal of France, I am of the wood of "which they are made;" to which M. de Meille-raye answered—"Be assured, Sir, *that when the* "*King makes Marshals of wood, you shall not be* "*forgotten.*"

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482. On the appointment of a new Rector to a rich benefice, the Curate waited on him, to request that he might be continued in his cure, and also to solicit an augmentation of his salary. "Sir," said he, "I have only received thirty pounds a

"year, though the living brings in above six "hundred."—"*Don't enlarge*," ſaid the Rector. "No," rejoined the Curate; "but *I hope you* "*will*."

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483. In the trial of an action for ſlander, in the Court of Common Pleas, at Guildhall, on the 12th of July 1800, a horſe-dealer, named *Earl*, was examined as a witneſs. Being deſired to relate what he knew of the buſineſs—"Know of it," replied he, "I know nothing of it, but I believe it will be "the ruin of my family. I am ſubpœnaed, and "my wife is ſubpœnaed, and my daughter is ſub-"pœnaed, and my boy is ſubpœnaed, and my maids "are ſubpœnaed, and yet none of us know any "thing of the matter. *Tom*, to be ſure, did ſay "ſomething, *but I ſuppoſe he has been drilled*, as "*Sam Croſſley* uſed to drill his witneſſes. He has "been waiting here for this cauſe theſe three days, "and his head is ſo ſtuffed with law, that he can "talk about nothing elſe. He was formerly a main "ſtupid, honeſt, and good ſort of lad; but now, "when I tell him to go to the hay-field, he ſpeaks "to me about ſubpœnas, and actions, and verdicts, "and ſays he muſt attend his duty in the Court of "Common Pleas!"

Serjeant Shepherd. "Who was Sam Croſſley?"

Witneſs. "A Lawyer, and, notwithſtanding, the "beſt friend I ever had."

Lord Eldon. "How did he befriend you?"

Witneſs. "If your Lordſhip will give me leave, "I'll tell you preſently. I was one night ſitting "with my friend Sam, and when he had got "about half ſeas over, he ſuddenly exclaimed, "'*I did Oliver Oddfellow* to-day' ('t was thus "he always denominated Lord Mansfield); 'I

"queered

"queered him.' I asked him how he was able. "He proceeded thus: 'A cause is to be tried: "I lay hold of the witnesses; I pump out of each "of them every word of truth he contains, and "then cram him full of lies to answer my pur- "pose. When he is placed in the witness's box, "up he comes, pure and unadulterated: I dupe "old Oliver and the jury, and come off with "flying colours.' From that day, my Lord, I "have never gone to law. I once told the story "to Lord Mansfield. When he was able for "laughing, he asked me how I kept out of courts, "as I was a horse-dealer? I answered, that when "I was in the hands of a gentleman, I thought "I could not be in better hands; and when I "had to do with a blackguard, it would be ab- "surd in me to make things worse, by applying "to another blackguard. Lord Mansfield said— "'Earl, you are very right, I highly commend "you'."

Serjeant Shepherd. "Where is your friend "Crossley now?"

Witness. "Soon after his brother was *hanged*, he "was *sent on his travels*."

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484. A Scotch peasant having, with a view of bettering his condition, come into England, hired himself to a farmer, where, however, his fare did not turn out even so good as that which he had left at home. A great part of it consisted of butter and cheese, the latter so meagre that he was glad to spread the butter on it. His mistress seeing this, asked him why he was so extravagant as to eat butter over his cheese. "Ah!" says Sawney, "*De'il* "*bae them that parted them.*"

485. *On* Mr. GIBBON *being appointed a Lord of Trade. By the Honourable* CHARLES JAMES FOX.

King George in a fright,
Leſt Gibbon ſhould write
The ſtory of Britain's diſgrace,
Thought no means ſo ſure
His pen to ſecure,
As to give the Hiſtorian a place.

But ah! 't is in vain,
'T is the curſe of his reign,
That his projects ſhould never ſucceed;
Though he wrote not a line,
Great Britain's decline
In the author's example we read.

His book well deſcribes
How corruption and bribes
Overthrew the great empire of Rome;
And his writings declare
A degen'racy there,
Which his conduct exhibits at home.

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486. EPIGRAM.—*Imitated from the French.*

The ſov'reign people, who, in Freedom's cauſe,
So oft have triumph'd o'er confed'rate Kings,
Will never crouch beneath ſuch abject things,
Or yield obedience but to their own laws.

Nor will the *brighteſt hero of renown*
Sully the ſplendour of his well-earn'd fame,
By adding empty titles to his name,
Or cruſh his laurels with a *regal crown.*

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487. A gentleman who ſat to *Hayman* for his portrait, deſired that it might be kept a ſecret. Not-

Notwithſtanding this injunction, the artiſt ſhowed it to ſome of his friends, who not being able to diſcover any likeneſs, Hayman obſerved that the gentleman wiſhed it to be *kept a ſecret*.

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488. SIR DILBERRY DIDDLE.—*A Ballad* *.

I.

Of all the brave captains that ever were ſeen,
Appointed to fight by a king or a queen,
The greateſt of heroes that e'er did appear,
Was Sir Dilberry Diddle, the gay volunteer.
Derry down.

II.

He pull'd off his ſlippers and wrapper of ſilk,
And foam'd as ferocious as—whiſk-pared milk;
Says he to his lady—"My Lady, I'll go,
"My Company calls me, you muſt not ſay no."
Derry down.

III.

With eyes all in tears, ſays my Lady, ſays ſhe—
"O cruel Sir Dilberry! do not kill me,
"For I never will leave you, but graſp round your middle,
"And die in the arms of Sir Dilberry Diddle."
Derry down.

IV.

Says Sir Dilberry then to his lady, "My dear!"
And with a white handkerchief wip'd off a tear,
"The hotteſt of actions would only be farce,
"For ſure thou art Venus."—Says ſhe, "Thou art Mars!"
Derry down.

* This Ballad was originally written by the late Mr. *Boſwell*, during the American war, and is here given with alterations by the Editor. The alterations and additions are printed in Italics.

V.

Awhile they ſtood whimp'ring, like maſter and miſs,
And Cupid thought he would have given one kiſs;
'T was what ſhe expected, admits no diſpute,
But he kiſs'd his own finger, and—blew a ſalute.
Derry down.

VI.

In the Temple's fair gardens paraded the corps,
And limbs of the law were now lawyers no more;
Sir Dilberry firſt in the field did appear,
The pride of the regiment, the brave grenadier.
Derry down.

VII.

As they march'd through the Strand, with true martial tread,
Sir Dilberry at his bold Company's head,
The ſound of the muſic drew every eye,
To ſee the *defence of the country* paſs by.
Derry down.

VIII.

Old bible-fac'd women through ſpectacles dim,
A hemming and coughing cried—" Lord, that is him!"
While thoſe that were younger, and better could ſee,
Shouted out in a rapture—" Look yonder, that 's he!"
Derry down.

IX.

When arriv'd at Hyde-Park, their looks how divine!
And their whole evolutions—prodigiouſly fine;
Our hero, in giving the word, was admir'd,
And he never once wink'd for as oft as they fir'd.
Derry down.

x.

Of all the fair ladies who came to the ſhow,
The fair Lady Diddle ſtood firſt in the row:
" O charming!" cries ſhe, " how he looks all in red!
" How he turns out his toes!—How he holds up his head!"

Derry down.

xi.

" Do but ſee him ſalute *with his dear little ſword*,
" *As he marches along with the air of a Lord*;
" O behold yourſelf, now, you 're ſo martially ſmart,
" You look as you look'd when you conquer'd my heart!"

Derry down.

xii.

The battle being over, without any blows,
The heroes diſarm, and ſtrip off their clothes,
The Captain, refreſh'd with a ſip of roſe-water,
Hands his dear to the coach—bows—and then follows after.

Derry down.

xiii.

John had ſpecial orders to drive very ſlow,
For fevers oft follow fatigue we all know;
But, prudently cautious, in Venus's lap,
His head under apron, brave Mars took a nap.

Derry down.

xiv.

He dreamt, Fame reports, that he cut all the throats
Of the French, as they landed in flat-bottom'd boats;

In

In his ſleep if ſuch dreadful deſtruction he makes,
What havoc, ye Gods, ſhall we have when he wakes!

Derry down.

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489. EPIGRAM *by Mr.* JEKYLL, *on the Nun-baiting and Adultery Bills.*

The choice ſevere the ladies fair
In vain deplore in tears;
"*No Nuns*," the Houſe of Commons cry;
"*No whores*," the Houſe of Peers.

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490. A gentleman who had ſome law buſineſs on hand, and was at a loſs what lawyer he ſhould conſult for the beſt advice, happening to paſs along the High Street, in the Borough, where he obſerved the ſign of a cook, who announced himſelf to have been formerly *Cook to the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple;* ſtopped ſhort, and ſaid to a friend who was with him, "*Here I have found my* "*man. The qualification of the lawyers is to eat* "*a certain number of dinners at the* inn *to which they* "*belong; and if that is the caſe, the cook who prepares* "*theſe dinners muſt be of all others the beſt lawyer.*

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491. When Mr. *Horne Tooke* was refuſed to be admitted to the bar, he ſaid it was very hard, as *he had eaten his dinners as regularly and as heartily as any one of them.*

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492. A gentleman calling lately on a very reſpectable friend, at his houſe in the neighbourhood of Highgate, found him aſleep in his parlour, and a book on the floor, fallen from his hand. When awaked, he ſaid, yawning, "Ah, my friend, I am "happy

"happy to ſee you; here have I been ſitting all "day reading, and *nobody's ever the wiſer.*"

493. At an inn in a market-town upon the great road leading to Holyhead, where a country company of comedians were murdering the language of ſome of our beſt dramatic writers, an Iriſh gentleman ſat in the kitchen ſmoking his pipe, and regarding with pleaſure a fowl that was roaſting for his ſupper—a tall meagre figure ſtalked in, and with an earneſt and melancholy look at the fowl, he retired with a ſigh: repeating his viſit a ſecond time, he exclaimed, "By G–d that fowl will never "be done in time."—"By J—s," ſays the Iriſhman, "what do you mean? that fowl is for my "ſupper, and you ſhan't touch a feather of it."—"Oh," replied the other, "you miſunderſtand "me: I do not want the fowl; but I am to play "*Oroonoko* this evening, and we cannot begin for "want of the jack-chain."

494. When *Walker* was performing Macheath, the *ſeventy-ſecond* night, he happened to be a little imperfect in his part; which *Rich* obſerving, called out to him on his return from the ſtage, "Hollo! "Miſter—I think your memory ought to be pretty "good by this time."—"And ſo it is," ſaid Walker, "but, zounds, Sir, my memory is not to laſt "for ever."

495. City News.

Laſt Monday all the papers ſaid
That *Billy Pitt* was ſurely dead;
Ah—then what ſaid the City?
The *tenth part* ſadly ſhook the head,
And ſhaking ſigh'd, and ſighing ſaid,
Pity! indeed, 't is pity!

But

But when the ſaid report was found
A rumour wholly without ground,
Ah—then what ſaid the City?
The other *nine parts* ſhook the head,
Repeating what the *tenth* had ſaid,
Pity! indeed, 'tis pity!

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496. During one of our retreats in the laſt Dutch campaign, when the army was flouncing through the mud in a part of the road uncommonly bad, a corps of the Guards was much ſcattered; the commanding officer called out to the men to form *two deep*.—"Damme!" ſhouts a grenadier, from between two mountains of mud, "I am "*too deep* already; I am *up to the neck*."

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497. A lady was ſome time ago followed by a beggar, who very importunately aſked her for alms. She refuſed him; when he quitted her, ſaying, with a profound ſigh, "Yet the alms I aſked "you for would have prevented me executing my "preſent reſolution." The lady was alarmed leſt the man ſhould commit ſome raſh attempt on his own life. She called him back, and gave him a ſhilling, and aſked him what he meant by what he had juſt ſaid: "Madam," ſaid the fellow, laying hold of the money, "I have been *begging* all day "in vain, and but for this ſhilling I ſhould have "been obliged to *work!*"

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498. A ſheap-ſtealer, who was tried at the ſummer Warwick aſſizes 1800, being called on for his defence, made the following curious, but unfortunately not efficacious one: "My Lord, this is a "very pretty ſtory theſe here witneſſes have told "your Honour about me. They want to make "you

" you believe that it was an uncommon affair to " find a few joints of mutton in my houſe, where- " as they all *knowen* that I have been in the but- " chering line theſe many years; that is, my Lord, " I buy up all the rotten ſheep and cows. The " farmers knows it, my Lord. Now you muſt " know, my Lord, this here man (pointing to one " of the witneſſes), this here fellow is the only one " that oppoſes me in that line;—he knows, my " Lord, if he *can do me*, it il be a pretty penny in " his pocket. I dare ſay, my Lord, if I'm done " it will be a fortune to him of full 15*l.* a year. " So you ſee, my Lord, he is a pretty fellow for a " witneſs.—Then, my Lord, here's this other " fellow (pointing to another witneſs), he owes " me a grudge, as you may ſuppoſe, for you muſt " know I'd a lawſuit with him, and caſt him, ſo " he's ſore. Indeed, my Lord, I only caſt him, " *as you may ſay*, becauſe the fact was, we was both " *caſt;* that is, my Lord, we were laid upon our " backs, for the lawyers got every farthing of him " and me-too. So you ſee, my Lord, taking all " theſe things into conſideration, there's not much " to be depended on what they ſay."

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499. A Barriſter, in the Court of King's Bench, deſcribing the bad uſage of a high-bred horſe, that had for ſome time been employed in dragging loads and fed on *coarſe old hay*, till the animal himſelf *demurred* to the treatment; " He ſhould not have " *demurred*," ſaid *Erſkine*, " at this ſeaſon of the " year; he had better have *put himſelf on the* " *country*."

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500. It is a cuſtom among the Canadian Indians, that when one dreams that another has rendered him

him any ſervice, the perſon dreamed of thinks it a duty to fulfil the dream if poſſible. A chief one morning came to the governor, Sir *William Johnſon*, and told him that he had laſt night dreamed that Sir William had made him a preſent of the ſuit of regimentals he wore. The Governor readily preſented them to him; but as the Indian was going out, "Stop," ſaid he, "I had almoſt forgot, "but I dreamed about you laſt night; I dreamed "that you gave me ſuch a tract of land," deſcribing a large tract.—"You ſhall have it," ſaid he; "but if you pleaſe, Sir William, we will not "dream any more."

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501. A Catholic clergyman being aſked why prieſts are forbidden to marry, anſwered, that the church thought her ſons would be more uſefully employed in *ſupplying the defects of other families*, than in rearing families of their own.

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502. A negro in Jamaica was tried for theft, and ordered to be flogged. He begged to be heard, which being granted, he aſked, "If white man "buy ſtolen goods, why he no be flogged too?"—"Well," ſaid the judge, "ſo he would."—"Dere "den," replied Mungo, "is my maſſa, he buy "tolen goods; he knew me tolen, and yet he buy "me."

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503. Laſt ſummer the numerous friends of Mr. *Dundas* were much alarmed for the valuable life of the Right Honourable Gentleman, on hearing that he was gone into the country for the benefit of his health, accompanied by Sir *Walter Farquhar*. To relieve their fears, a miniſterial paper informed them

them that Sir Walter did not travel with Mr. Dundas as a *phyſician*, but as a *friend!*

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504. Three years ago Dr. *Conſtancio*, a young Portugueſe, of very uncommon talents and knowledge, after regularly ſtudying at the univerſity of Edinburgh, applied for a degree of doctor of medicine; but his pen having rather ſeverely, though perhaps not unjuſtly, laſhed the *learned* profeſſors, they were pleaſed to refuſe him a diploma. Next day *Profeſſor Duncan* meeting a ſtudent, aſked him when he meant to graduate; to which the other anſwered, "*Never; I flatter myſelf I am not ſuffi-*" *ciently ignorant to be entitled to paſs* *."

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505. *To a* LADY, *who complained that her Eye was blood-ſhot.*

Oh, be not afraid, though your eye is all red,
While your cheeks, my dear Kate, are ſo ruddy,
For, ſince ſo many die by the ſtroke of that eye,
No wonder the weapon is bloody.

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506. The following paragraph is copied from an Edinburgh newſpaper, of the 9th of July 1796: "An indictment has been preferred before the "ſheriff againſt a *breeches-maker*, for a violent "aſſault on *three* of the *Royal Edinburgh volunteers!*"

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507. A gentleman, after dining with a friend in the country, was preparing to go away, but could not find his *ſpurs*. The entertainer begged him to ſit down and take another glaſs, till the ſervant ſhould find them, adding, *A ſpur in the head is worth two in the heel.*—"That may be true," ſaid

* Moſt medical men have read Dr. Conſtancio's Addreſs to his Fellow-ſtudents on the occaſion of his rejection.

the gueſt, "but if I did I ſhould be afraid that I "might *ride with my head in the ſtirrup.*"

508. When Mr. *Baretti*, the Italian lexicographer, was tried at the Old Bailey for ſtabbing a pickpocket by whom he was attacked in the Haymarket, a numerous body of noblemen and gentlemen appeared to ſpeak to his character: among the number was his *very particular friend* and companion Dr. *Johnſon*; who, on being aſked if he knew Mr. Baretti, replied, in his energetic manner, "Yes, I do know him to be *the arranteſt coward* "*that ever lived!*"

509. At the time the revolution of 31ſt May took place at Paris, *Thomas Paine*, *Danton*, and another gentleman were converſing together in the gallery of the Convention, when the tocſin was ſounded; Paine inquired of Danton what was the matter? Danton replied, "The ſections were about "to infuſe ſome *devil* into a revolutionary mea-"ſure."—"We," ſaid Paine, peeviſhly, "effected "the revolution of America without the aſſiſtance "of the *devil.*"—"You forget," ſaid the other gentleman, "that they had *yours.*"

510. It was remarked by a gentleman in company, that when a tax is laid on any article of general conſumption, its quality becomes impaired in proportion to the weight of the impoſt. "It is "difficult to get good wine; there is no good por-"ter to be had*," ſaid he, and inſtanced a number

* If families could be prevailed on to adopt Mr. Child's method of brewing ale and porter, they would not only have their beer at about half the price commonly paid for it, but the beſt that can be brewed.—This Treatiſe coſts only one ſhilling.

of other things in the ſame way. "Upon my "word," ſaid one of the company (with a ſigh), it "is very true—and I think *my* INCOME *by no* "*means ſo good ſince it was taxed.*"

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511. A gentleman being on a morning viſit to Lady *Bridget Tollemache*, the converſation turned on faſhion and female dreſs.—The long waiſts and the ſhort waiſts—the high heads and the low heads —the high heels and the low heels, each had their turn; at length, ſaid her Ladyſhip, "So, Sir, ex- "tremes of faſhion do not meet with your appro- "bation—but pray what think you of ſhort petti- "coats?"—"That faſhion," ſaid he, "your Lady- "ſhip may carry as high as you pleaſe."

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512. Soon after the Duke of *Norfolk* had abjured the errors of popery, he viſited his ſeat of Workſop Manor, in Nottinghamſhire; as he walked in the garden he aſked ſome queſtions of one of the gardeners who he found did not know him: "Your maſter," ſaid the Duke, "I am told "has changed his religion; pray what do you think "of it?"—"Why," ſaid the gardener, "I know "not what to think of it; I hope, however, his "Grace will make a *good Proteſtant*, for I have "been told he made a *very bad Catholic*."

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513. Thoſe who have not been in the Weſt Indies can have no conception of the abominable manner in which children are there generally educated. No ſooner do they begin to ſpeak than they are taught to *ſwear*, and every improper indulgence is granted them.—A *Creole lady* deſcribing the death of her favourite child, ſaid, "He lay in my lap,

" and looking up in my face, exclaimed, *Curſe your* " *heart, mammie,* and died like a lamb."

514. An Italian lady and gentleman diſputing where the terreſtrial Paradiſe was placed, the latter ſuppoſed it to have been in *Arabia Felix*; but the lady aſſured him that it was in *Meſopotamia**.

515. A Bengal *Bramin*, on ſeeing a picture of the *Laſt Supper*, by *Zoffany*, in the Engliſh church at Calcutta, exclaimed, " Me always tink eating " and drinking Engliſhman's religion."

516. EPIGRAM *on Commodore* PRICE's *Publications in Defence of* WARREN HASTINGS, *Eſq.*

Good Commodore *Puff!*
You write ſuch damn'd ſtuff,
In defence of your friend Mr. Haſtings;
The money he pays
To purchaſe your praiſe
May be plac'd to " account of his *waſtings* †."

517. The ſame Mr. *Price* kept a *godown*, or ſhop, at Calcutta, where he ſold a gun to an Iriſhman, who ſoon returned with it, complaining that the barrel was much bent. " Is it?" ſaid Price; " then I ought to have charged more for it."— " Why ſo?" ſaid the other. " Becauſe theſe pieces " are conſtructed for ſhooting round a corner."— " If that 's the caſe," ſays Paddy, " then I inſiſt " on retaining my purchaſe."

* In Italian *Mezzo potta mia.*

† *Waſtings*—a pretty conſiderable article in the Eaſt India Company's books, eſpecially at Bengal.

518.

518. *Captain Underwood*, of the Eaſt India company's ſervice, who was ſuppoſed not to be very fond of the war with Tippoo, having obtained permiſſion to take a trip to ſea, for the benefit of his health, aſked the Captain of the veſſel, whether, in caſe of his being drowned, he would write an Epitaph on him. The other ſaid, Yes, and repeated extempore the following

EPITAPH.

Here lies, eſcap'd from blood and ſlaughter,
Once *Underwood*—now *Under-water*.

519. *Coly Lucas*, a phyſician in Madras, who was much deformed, being rallied in a large party on the defect of his leg, laid a bet that there was a worſe in company, and won it—by ſhowing his other leg.

520. A dog having one day got into the Houſe of Commons, by his barking interrupted *Lord North*, who happened to be opening one of his budgets.—His Lordſhip pleaſantly inquired by what new Oppoſitioniſt he was attacked? A wag replied, "It was the member for *Bark*-ſhire."

521. Monſ. *St. Prieſt*, who had been Ambaſſador from the Court of France to the Ottoman *Porte*, was afterwards ſent, in a diplomatic capacity, to the Hague, but on account of ſome ceremonial being neglected, he refuſed to enter the gates of that place. This gave occaſion to the wits of Paris to obſerve, that he was ſtill "*Ambaſſadeur à la Porte*."

522. When *Sir William Staines* made his *brilliant* ſpeech on being elected Lord Mayor, and declared that he would do every thing in his power

to ſuppreſs *foreſtalling*, Alderman *Newman* obſerved to a friend next him, "Why, he is a *foreſtaller* "himſelf—he has come between me and *the regular* "*market.*"

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523. At the coronation of one of our monarchs, there was much miſmanagement and confuſion. The King complained of it to the nobleman who had the direction of the ceremonies. His Lordſhip very humbly apologized to his Majeſty for what had happened, but aſſured him, that *there ſhould be no cauſe of complaint the next coronation.*

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524. An Engliſh gentleman viſited at a houſe in Paris, where he was very hoſpitably entertained, and where the amiable hoſteſs diſplayed all that gaiety for which the French women are remarkable. The huſband happened to leave the room for a ſhort time; ſhortly after, *Madame* loſt all her vivacity, and, at length, roſe up, and after giving John Bull a hearty box on the ear, flew out in a rage. Immediately after, the huſband entered, when our countryman told what had happened. The Frenchman was aſtoniſhed. "You "have not, I hope," ſaid he, "been guilty of any "rudeneſs to my wife?"—"Aſſuredly not, Sir." —"Good God! what can be the matter then? "what did you ſay to her?"—"Why, I talked "about indifferent matters, about the weather "and the news."—"Then," ſaid the *Pariſian* "*huſband*, "I am not at all ſurpriſed at her beha- "viour, *when, being left alone with a fine woman,* "*you had nothing to entertain her with, but the* "*weather and the news!*"

525.

525. *The* CIVIL SOW *and her* POLITE PIGS. *A Tale**.

To ev'ry nation under heaven
A different genius is given:—
Thus, gravity 's the growth of Spain;
Of Holland, induſtry and gain;
Soft muſic's pow'r of Italy;
And Britain boaſts her liberty.
But what is freedom, muſic, gain,
To that which graces thy domain,
Imperial France! who doſt poſſeſs
Alone the art of *politeſſe?*
Nor is this happy art confin'd
Solely to thoſe of human kind;
Her curs may bark, but cannot bite;—
Her cocks can ſcarce be forc'd to fight;—
By education or by nature
Her very Hog 's a civil creature:—
Whilſt ours, with ſhame, muſt be confeſt
To be a brutal beaſt at leaſt.
Should any doubt what 's ſaid above,
It were an eaſy taſk to prove
By inſtances, which I could give,
And courteous readers might believe,
With equal faith, to be as true
At leaſt, and as inſtructive too
As are thoſe legendary tales
Of ſaints who preach'd to liſt'ning whales,
Or vermin vexing Padua's ſaint,
Of which he makes ſuch loud complaint:

* This tale, though now for the firſt time printed, was written before the French revolution. That the *French ſwine* are now equally polite, the author will not pretend to affirm.

But

But of examples I am thrifty,
Since one may ſerve as well as fifty.
A Frenchman once was riding poſt,
That is to ſay, three miles at moſt
Per hour; for their beſt horſes four
Can ſeldom go, but never more;
Our trav'ller had two leagues to go,
But what the hour he did not know;
Whether it was ſo dark that he
By 's watch could not diſtinctly ſee,
Suppoſing him poſſeſs'd of one,
Or what 's as likely, he had none;
Certain it is, he was ſo vain,
If not a watch, he wore a chain.
In this dilemma, at a diſtance
Spying a hut, he crav'd aſſiſtance:
" *Bons Chretiens qui logent ici*
" *Dites moi de grace, quelle heure eſt il?*"
Within the hut a fruitful barrow
That very night had chanc'd to farrow,
And was indeed a ſow of *breeding*,
As you will find on further reading;
Awaking, made a grunting noiſe
Which he miſtook for landlord's voice,
While in baſs tone, and accents rough,
She ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay, " *Neuf! neuf!*"
" *Je vous rend graces, mon cher Monſieur,*
" *De tout mon cœur; mais neuf, bon Dieu!*
" *Eſt il ſi tard?*" In ſhriller key
A ſqueaking pig replies, " *Oui! oui!*"
He thinking this the landlord's ſpouſe,
Or elſe the daughter of the houſe,
To whom ſome compliment was due,
As having future ſport in view,
Rejoin'd, " *Madame, votre tres obligé,*
" *En verité, je ſuis affligé,*

" *Qu*

" *Que je n'ai pas le grand plaiſir,*
" *Ni de vous voir, ni de vous dire*
" *Avant que prendre mon congé,*
" *Combien je ſens votre bonté,*
" *Mais j'eſpere, quelque autre tems,*
" *Pour rendre mes remercimens :*
" *Votre politeſſe ſur ma memoire*
" *Sera gravé ; adieu, bon ſoir !*"

526. A woman at Wigan, in Lancaſhire, being told that candles had been raiſed twopence per pound on account of the war, ſaid " *Dang it*, are " they to *feighten by candle-light?*"

527. It was formerly a practice among the bucks of faſhion, that when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toaſt, by way of doing her ſtill more honour, he frequently threw ſome part of his dreſs into the fire, in which proof of veneration his companions were by *etiquette* obliged to follow him, by conſuming the ſame article, whatever it might be. One day *Sir Charles Sedley* being at a tavern with ſome friends, after dinner a gentleman obſerving that he had on a very rich lace cravat, when he named his toaſt, made a ſacrifice of his own cravat, and Sir Charles and all the reſt of the company were obliged to follow his example. Sir Charles bore his loſs with great compoſure, obſerving, that it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a frolic ſome other time. On a ſubſequent day, the ſame party being aſſembled, Sedley, when he had drank a bumper to the health of ſome beauty of the day, called the waiter, and ordering in a dentiſt, whom he had previouſly ſtationed for that purpoſe, made him draw his decayed tooth which had long plagued him. The rules of good-fellow-

ſhip

ſhip demanded that each of the company ſhould alſo loſe a tooth, but they hoped he would not be ſo unmerciful as rigidly to enforce the law. Their remonſtrances however were in vain, and each of his companions ſucceſſively was obliged to put himſelf under the hands of the operator, and while they were writhing with pain, Sir Charles kept exclaiming, "Patience, gentlemen, patience; you "know I promiſed you I ſhould have my frolic."

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528. A gentleman who died about twenty years ago in the north of England, worth not leſs than thirty thouſand pounds a year, held a ſyſtem of *economy* that would have done honour to Mr. Elwes himſelf. He lived in his kitchen, having no domeſtic but an old woman, and boarded with a little farmer that rented the fields immediately round his houſe. One day three neighbouring gentlemen who were taking a ride, propoſed to call on him. On their knocking at the door, the old woman looking out at the window, aſked what they wanted. They ſaid they wiſhed to ſee Mr. ——. "If you have any buſineſs with him, you muſt go "to his attorney at ——." "We have no buſineſs "with him, we are ſo and ſo (mentioning their "names,) and have called to dine with him; where "is he?"—"Dine with him!" exclaimed ſhe; "why, he is out in the hay-field, with his dinner in "his pocket."

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529. The ſame miſer uſed every year to go to London to receive his dividends, and, for economy, lived while in town with his attorney. A ——ſhire gentleman happening to ſee him there, and very ill, on going to the country a day or two after, called and told the old woman of it. "Then," ſays ſhe, "if

"if he be ſo ill, I am ſure he will be down by the "next ſtage-coach."—"How," replied the gentle- "man, can you ſuppoſe ſuch a thing? his travelling "ſo far in a ſtage-coach at this ſeaſon, and at his "time of life, would be no very probable way of "getting his health."—"Ah! Sir," ſays ſhe, "you do not conſider how cheap he can come "down in the ſtage-coach, and how much it would "coſt to have him carried down in a hearſe!"

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530. When the Iriſh peaſants come over to work at the harveſt, the general ſalutation between them and their acquaintances when they land is—"Ah, Paddy, I am glad to ſee you on the other "ſide of the water."

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531. Lady B—— knowing *George Selwyn*'s penchant for public executions, told him "ſhe "hoped, when he paid the debt of nature, the "thread of his exiſtence might be ſpun out with "the palſy, that he might have the *pleaſure* of "ſeeing one ſide expire before the other."

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532. It was told Lord *Cheſterfield* that Mrs. W——, a termagant and ſcold, was married to a gameſter: his Lordſhip ſaid that *cards* and *brimſtone* made the beſt *matches*.

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533. An illuſtrious perſon told Lord *Cheſterfield* that he had drank ſix bottles of champaign—that, ſaid Lord Cheſterfield, is more than I can *ſwallow*.

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534. "Are my *ſteaks* ready, fellow?" bawled out a hungry gueſt at a chop-houſe; "No," replied the waiter, "but your *chops* are."

535. A poet wrote a Lyric Epiſtle, and dedicated it to *poſterity:* he ſhowed it to another who thought meanly of it—"My friend," ſaid he, "this Epiſtle "will never be delivered *according to its direction.*"

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536. A perſon aſked the miniſter of his pariſh what was meant by "*He was clothed with curſes* "*as with a garment.*"—"My good friend," ſaid the Miniſter, "it means that he had *got a habit* "*of ſwearing.*"

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537. Lord *Cheſterfield* paying a viſit to Lord B——, a favourite dog bit him in the leg. "Fear "not," ſays Lord B——, "*my little dog never* "*bites.*" Lord C—— knocking the little creature down by a blow on the head with his cane, replied in the ſame ſtrain, "*Fear not, my Lord, I never* "*ſtrike dogs.*"

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538. Two gentlemen paſſing by ſome new houſes in London, one of them obſerved that there were too few windows, but by ſaving the tax it would be good for the *liver.* "True," ſays the other, "but damned bad for the *lights.*"

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539. Major B——, a great gambler, ſaid to *Foote*, "Since I ſaw you I have *loſt* an eye."—"I am "ſorry for it," ſaid *Foote*; "pray *at what game?*"

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540. Lady *Wallace* ſent a very civil meſſage to Mr. *Harris*, patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, offering him her comedy for *nothing.* Mr. H. obſerved that her Ladyſhip knew *the exact value of it.*

541. *A Specimen of ancient Poetry.—On the Removal of* QUEEN ELIZABETH's *Body from* RICHMOND *to* WHITEHALL, *for its Interment, by* MAISTER CAMDEN, *his Poesy.*

The queen was brought by water to Whitehall:
At every ſtroke the oars tears did let fall;
All clung about the barge; fiſhes under water
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and ſwam blind after:
I think the bargemen might, with eaſier thighs,
Have row'd her thither in her people's eyes;
For howſoever thus much my thoughts have ſcann'd,
She had come by water had ſhe come by land.

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542. *Dean B—ke*, a very exemplary and popular clergyman in Dublin, and who intereſted himſelf much in public charities, ſent a meſſage to Miſs *Catley*, requeſting her to give him a night for that purpoſe in one of the public gardens. *Catley*, although always willing to do acts of charity, found that her other engagements put it out of her power to comply with the Dean's requeſt. However, ſhe pretended not to underſtand his intention, and in conſequence wrote him the following note: "Miſs Catley preſents her compliments to Dean "B——, and acquaints him that, from the nature "of her preſent connexion, ſhe cannot (agreeable "to his requeſt) *give the Dean a night:* ſhe begs "leave, at the ſame time, to acquaint him, that "ſhould this connexion be diſſolved, ſhe does not "know any gentleman of the cloth ſhe would "ſooner indulge; but hopes that decency will "prevent the Dean from fixing on a *public garden* "for the rendezvous."

543. A clergyman having, in a dull discourse, preached all his audience asleep, except an idiot, bellowed out, trying to awake them, "What! will "you not wake one hour? what a shame that you "are all asleep except this poor idiot!" The idiot, looking him in the face, said, "*And if I had not* "*been a poor idiot I had been asleep too.*"

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544. A player performing *the ghost* in Hamlet very badly, was hissed; after bearing it a good while, he put the audience in good humour by stepping forward and saying, "Ladies and gentle-"men, I am extremely sorry that my humble en-"deavours to please are unsuccessful; but if you "are not satisfied, I must *give up the ghost.*"

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545. *Rabelais* retained his wit to the last. When at the point of death, he called for his *domino*, and put it on, saying, "*Beati qui in* domino *moriuntur.*"

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546. A company of comedians, at Coventry, having played a stupid farce, called the *Stage Coach*, one of the audience, after the curtain dropped, called out for the manager, and on his stepping forward, asked when the *Stage Coach* would be performed again. The manager, bowing, assured the gentleman that due notice should be given. "Thank you," said the other, "for I intend to be "an *outside passenger.*"

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547. A countryman who had often seen a pup-pet-show at his village, having come up to town, went for the first time in his life to see a play. When he heard the people round him applauding Mrs. *Siddons*, Mr. *Kemble*, &c. he looked on them with great contempt—"What," said he, "are you "such

" ſuch fools as to take them for men and women;
" if you had been behind the ſcenes, as I have
" been, you would ſee them hanging upon wires."

548. A Bath phyſician viſiting a patient who was very ill, uſed daily to receive his guinea from the gentleman's ſiſter. She happening to be out of the way at the laſt viſit, when the patient was in the very jaws of death, he (almoſt unable to ſpeak) deſired the Doctor to put his hand in his pocket, and take out a guinea. " But, my friend," ſaid the Doctor, by way of a good thing, " would
" not that be rather like *pickin your pocket?*"—
" *Very like it indeed!*" ſaid the dying man.

549. A Scotch parſon, who had a Xantippe of a wife, carried a neighbouring clergyman home to dine with him. After waiting a good while, the lady, who was rather diſpleaſed with the viſit, put not a very fat fowl on the table. " What!" ſaid the huſband, " is this all our dinner?"—" Yes," ſaid ſhe, " and you may be thankful; you would
" not have got this if *Cæſar* there (pointing to the
" dog) had not killed it this morning." On which the gueſt very gravely took up the fowl and gave it to the dog, ſaying, " *Render unto Cæſar the things*
" *that are Cæſar's.*"

550. A preacher deſcanting on the ſtrength of Samſon, ſaid that *with the jaw-bone of an aſs he put a thouſand Philiſtines to the ſword!*

551. A gentleman who was a heretic in medicine being indiſpoſed, his friend ſent for a phyſician: when he was told the Doctor was below,

he ſaid, "Tell him to call another time; I am not "well, and can't ſee him now."

552. Marſhal *de Faber*, at a ſiege, was pointing out a place with his finger: as he ſpoke, a muſket-ball carried his finger off. With the greateſt *ſang-froid* he ſtretched out another finger, and proceeded, *Gentlemen, as I was ſaying*—

553. A grenadier wagered that he would, at midnight, go and feed a comrade with ſoup who was hanging on a gibbet. The perſon with whom he wagered contrived to get up behind the dead man. The hour being come, the grenadier brought a ladder, put it up, preſented the ſoup to the dead man, and ſmeared all his mouth with it. The man behind called out, "Comrade, your ſoup is "very hot." The other, not in the leaſt diſconcerted, anſwered, "*Why the devil then don't you* "*blow?*"

554. A young woman in France, whoſe brother had embraced the Proteſtant religion, was ſentenced to do penance for a baſtard child. The prieſt, after a ſharp reprimand, ſaid that as ſhe had made a reparation for her crime, he hoped ſhe would never fall into her brother's. "O Sir," ſaid ſhe, "*I would rather commit my fault a thou-*"*ſand times than be once guilty of his.*"

555. A boy being catechized was aſked who was the *wickedeſt man*—he anſwered, Moſes. "Moſes!" exclaimed the parſon, "how could that be?"—"Why," ſaid the boy, "*he broke all the command-*"*ments at once.*"

556. *Foote* and *Garrick* being at a tavern together ſoon after the act for the regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purſe to pay his reckoning, aſked the other, what he ſhould do with a light guinea he had. "*Pſhaw*," ſays Garrick, "*fling it to the devil.*"—"Well, David," ſays Foote, "you are ſtill what I took you for, *ever* "*contriving to make a guinea go farther than any* "*other man.*"

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557. EPIGRAM *on Sir* JOHN HILL, *by* GARRICK.

For phyſic and farces
His equal there ſcarce is;
For his farces are phyſic,
His phyſic a farce is.

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558. A clergyman preaching on the devil's entering into the ſwine, concluded his ſermon thus: "My brethren, that you may the better remember "the three different heads of my diſcourſe, I ſhall "clothe them in three Engliſh proverbs. 1. The "devil went from men into the ſwine—*He had* "*rather play at ſmall game than ſtand out.* 2. When "he poſſeſſed them, they ran down a bank into the "ſea—*They muſt needs go whom the devil drives.* "3. They were, no leſs than two thouſand, "drowned in the ſea—*The devil brought his hogs to* "*a fine market.*"

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559. A perſon reading, in an old author, that a ſhort beard was a ſure ſign of folly, took a candle in his hand and went to a glaſs to examine his. But holding the candle too near, he ſet fire to his beard, and burned off a great part; on which, returning to his book, he wrote on the margin of the paſſage, *probatum eſt.*

560. Some ladies walking in the fields, met a labourer with a kid, which he was carrying to market. "See," says one of them, "what a "pretty little goat! but it has no horns."— "*Ladies*," said the rustic, "*he is not married.*"

561. The Duke *d'Ossuna*, being Viceroy of Naples, went on board a Spanish galley, on a festival, to exercise his right of delivering one of the wretches from punishment. On interrogating them why they were brought there, they all asserted their innocence but one, who confessed that his punishment was too small for his crimes. The Duke said, *Here, send away this rascal, lest he should corrupt all these honest men.*

562. A *Scotch* gentleman has written a genealogical account of his family for upwards of *twelve thousand years*. Towards the middle of it there is a *N. B. About this time the world was created!*

563. The late Mrs. *Montague* was at Paris when *Voltaire* vented his spleen against Shakespear, and amongst other illiberal remarks published the following: "*C'est moi qui autrefois parlai le premier* "*de ce Shakespear: c'est moi qui le premier montrai* "*aux François quelques perles que j'avois trouvé* "*dans son enorme fumier.*" Our fair countrywoman immediately replied (alluding to the various plagiarisms which Voltaire had made from the very works which he thus attempted to degrade), "*C'est un fumier qui a fertilizé une terre bien* "*ingrate.*"

564. A justice of peace having written some sonnets, he sent them for perusal to a friend who

was

was a man of letters, accompanied with a note, in which he ſtated that his duty as a magiſtrate prevented him from attending further to them, and begged to know what he ſhould do with them.—His friend returned for anſwer, "Commit "them to *the Houſe of Correction* with other "culprits."

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565. The Iriſh are exceſſively fond of law, and for the mereſt trifle they carry the matter before a juſtice of peace, taking care to ſelect one in whom they have reaſon to look for partiality. Miſerable is the life of a juſtice of the peace in Ireland the day after a fair, eſpecially if he reſides near a ſmall town. The multitude of the *kilt* (*kilt* does not mean *killed*, but hurt) and wounded, who come before his Honour with black eyes or bloody heads, is aſtoniſhing: but more aſtoniſhing is the number of thoſe, who, though they are ſcarcely able by daily labour to procure daily food, will nevertheleſs, without the leaſt reluctance, waſte ſix or ſeven hours of the day lounging in the yard or hall of a juſtice of the peace, waiting to make ſome complaint about—nothing. It is impoſſible to convince them that *time is money*. They do not ſet any value upon their own time, and they think that others eſtimate theirs at leſs than nothing. Hence they make no ſcruple of telling a juſtice of the peace a ſtory of an hour long about a *teſter* (ſixpence): and if he grow impatient, they attribute it to ſome ſecret prejudice which he entertains againſt them.

Their method is to get a ſtory completely by heart, and to tell it, as they call it, *out of the face*, that is, from the beginning to the end, without interruption.

"Well,

" Well, my good friend, I have ſeen you loung-
" ing about theſe three hours in the yard; what
" is your buſineſs?"

" Pleaſe your honour, it is what I want to ſpeak
" one word to your honour."

" Speak then, but be quick—What is the mat-
" ter?"

" The matter, pleaſe your honour, is nothing
" at-all-at-all, only juſt about the grazing of a
" horſe, pleaſe your honour, that this man here
" ſold me at the fair of Gurtiſhannon laſt Shrove
" fair, which lay down three times with myſelf,
" pleaſe your honour, and *kilt* me; not to be
" telling your honour of how, no later back than
" yeſterday night, he lay down in the houſe there
" within, and all the childer ſtanding round, and
" it was God's mercy he did not fall a'-top
" of them, or into the fire to burn himſelf. So
" pleaſe your honour, to-day I took him back to
" this man, which owned him, and after a great
" deal to do I got the mare again that I
" *ſwopped* him for; but he won't pay the
" grazing of the horſe for the time I had him,
" though he promiſed to pay the grazing in caſe
" the horſe didn't anſwer; and he never did a
" day's work, good or bad, pleaſe your honour,
" all the time he was with me, and I had the
" doctor to him five times, any how. And ſo,
" pleaſe your honour, it is what I expect your
" honour will ſtand my friend, for I 'd ſooner
" come to your honour for juſtice than to any other
" in all Ireland. And ſo I brought him here be-
" fore your honour, and expect your honour will
" make him pay me the grazing, or tell me, can
" I proceſs him for it at the next aſſizes, pleaſe
" your honour?"

The

The defendant now, turning a quid of tobacco with his tongue into ſome ſecret cavern in his mouth, begins his defence with—

" Pleaſe your honour, under favour, and ſaving " your honour's preſence, there 's not a word of " truth in all this man has been ſaying from be- " ginning to end, upon my conſcience, and I " wouldn't for the value of the horſe itſelf, graz- " ing and all, be after telling your honour a lie. " For, pleaſe your honour, I have a dependance " upon your honour that you 'll do me juſtice, " and not be liſtening to him or the like of him. " Pleaſe your honour, it 's what he has brought " me before your honour, becauſe he had a ſpite " againſt me about ſome oats I ſold your honour, " which he was jealous of, and a ſhawl his wife " got at my ſhifter's ſhop there without, and never " paid for; ſo I offered to ſet the ſhawl againſt " the grazing, and give him a receipt in full of " all demands, but he wouldn't out of ſpite, pleaſe " your honour; ſo he brought me before your " honour, expecting your honour was mad with " me for cutting down the tree in the horſe park, " which was none of my doing, pleaſe your ho- " nour—ill luck to them that went and belied me " to your honour behind my back!—So if your " honour is pleaſing, I 'll tell you the whole truth " about the horſe that he ſwopped againſt my " mare, out of the face.--Laſt Shrove fair I met " this man, Jemmy Duffy, pleaſe your honour, " juſt at the corner of the road, where the bridge " is broke down, that your honour is to have the " preſentment for this year—long life to you for " it!—And he was at that time coming from the " fair of Gurtiſhannon, and I the ſame way. " 'How are you, Jemmy?' ſays I.—'Very well,

" I thank

" I thank ye kindly, Brian,' ſays he; ſhall we " turn back to Paddy Salmon's, and take a naggin " of whiſkey to our better acquaintance?'—'I " don't care if I did, Jemmy,' ſays I; 'only it is " what I can't take, the whiſkey, becauſe I 'm " under an oath againſt it for a month.' Ever " ſince, pleaſe your honour, the day your honour " met me on the road, and obſerved to me I could " hardly ſtand, I had taken ſo much—though upon " my conſcience your honour wronged me greatly " that ſame time—ill luck to them that belied me " behind my back to your honour!—Well, pleaſe " your honour, as I was telling you, as he was " taking the whiſkey, and we talking of one thing " or t' other, he makes me an offer to ſwop his " mare that he couldn't ſell at the fair of Gurti- " ſhannon, becauſe nobody would be troubled " with the beaſt, pleaſe your honour, againſt my " horſe, and to oblige him I took the mare—for- " row take her! and him along with her!—She " kicked me a new car, that was worth three " pounds ten, to tatters the firſt time ever I put " her into it, and I expect your honour will make " him pay me the price of the car, any how, be- " fore I pay the grazing, which I 've no right to " pay at-all-at-all, only to oblige him.—But I " leave it all to your honour—and the whole " grazing he ought to be charged for the beaſt " is but two and eightpence halfpenny, any how, " pleaſe your honour. So I'll abide by what your " honour ſays, good or bad. I'll leave it all to " your honour *."

* The foregoing ſpecimen of the legal oratory of the Iriſh peaſants is taken from a very pleaſant and well written volume, juſt publiſhed, entitled, *Caſtle Rackrent, an Hiberian Tale.*

566. The reader having, in the preceding article, been preſented with the picture of an Iriſh lawſuit, he ſhall now be entertained by a Scotch bagpiper. The ſtory is taken from the *Travels of* SAINT-FOND *in England, Scotland, and the Hebrides.* The traveller ſtates, that his companions having ſet off for the Iſle of Mull, in a boat, in which he did not chooſe to truſt himſelf, he waited on the continent for a few days, until he ſhould procure a larger veſſel. Here he was in a place where not a ſoul could ſpeak a word of Engliſh or French, and as he could not ſpeak Gaelic, any communication except by ſigns was impoſſible. This time, however, paſſed agreeably in reſearches after ſpecimens of natural hiſtory.

"In the evening (ſays Saint-Fond) I returned to my peaceful habitation, loaded with ſtones and inſtructive notes. I ſpread all my riches upon a table; I put them in order, and admired them; but I did not contemplate them with the feelings of a miſer; for I amuſed myſelf in planning the diſtribution of what I had collected, among my correſpondents and friends—and I was happy.

"The labour of the day made me enjoy my ſupper with particular pleaſure; and ſleep ſoon weighing down my eyelids, I haſtened to bed: it was hard, but, in other reſpects, good, and fatigue converted it into down.

"But there is no perfect happineſs in this world. Will it be believed that a muſic of a kind new to me, but ſhocking to my ear, deprived me of the repoſe I ſo much wanted? I had ſcarcely time to lie down in bed when an unlucky piper uſed to come and place himſelf under my window. At firſt he waited upon me every evening in the paſſage of the inn, to regale me with an air; he afterwards

wards took his ſtation in the front of the houſe, where he made his noiſy inſtrument reſound until eleven o'clock, and I could fail upon no means to prevail upon him to be ſilent. He thought his muſic was agreeable to me, and it was his wiſh to do me a kind of honour, of which I in vain endeavoured to convince him I was unworthy.

"On the day of our arrival this man came under the windows of the room into which we were ſhown: with a bold countenance, and a martial air, he walked backward and forward, ſtunning us with ſounds of the moſt unharmonious kind. At firſt we imagined that he was a kind of madman, who earned a livelihood by this ſtrange exhibition; but Patrick Fraſer aſſured us, not only that this honeſt man was in his ſenſes, but that he had the reputation of being an excellent muſician of the Highland ſchool; that his principal intention in playing on this inſtrument before us was to exhibit his joy at our arrival in a country ſo ſeldom viſited by foreigners. Affected by this hoſpitable motive, I was prodigal in my applauſes on his art, and begged of him to accept ſome ſhillings, which he at firſt refuſed, and ſeemed only to receive that he might not diſpleaſe me. He played always the ſame air, if I may give that name to a kind of compoſition unintelligible to foreigners, but which brings to the recollection of the Highlanders events which have the greateſt intereſt with them. The piper had obſerved that my companions were gone, and he perſuaded himſelf that I remained behind to hear his muſic: imagining, therefore, that his concerts would be moſt agreeable to me in the ſilence of the night, he continued his ſerenade under my window to eleven or twelve o'clock. Nothing could induce him to deſiſt. I roſe one evening

evening with great impatience; but not being able to make myſelf underſtood by ſpeech, I took him by the hand to lead him to a diſtance. He returned, however, eagerly to his old place, as one who was determined to diſpute a point of politeneſs, expreſſing, by his geſtures, that he was not at all fatigued, and that he would play all night to pleaſe me; and he kept his word. Next day I forced him to accept a ſmall preſent, and made ſigns to him that I did not wiſh to hear him any more; but he was not to be outdone in civility; and that very evening he returned, and made his pipe reſound until midnight, playing conſtantly the ſame air."

---

567. A native of one of the Hebrides being joked about the ſmallneſs of his iſland, the moſt centrical place not being four miles from the ſea, an Iriſhman in company joined in the laugh, exultingly ſwearing that *no part of Old Ireland was ever half ſo near it.*

---

568. *Louis XIV.* being one day *à la chaſſe* (that is to ſay, ſitting with his court on chairs in a foreſt to ſhoot at the game as it was driven out of the woods by the huntſmen, for ſuch was the French ſtyle of hunting), a nobleman levelled his piece at a deer that was driven paſt them. The king at the ſame time preſenting his piece at the deer, the nobleman was prevented from firing by another, who called to him, "*Arretez! le roi eſt tirant* *."

* Pronounced the ſame as *tyran.*

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Printed by S. Gosnell,
Little Queen Street, Holborn.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

AT a time when all ranks and deſcriptions of perſons are ſuffering from the unprecedented high price of every neceſſary of life, and the intolerable weight of public taxes, that publication muſt be ſalutary which withdraws the mind from brooding over diſtreſs, and promotes innocent mirth. With this view was the NEW JOE MILLER written and compiled; and the avidity with which it has been read ſatisfies the Editor that his idea has been juſt. The numerous readers, however, of the *New Joe*, having expreſſed a wiſh of ſeeing a reprint of the original Jeſt-book of JOE MILLER, a genuine edition of which is not now to be purchaſed, the Editor here gives an exact and unmutilated tranſcript of the beſt edition of the work: And in order that the laughing reader may be poſſeſſed of a complete collection of the *bon mots* contained in other books of a ſimilar nature, he has in a Second Part made a ſelection from above fifty different Jeſt-books, many of

of them extremely ſcarce, and for the uſe of which he has been obliged to an ingenious friend, who has for a ſeries of years been at great pains in collecting curious books of all deſcriptions.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS,

&c.

1. A CERTAIN poet and player, remarkable for his impudence and cowardice, happening many years ago to have a quarrel with *Mr. Powel*, another player, received from him a ſmart box on the ear. A few days after, the former having loſt his ſnuff-box was making ſtrict inquiry if any body had ſeen his box. "*What*," ſaid another of the theatrical punſters, "*that which George* "*Powel gave you the other night?*"

2. *Mr. Harrington*, one of the commiſſioners of the revenue in *Ireland*, being one night in the pit at the playhouſe in *Dublin*. *Monaca Gaul*, the orange girl, famous for her wit and aſſurance, ſtriding over his back, he popped his hands under her petticoats: "*Nay, Mr. Commiſſioner*," ſaid ſhe, "*you'll find no goods there but what have been* "*fairly entered.*"

3. A certain country ſquire aſked a merry Andrew, why he played the fool? "For the ſame rea-

" ſon," ſaid he, " that you do; *For want: You* " *do it for want of wit; I, for want of money.*"

4. When the Duke of *Ormond* was young, and came firſt to court, he happened to ſtand next to my Lady *Dorcheſter* one evening in the drawing room, who, being but little upon reſerve on moſt occaſions, let a f—; upon which he looked her full in the face, and laugh'd. " What's the matter, my " Lord?" ſaid ſhe: " Oh! I heard it Madam," replied the Duke. " *You'll make a fine courtier,* " *indeed,*" ſaid ſhe, " *if you mind every thing* " *you hear in this place.*"

5. A poor man who had a termagant wife, after a long diſpute, in which ſhe was reſolved to have the laſt word, told her, if ſhe ſpoke one crooked word more, he'd beat her brains out: " *Why* " *then,* rams horns, *you Rogue,*" ſaid ſhe, " *if I* " *die for it.*"

6. A gentleman aſked a lady at *Tunbridge*, who had made a very large acquaintance among the beaus and pretty fellows there, what ſhe would do with them all? " Oh!" ſaid ſhe, " they paſs off like the waters;" " *And pray, Madam,*" replied the gentleman, " *do they all paſs the ſame way?*"

7. *Gun Jones*, who had made a handſome fortune from a very mean beginning, happening to have ſome words with a perſon who had known him for ſome time, was aſked by the other, how he could have the impudence to give himſelf ſo many airs to him, when he knew very well that he remembered him ſeven years before, when he had

hardly

hardly a rag to his a—? "*You lie, ſirrah,*" replied Jones; "*for ſeven years ago I had nothing* "*but rags to my a—.*"

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8. A gentleman told *Betty Careleſs*, upon ſhewing her legs, that they were very handſome, and ſo much alike that they muſt needs be *twins*. "But, indeed," ſaid ſhe, "you are miſtaken; *for* "*I have had more than one or two between them.*"

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9. A lady ſeeing the ſheriff of a county, who was a very handſome young gentleman, attending the judge, who was an old man; a gentleman, ſtanding by, aſked her, which ſhe liked beſt, the judge or the ſheriff? The lady told him, the ſheriff. "Why "ſo?" ſaid the gentleman, "*Becauſe,*" anſwered ſhe, "*though I love judgment well, I love execu-* "*tion better.*"

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10. One told another who was not uſed to be cloathed very often, that his new coat was too *ſhort* for him. "*That's true,*" anſwered his friend, "*but it will be long enough before I get another.*"

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11. A certain lady, finding her huſband ſomewhat too familiar with her chambermaid, turned her away immediately, "Huſſy," ſaid ſhe, "I "have no occaſion for ſuch ſluts as you, only to do "that work which I chuſe to do myſelf."

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12. Old *Croſs*, the player, was very deaf, but did not care any one ſhould know it. Honeſt *Joe Miller*, going with a friend one day along *Fleet Street*, and ſeeing Croſs on the other ſide of the way, told his acquaintance he ſhould ſee ſome ſport:

ſo, beckoning to Croſs with his finger, and ſtretching open his mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he hallooed to him, though he ſaid nothing, the old fellow came puffing from the other ſide of the way, "*What a pox*," ſaid he, "*do you make ſuch a* "*noiſe for? Do you think one can't hear?*"

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13. Sir *William Davenant*, the poet, who had no noſe, going along the Meuſe one day, a beggar woman followed him, crying, "Ah! God pre- "ſerve your *eye-ſight*, ſir; the Lord preſerve your "*eye-ſight.*" "Why, good woman," ſaid he, "do'ſt thou pray ſo much for my eye-ſight?" "Ah! "dear ſir," anſwered the woman, "if it ſhould "pleaſe God that you grow dim-ſighted, *you have* "*no place to hang your ſpectacles on.*"

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14. A conceited fellow, who fancied himſelf a poet, aſked *Nat Lee*, if it was not eaſy to write like a *madman* as he did? "*No*," anſwered Nat, "*but it is eaſy to write like a fool, as you do.*"

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15. Dr. *Sewel*, and two or three more gentlemen, walking towards *Hampſtead*, on a ſummer's day, were met by the famous *Daniel Parcell*, the punſter, who was very importunate with them to know upon what account they were going thither: the doctor merrily anſwered him, "*To make hay.*" "Very well," replied the other, "you'll be there "at a very convenient ſeaſon, the country wants "*rakes.*"

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16. A gentleman was ſaying one day at the *Tilt-yard* Coffee-houſe, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in mind of the general *de-*

luge.

luge. "Zoons, ſir," ſaid an old campaigner, who ſtood by, "who's that? I have heard of all the "*generals* in *Europe* but him."

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17. A traveller coming into the kitchen of an inn, in a very cold night, ſtood ſo cloſe at the fire that he burnt his boots. An arch rogue, who ſat in the chimney-corner, cried out to him, "Sir, "you'll burn your ſpurs preſently." "My boots "you mean I ſuppoſe," ſaid the gentleman. "*No*, "*ſir*," replied the other, "*they are burnt al-* "*ready.*"

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18. A countryman ſowing his ground, two ſmart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an inſolent air: "Well, honeſt fel- "low," ſaid he, "'tis your buſineſs to ſow, but "we reap the fruits of your labour." To which the countryman replied, "'*Tis very likely you may*, "*truly, for I am ſowing hemp.*"

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19. *Villiers*, the witty and extravagant Duke of *Buckingham* in King *Charles* II's. time, was ſaying one day to Sir *Robert Viner*, in a melancholic humour; "I am afraid, Sir Robert, I ſhall "die a beggar at laſt, which is the moſt terrible "thing in the world:" "Upon my word, my "Lord," ſaid Sir Robert, "there is another "thing more terrible which you have reaſon to "apprehend, and that is, *that you will live a* "*beggar, at the rate you go on.*"

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20. The ſame noble Duke, another time, was making his complaint to Sir *John Cutler*, a rich miſer, of the diſorder of his affairs, and aſked him

what he ſhould do to prevent the ruin of his eſtate? "*Live as I do, my Lord,*" ſaid Sir John. "*That* "*I can do,*" anſwered the Duke, "*when I am* "*ruined.*"

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21. At another time a perſon, who had been a dependent on his Grace, begged his intereſt for him at court; and to preſs the thing more home upon the Duke, ſaid, he had nobody to depend upon but God and his Grace. "*Then,*" ſays the Duke, "*you are in a miſerable way; for you could not* "*have pitched upon any two who have leſs inte-* "*reſt at court.*"

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22. A lady being aſked how ſhe liked a gentleman's ſinging, who had a very ſtinking breath; "*The words are good,*" ſaid ſhe, "*but the air is* "*intolerable.*"

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23. A pragmatical young fellow, ſitting at table over againſt the learned *John Scot*, aſked him, what difference there was between *Scot* and *ſot?* "*Juſt the breadth of the table,*" anſwered the other.

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24. Sir *Thomas More* for a long time having only *daughters*, his wife prayed earneſtly that they might have a *boy*; at laſt they had a *boy*, who, when he came to a man's eſtate, proved but ſimple; "*Thou pray'dſt ſo long for a boy,*" ſaid Sir Thomas to his wife, "*that at laſt thou haſt got* "*one, who will be a boy as long as he lives.*"

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25. This famous Chancellor, who preſerved his humour and wit to the laſt moment, when he came

to

to be executed on *Tower-hill*, the headſman demanded his *upper garment* as his fee: "*Ah! friend*," ſaid he, taking off his cap, "*that I think is my upper garment.*"

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26. The great *Algernon Sidney* ſeemed to ſhew as little concern at his death: he had, indeed, got ſome friends to intercede with the King for a pardon; but when it was told him, that his Majeſty could not be prevailed upon to give him his life; but that, in regard to his ancient and noble family, he would remit part of his ſentence, and only have his head cut off: "Nay," ſaid he, "*if his Majeſty is reſolved to have my head, he may make a whiſtle of my a— if he pleaſes.*"

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27. Lady *C———g* and her two daughters, having taken lodgings at a leather breeches maker's in *Piccadilly*, the ſign of the *cock* and *breeches*, was always put to the bluſh, when ſhe was obliged to give any body directions to her lodgings, the ſign being ſo odd: upon which my lady, ſending for her landlord, a jolly young fellow, told him, ſhe liked him and his lodgings very well, but muſt be forced to quit them on account of his ſign; for ſhe was aſhamed to tell any body what it was. "Oh dear madam!" ſaid the young fellow, "I would do anything rather than looſe ſuch good lodgers; I can eaſily take down my ſign:" "No," replied my lady; "I don't deſire that; *only take down your breeches, and let your cock ſtand.*"

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28. *Henry* the IV. of *France*, reading an oſtentatious inſcription on the monument of a *Spaniſh* officer, *Here lies the body of* Don, &c. &c. *who*

never knew what fear was. "Then," ſaid the King, "*he never ſnuffed a candle with his fingers.*"

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29. When Sir *Richard Steel* was fitting up his great room in York-buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened at a time to be pretty much behind hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to ſee how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the roſtrum, and make a ſpeech, that he might obſerve how it could be heard: the fellow mounting, and ſcratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to ſay, for in truth he was no orator. "Oh!" ſaid the knight, "no matter for that, ſpeak any thing "that comes uppermoſt." "*Why here*, Sir Ri-"chard," ſays the fellow, "*we have been work-*"*ing for you theſe ſix weeks, and cannot get one* "*penny of money. Pray, Sir, when do you deſign* "*to pay us?*" "Very well, very well," ſaid Sir *Richard*, "pray come down, I have heard "enough, *I cannot but own you ſpeak very diſ-*"*tinctly, though I don't admire your ſubject.*"

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30. A country clergyman meeting a neighbour who never came to church, although an old fellow of above ſixty, he gave him ſome reproof on that account, and aſked him if he never read at home? "No," replied the clown, "I can't read:" "I dare ſay," ſaid the parſon, "you don't know "who made you?" "Not I, in truth," cried the countryman. A little boy coming by at the ſame time, "Who made you, child?" ſaid the parſon. "God, Sir," anſwered the boy. "Why, "look you there," quoth the clergyman; "are "not you aſhamed to hear a child of five or ſix "year

" years old tell me who made him, when you, that " are ſo old a man, cannot?" " *Ah!*" ſaid the countryman, " *it is no wonder that he ſhould* " *remember; he was made but t'other day: it* " *is a great while meaſter ſin I was made.*"

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31. A certain reverend drone in the country was complaining to another, that it was great fatigue to preach twice a day. " *Oh!*" ſaid the other, " *I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing* " *of it.*"

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32. Another preaching a very dull ſermon to a congregation not uſed to him, many of them ſlunk out of the church, one after another, before the ſermon was near ended. " *Truly,*" ſaid a gentleman preſent, " *this learned doctor has made a very* " *moving diſcourſe.*"

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33. A certain ſenator, who is not the wiſeſt man in the houſe, has a frequent cuſtom of ſhaking his head, when another ſpeaks; which giving offence to a particular perſon, he complained of the indignity ſhewn to him: but one who had been acquainted with the firſt gentleman from a child, as he told the houſe, aſſured them, that it was only an ill habit that he had got, *for though he would ſhake his head, there was nothing in it.*

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34. A *French* Marquis, being one day at dinner at the late *Roger Williams's*, the famous punſter and publican, was boaſting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the fine modes and faſhions, particularly the *ruffle*, which, he ſaid, *was a fine ornament to a hand, and had been followed*

by all de other nation. Roger allowed what he ſaid, but obſerved at the ſame time, *that the Engliſh, according to cuſtom, had made a great improvement upon their invention, by adding the ſhirt to the ruffle.*

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35. A young gentleman playing at queſtions and commands with ſome very pretty young ladies, was commanded to take off a garter from one of them; but ſhe, as ſoon as he had laid hold of her petticoats, ran away into the next room, where was a bed: "Now madam," ſaid he, tripping up her heels, "*I bar ſqueaking.*" "*Bar the door, you fool,*" cried ſhe.

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36. A very modeſt young gentleman of the county of *Tipperary*, having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at laſt was reſolved to try what could be done by the help of muſic, and therefore entertained her with a ſerenade under her window at midnight; but ſhe ordered her ſervants to drive him thence by throwing ſtones at him: "*Oh! my friend,*" ſaid one of his companions, "*your muſic is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very ſtones about you.*"

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37. Some unlucky boys, the ſcholars of Dr. *Buſby* at *Weſtminſter*, beſmeared the ſtairs leading to the ſchool with ſomething that ſhall be nameleſs: the doctor, as it was deſigned, befouled his fingers very much in it, which ſo enraged him, that he cried out, he would give any boy half a crown, that would diſcover who had a hand in it: Upon which an arch boy immediately told him,

for

for that reward he would let him know who had a hand in it; "Well," ſaid the doctor, "I will "certainly give you the half-crown if you tell me "the truth." "*Why then,*" anſwered the boy, "*you had a hand in it, or it would not have been* "*ſo beſh—t.*"

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38. A young gentleman, of a very good family, who had only a pair of colours in the guards, had been for ſome time in vain ſoliciting for a company; till happening to be in a viſit, where her late Grace of *Marlborough* had met with an indelible diſgrace, by accidently breaking wind backwards, if our bold ſon of *Mars* had not, with great gallantry, taken the ſhame upon himſelf, and aſked a thouſand pardons for the pretended offence he had committed, which quite freed her from the leaſt ſuſpicion of it; her Grace was ſo charmed with the preſence of mind, and polite manner in which the young enſign had brought her off, that ſhe never let my Lord Duke reſt, till he had given him the company he wanted; and upon delivering his commiſſion to him, "*You find, Colonel,*" ſaid ſhe, "*it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.*"

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39. A very harmleſs Iriſhman, eating an apple-pye with ſome quinces in it, "*Arrah now, dear* "*honey,*" ſaid he "*if a few of theſe quinces give* "*ſuch a flavour, how would an apple-pye taſte* "*made all of quinces?*"

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40. An *Engliſh* gentleman aſked Sir *Richard Steele*, who was an *Iriſhman*, what was the reaſon that his countrymen were ſo remarkable for blundering and making bulls? "*Faith,*" ſaid the

knight, "*I believe there is ſomething in the* "*air of Ireland*; *and I dare ſay, if an Engliſh-* "*man was born there he would do the ſame.*"

41. A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a perſon whoſe promiſes he had not much faith in, was very much ſurpriſed to find that he very punctually kept his word with him; the ſame gentleman being ſome time after deſirous of borrowing a larger ſum, "*No,*" ſaid the other, "*you have deceived me once, and I am reſolved* "*you ſhall not do it the ſecond time.*"

42. A country parſon having divided his text under two and twenty heads; one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour, pulling him by the ſleeve, aſked him whither he was going? "*Home for* "*my night cap,*" anſwered the firſt; "*for I find* "*we are to ſtay here all night.*"

43. Old *Denis*, who had been the author of many plays, going by a *brandy ſhop* in St. *Paul's* church-yard; the man who kept it came out to him, and deſired the favour of him to drink a dram. "For what reaſon?" ſaid he. "Becauſe you are "a *Dramatick* poet," anſwered the other. "Well, "thou art an out of the way fellow," ſaid the old gentleman, "and I will drink a dram with thee." But when he had ſo done, the man aſked him to pay for it: "'Sdeath, Sir," ſaid the bard, "did "you not aſk me to drink a dram, becauſe I was "a *Dramatick* poet?" "*Yes, Sir,*" replied the fellow, "*but I did not think you had been a* "*Dram o'tick poet.*"

44. *Daniel*

44. *Daniel Purcel*, the famous punſter, and a friend of his, meeting, and having a deſire to drink a glaſs of wine together, upon the 30th of *January*, King *Charles's* martyrdom, they went to the *Salutation* Tavern on *Holborn Hill*, and finding the door ſhut, they knocked at it, but it was not opened to them; only one of the drawers looked through a little wicket, and aſked, what they would pleaſe to have? "Why, open your door," ſaid *Daniel*, "and draw us a pint of wine:" the drawer ſaid, his maſter would not allow of it that day, for it was a *faſt*. "*D—mn your maſter*," replied he, "*for a preciſe coxcomb; is he not contented to faſt* "*himſelf, but he muſt make his doors faſt too?*"

45. The ſame gentleman, as he had the character of a great punſter, was deſired one night in company, by a gentleman, to make a *pun-extempore*. "Upon what ſubject?" ſaid *Daniel*. "The *King*," anſwered the other. "*Oh, Sir*" ſaid he, "*the King is no ſubject.*"

46. An *Iriſh* lawyer of the *Temple*, having occaſion to go to dinner, left the directions in his key hole. "*Gone to the* Elephant *and* Caſtle, *where* "*you will find me; and if you cannot read this,* "*carry it to the ſtationer, and he will read it for* "*you.*"

47. The ſame gentleman had a client of his own country who was a ſailor, and having been at ſea for ſome time, his wife was married again in his abſence, ſo he was reſolved to proſecute her; and coming to adviſe with the counſellor, he told him he muſt have witneſſes to prove that he was alive when his

his wife married again. "Arrah, by my ſhoul, but "that ſhall be impoſſible," ſaid the other; "for my "ſhip mates are all gone to ſea again, upon a long "voyage, and ſhan't return this twelve month." "*Oh then,*" anſwered the counſellor, "*there can* "*be nothing done in it; and what a pity it is* "*that ſuch a brave cauſe ſhould be loſt now, only* "*becauſe you cannot prove yourſelf to be alive.*"

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48. Poor *Joe Miller* happening one day to be caught by one of his friends in a very familiar poſture with a cook wench, who was exceeding ugly, was pretty much rallied by them for the oddneſs of his fancy. "Why, look ye, gentlemen," *ſaid he,* "although I am not a very young fellow, I have a "good conſtitution, and *am not, I thank heaven,* "reduced *yet either to beauty or brandy to whet* "*my appetite.*"

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49. Mr. *Congreve* going up the water in a boat, one of the waterman told him, as they paſſed by Peterborough Houſe, at Mill-bank, "that that "houſe had ſunk a ſtory." "No friend" ſays he, "*I rather believe it is a ſtory raiſed.*"

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50. *Swan*, the famous punſter of *Cambriage*, being a nonjuror, upon which account he had loſt his fellowſhip, as he was going along the *Strand*, in the beginning of King *William's* reign, on a very rainy day, a hackney coachman called to him, "Sir, won't you pleaſe to take a coach, it rains "hard?" "*Ay friend,*" ſaid he, "*but this is* "*no rain* (reign) *for me to take coach in.*"

51 When *Oliver* firſt coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inſcription on one ſide, *God with us*; on the other, *The Common-wealth of England.* "I ſee, *ſaid he* "God and the Common-wealth are on *dif-* "*ferent* ſides."

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52. Colonel *Bond*, who had been one of King *Charles* the Firſt's judges, died a day or two before *Oliver*, and it was ſtrongly reported every where that *Cromwell* was dead; "*No*," ſaid a gentleman who knew better, "*he has only given* "*bond to the devil for his further appearance.*"

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53. My Lord *Stangford*, who ſtammered very much, was telling a certain biſhop that ſat at his table, "that *Balaam's* aſs ſpoke, becauſe he was prie——eſt——prieſt-rid." "Sir," ſaid a valet de chambre, who ſtood behind the chair, "My lord, "would ſay—" "*No friend*," replied the biſhop, "*Balaam could not ſpeak himſelf, and ſo his* aſs "*ſpoke for him.*"

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54. The ſame noble Lord aſked a clergyman once, at the bottom of his table, "why the *gooſe*, if "there was one, was always placed next to the "parſon?" "Really," ſaid he, "I can give no "reaſon for it; but your queſtion is ſo odd, that "I ſhall never ſee a *gooſe*, for the future, without "thinking of your *Lordſhip*."

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55. Colonel ——, who made the fine fireworks in St. *James's Square*, upon the peace of *Ryſwick*, being in company with ſome ladies, was highly admiring

miring the epitaph juſt then ſet up in the abbey on Mr. *Purcel's* monument:

" *He is gone to that place, where only his own* har-
" mony *can be exceeded.*"

Lord! Colonel, ſaid one of the ladies, the ſame epitaph might ſerve for you, by altering one word only:

" *He is gone to that place, where only his own* fireworks *can be exceeded.*

56. After the fire of London, there was an act of parliament to regulate the buildings of the city; every houſe was to be *three ſtories* high, and there were to be no balconies backwards; a Glouceſterſhire gentleman, a man of great wit and humour, juſt after this act paſſed, going along the ſtreet, and ſeeing a little crooked gentlewoman on the other ſide of the way, he runs over to her in great haſte; " Lord! madam," ſaid he, " how dare you walk " thus publicly in the ſtreets?" " Walk pub-" licly in the ſtreets! and why not, pray Sir?" anſwered the little woman, " *Becauſe,*" ſaid he, " *you are built directly contrary to act of parlia-* " *ment; you are but two ſtories high, and your* " *balcony hangs over your houſe of office.*"

57. One *Mr. Topham* who was uncommonly tall, going one day to inquire for a countryman, a little way out of town, when he came to the houſe, he looked in at a little window over the door, and aſked the woman who ſat by the fire, " If her huſ-" band was at home?" " *No, Sir,* ſaid ſhe, *but if*

" *you*

" *you pleaſe to alight, and come in, I'll go and call* " *him.*"

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58. The ſame gentleman walking acroſs *Covent-Garden*, was aſked by a beggar woman for a half-penny or farthing; but finding he would not part with his money, ſhe begged for Chriſt's ſake, he would give her one of his old ſhoes. He was very deſirous to know what ſhe could do with one *ſhoe*; " *To make my child a cradle, Sir,*" ſaid ſhe.

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59. King *Charles* II. having ordered a new ſuit of cloaths to be made, juſt at a time when addreſſes were coming up to him from all parts of the kingdom. *Tom Killigrew* went to the taylor, and ordered him to make a very large pocket on one ſide of the coat, and one ſo ſmall on the other that the King could hardly get his hand into it; which, ſeeming very odd, when they were brought home, the King aſked the meaning of it; the taylor ſaid, *Mr. Killigrew* ordered it ſo. *Killigrew* being ſent for, and interrogated, ſaid " *One pocket was* " *for the addreſſes of his Majeſty's ſubjects, the* " *other for the money they would give him.*"

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60. *Tom Burnet* happening to be at dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter part of Queen *Anne*'s reign, after two or three healths the miniſtry was toaſted, but when it came to Tom's turn to drink, he diverted it for ſome time, by telling a ſtory to the perſon who ſat next him: the chief magiſtrate of the city, not ſeeing his toaſt go round, called out, "Gentlemen, where ſticks the miniſtry?" " *At nothing, by G—d,*" ſays Tom, and ſo drank off his glaſs.

61. My

61. My Lord *Craven*, in King *James* the First's reign, was very desirous to see *Ben Johnson*, which being told to Ben, he went to my Lord's house; but being in a very tattered condition, as poets sometimes are, the porter refused him admittance, with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My Lord, happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it? Ben, who stood in need of nobody to speak for him, said, "He understood his Lordship de-"sired to see him." "You friend," said my Lord, "who are you?" "Ben Johnson," replied the other; "no, no," quoth his Lordship, "you "cannot be Ben Johnson who wrote the *Silent* "*Woman*; you look as if you could not say *bo* to "a goose:" "*Bo*," cried Ben. "Very well," said my Lord, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront; "I am now convinced "by your wit, you are Ben Johnson."

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62. Dr. *Radloe*, who was a man of an enormous size, happening to go *thump thump*, with his great legs through a street in *Oxford*, where the paviours were at work, in the middle of *July*, the fellows immediately laid down their rammers. "*Ah!* "*God bless you, master*, cries one of them, *it was* "*very kind of you to come this way, it saves us a* "*great deal of trouble this hot weather.*"

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63. A person who, though very rich, was remarkable for his sordid covetousness, told *Cibber* one night in the *green-room*, that he was going out of town, and was sorry to part with him, for "*faith* "*he loved him.*" "*Ah!*" said Colley, "*I wish* "*I was a shilling for your sake;*" "Why so," said

ſaid the other; "*becauſe then*," cried the Laureat, "*I ſhould be ſure you loved me.*"

64. Mr. Sergeant *Gardner*, being *lame* of one leg, and pleading before the late Judge Forteſque, who had little or no *noſe*, the judge told him, "He "was afraid he had but a *lame* cauſe of it." "Oh! my Lord," *ſaid the Serjeant*, "have but "a little patience, and I'll warrant I prove every "thing as plain as the *noſe* on your face."

65. A certain *Roman Catholic* Lord having renounced the *Popiſh* religion, was aſked not long after, by a Proteſtant Peer, "Whether the mini- "ſters of ſtate or the miniſters of the goſpel, had "the greateſt ſhare in his converſion?" To which he replied, "That when he renounced popery, he "had alſo renounced auricular confeſſion."

66. *Michael Angelo*, in his picture of the laſt judgment, in the pope's chapel, painted among the figures in hell that of a certain cardinal, who was his enemy, ſo like, that every body knew it at firſt ſight; whereupon the cardinal complaining to Pope Clement the VII. of the affront, and deſiring it might be defaced; "You know very well," ſaid the Pope, "*I have power to deliver a ſoul out of* "*purgatory, but not out of hell.*"

67. A certain author was telling *George Sewel*, that a paſſage he found fault with in his poem might be juſtified, and that he thought it a *metaphor*; "It is ſuch a one then," ſaid the doctor, "as truly I never *met a fore*."

68. Two *Oxford* ſcholars meeting on the road with a Yorkſhire oſtler, they fell to bantering him, and told the fellow, that they would prove him to be a *horſe* or an *aſs*. "Well," ſaid the oſtler, "and I can prove your ſaddle to be a *mule*." "A "mule!" cried one of them, "how can that be?" "*Becauſe*," ſaid the oſtler, "*it is ſomething be-* "*tween a horſe and an aſs.*"

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69. A ſhip being in great danger at ſea, every body was obſerved to be upon their knees but one man, who being called upon to come with the reſt to prayers: "*Not I*," ſaid he; "*it is your bu-* "*neſs to take care of the ſhip, I'm but a paſſenger.*"

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70. A certain lady at Whitehall, of great quality, but very little modeſty, having ſent for a linen-draper to bring her ſome Hollands; as ſoon as the young fellow entered the room, "*Oh, Sir*," ſaid ſhe, "*I find you are a man fit for buſineſs*; "*for you no ſooner look a lady in the face, but* "*you've the yard in one hand, and are lifting up* "*the linen with the other.*"

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71. A country farmer going acroſs his grounds in the duſk of the evening, eſpied a young fellow and a laſs very buſy near a five bar gate, in one of his fields, and calling to them to know what they were about; ſaid the young man, "*No harm farmer, we are only going to* prop a gate."

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72. King *Henry* VIII. deſigning to ſend a nobleman on an embaſſy to *Francis* I. at a very dangerous juncture, he begged to be excuſed, ſaying, "ſuch a threatening meſſage to ſo hot a prince as "*Francis*

" *Francis* I. might go near to coſt him his life." " Fear not," ſaid old *Harry*, " if the French King " ſhould offer to take away your life, I would re- " venge you by taking off the heads of many " Frenchmen now in my power." " *But of all theſe* " *heads*," replied the nobleman, " *there may not be* " *one to fit my ſhoulders.*"

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73. A prince laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed in ſeveral embaſſies, told him, he looked like an owl. " *I know not*," anſwered the courtier, " *what I look like; but this I* " *know, that I have had the honour ſeveral times,* " *to repreſent your Majeſty.*"

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74. A country fellow, who was juſt come up to London, gaping about in every ſhop he came to, at laſt looked into a ſcrivener's, where ſeeing only one man ſitting at a deſk, he could not imagine what commodity was ſold there; but calling to the clerk, " Pray, Sir," ſaid he, " what do you ſell here?" " *Loggerheads*," cried the other. " *Do you*," anſwered the countryman, " *Egad then you've ſpe-* " *cial trade, for I ſee you have but one left.*"

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75. *Manners*, who was himſelf but lately made Earl of *Rutland*, told Sir *Thomas More*, " He was " too much elated by his preferment; that he ve- " rified the old proverb,

" *Honores mutant Mores.*"

" No, my Lord," ſaid Sir *Thomas*, " the pun " will do much better in *Engliſh*,

" *Honours change Manners.*"

76. A poor

76. A poor dirty ſhoe boy going into a church one Sunday evening, and ſeeing the pariſh boys ſtanding in a row upon a bench to be catechized, he gets up himſelf, and ſtands in the very firſt place; ſo the parſon, of courſe, beginning with him, aſked him, "What is your name?" "*Rugged and* "*tough*," anſwered he: "Who gave you that "name?" ſays Domine, "*Why, the boys in our* "*alley*," replied he, "*the Lord d—mn them.*"

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77. A mayor of *Yarmouth*, in ancient times, being by his office a juſtice of the peace, and one who was willing to diſpenſe the laws wiſely, though he could hardly read, got him the ſtatute-book, where finding a law againſt *firing a beacon*, or cauſing any *beacon to be fired*, after nine of the o'clock at night; the poor man read it *frying bacon or cauſing any bacon to be fried*; and accordingly went out the next night upon the ſcent, and being directed by his noſe to the carrier's houſe, he found the man and his wife both *frying bacon*; the huſband holding the pan while the wife turned it; being thus caught in the fact, and having nothing to ſay for themſelves, his Worſhip committed them both to jail.

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78. A witty knave coming into a lace ſhop upon Ludgate-hill, ſaid, he had occaſion for a ſmall quantity of very fine lace, and having pitched upon that he liked, aſked the woman of the ſhop, how much ſhe would have for as much as would reach from one of his ears to the other; after ſome words they agreed, and he paid the money down, and began to meaſure, ſaying, "One of my ears is here, "and the other is nailed to the pillory in Briſtol,

"there.

" therefore I fear you have not enough to make " good your bargain: however, I will take this " piece in part, and desire you will provide the " rest with all expedition."

79. A prodigal gallant, whose penurious mother being lately dead, and had left him a plentiful estate, one day being upon his frolics, quarrelled with his coachman, and said, " You damn'd son of " a whore, I'll kick you into hell." " *Will you,*" replied the coachman, " *then when I come there,* " *I'll tell your mother how extravagantly you are* " *spending your estate upon earth.*"

80. A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom he applied himself, asked him a question in *Latin.* The fellow, shaking his head, said he did not understand him; " Why," said the gentleman, " did you not say " you were a poor scholar?" " *Yes,*" replied the other, " *a poor one indeed, sir, for I do not un-* " *derstand one word of Latin.*"

81. A lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed she was but *forty*, and called upon a gentleman who was in company for his opinion: " Cousin," said she, " do you believe I am in the " right, when I say I am but forty?" " *I am* " *sure, madam,*" replied he, " *I ought not to dis-* " *pute it; for I have constantly heard you say so* " *for above these ten years.*"

82. It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really Inch, who pretended it was Linch: " I see," said the judge, " the old " proverb

" proverb is verified in this man, who *being al-*
" *lowed an Inch, has taken an L.*"

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83. A lady coming into a room haſtily, with her mantua, bruſhed down a Cremona fiddle that lay on a chair, and broke it; on which a gentleman that was preſent, burſt into this exclamation from *Virgil:*

Mantua *me miſeram nimium vicina* Cremonæ.

84. A modeſt young gentlewoman being compelled by her mother to accuſe her huſband of inſufficiency, and being in the court, ſhe humbly deſired of the judge that ſhe might write her mind, and not be obliged to ſpeak it, for modeſty's ſake; the judge gave her that liberty, and the clerk was immediately ordered to give her pen, ink, and paper; whereupon ſhe took the pen without dipping it into the ink, and made as if ſhe would write. Says the clerk to her, "Madam there's no ink in " your pen." "*Truly, ſir,*" ſays ſhe, "*that is* " *juſt my caſe.*"

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85. A lieutenant colonel to one of the Iriſh regiments in the French ſervice, being diſpatched by the Duke of *Berwick*, from Fort Keil, to the king of France, with a complaint relating to ſome irregularities that had happened in the regiment; his majeſty, with ſome emotion of mind, told him that the Iriſh troops gave him more uneaſineſs than all his forces beſides. "*Sir,*" ſays the officer, "*all your* " *majeſty's enemies make the ſame complaint.*"

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86. A ſurgeon being ſent for to a gentleman who had juſt received a ſlight wound in a rencoun-

ter,

ter, gave orders to his ſervant to go home with all haſte imaginable, and fetch a certain plaiſter; the patient turning a little pale, "Lord ſir," ſaid he, "I hope there is no danger?" "*Yes, indeed is* "*there,*" anſwered the ſurgeon, "*for if the fel-* "*low don't ſet up a good pair of heels, the wound* "*will heal before he returns.*"

87. Not many years ago, a certain temporal peer having in a moſt pathetic and elegant ſpeech, expoſed the vices and irregularities of the clergy, and vindicated the gentlemen of the army from ſome imputations unjuſtly thrown upon them: a prelate, irritated at the nature, as well as the length of the ſpeech, deſired to know when the noble lord would give over preaching? The other anſwered, "*The* "*very day he was made a biſhop.*"

88. It chanced that a merchant was ſo violently toſſed in a ſtorm at ſea, that all deſpairing of ſafety, betook themſelves to prayer, ſaving one mariner, who was ever wiſhing to ſee two ſtars: "O!" ſaid he, "that I could ſee two ſtars, or but one of the "two;" and of theſe words he made ſo frequent repetition, that, diſturbing the meditations of the reſt, at length one aſked him, What two ſtars, or what one ſtar he meant? To whom he replied, "*O! that I could but ſee the ſtar in Cheapſide, or* "*the ſtar at Coleman Street, I care not which.*"

89. A young fellow in the country, after having an affair with a girl in the neighbourhood, cried, "What ſhall we do Beſs, if you prove with child?" "*O! very well,*" ſaid ſhe, "*for I'm to be mar-* "*ried to-morrow.*"

90. A gentleman in the country having the misfortune to have his wife hang herſelf on an apple-tree; a neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give him a ſcion of that tree that he might graft it upon one in his own orchard: "*For "who knows,*" ſaid he, "*but it may bear the "ſame fruit.*"

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91. A gentlewoman who thought her ſervants always cheated her when they went to Billingſgate to buy fiſh, was reſolved to go thither one day herſelf, and aſking the price of ſome fiſh, which ſhe thought too dear, ſhe bid the fiſh wife about half what ſhe aſked. "Lord, madam," ſaid the woman, "I muſt have ſtole it to ſell it at that price; but "you ſhall have it, if you will tell me what you "do to make your hands look ſo white." "Nothing, good woman," anſwered the gentlewoman, "but wear dog-ſkin gloves." "*D—mn you "for a lying b—h,*" replied another, "*for my "huſband has worn dog-ſkin breeches theſe ten "years, and his a— is as brown as a nutmeg.*"

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92. Dr. Heylin, a noted author, eſpecially for his coſmography, happening one day to loſe his way going to Oxford, in the foreſt of Whichwood, being then attended by one of his brother's men, the man earneſtly entreated him to lead the way; but the doctor telling him he did not know it; "*How!*" ſaid the fellow, "*that's very ſtrange, that you who "have made a book of the whole world, cannot "find the way in this little wood.*"

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93. A melting ſermon being preached in a country church. all fell a weeping but one man, who be-

ing aſked why he did not weep with the reſt? "Oh!" ſaid he, "I belong to another pariſh."

94. A gentlewoman growing big with child, who had two galliants, one of them with a wooden leg, the queſtion was put which of the two ſhould father the child. He who had the wooden leg, offered to decide it thus: "*If the child,*" ſays he, "*comes* "*into the world with a wooden leg, I will father* "*it; if not, it muſt be yours.*"

95. A gentleman who had been out aſhooting, brought home a ſmall bird with him, and having an Iriſh ſervant, he aſked him, if he had ſhot that little bird? Yes, he told him. "*Arrah! by my* "*ſhoul, honey,*" replied the Iriſhman, "*it was* "*not worth powder and ſhot; for this little thing* "*would have died in the fall.*"

96. The ſame Iriſhman being at a tavern where the cook was dreſſing ſome carp, he obſerved that ſome of the fiſh moved after they were gutted and put into the pan, which very much ſurpriſed teague: "*Well now, faith,*" ſaid he, "*of all the chriſtian* "*creatures that ever I ſaw, this ſame carp will* "*live the longeſt after it is dead.*"

97. A gentleman happening to turn up againſt a houſe to make water, did not ſee two young ladies looking out of a window cloſe by, until he heard them gigling; then looking towards them, he aſked what made them ſo merry? "*O! Lord,*" ſaid one of them, "*a very little thing will make us laugh.*"

98. A young fellow riding down a ſteep hill,

and doubting the foot of it was boggiſh, called out to a clown that was ditching, and aſked him if it was hard at the bottom. "Ay," anſwered the countryman, "it is hard enough at the bottom, "I'll warrant you;" but in half a dozen ſteps the horſe ſunk up to the ſaddle ſkirts, which made the young gallant whip, ſpur, curſe, and ſwear. "Why thou whore ſon raſcal," ſaid he to the ditcher, "didſt thou not tell me it was hard at the "bottom?" "*Ay*," replied the other, "*but "you are not half way to the bottom yet.*"

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99. It was ſaid of one that remembered every thing that he lent, but nothiug that he borrowed, *that he had loſt half of his memory.*

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100. An Engliſhman and a Welſhman diſputing in whoſe country was the beſt living: ſaid the Welchman, "there is ſuch noble houſe-keeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "*Ay*," anſwered the Engliſhman, "*that was becauſe every "man toaſted his own cheeſe.*"

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101. The late Sir *Godfrey Kneller* had always a great contempt for *Jervais* the painter; and being one day about twenty miles from London, one of his ſervants told him at dinner, that there was Mr. Jervais come that day into the ſame town with a coach and four. "*Ay*," ſaid Sir Godfrey, "*if "his horſes draw no better than himſelf, I am "afraid they'll never carry him to town again.*"

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102. A gentleman aſked *Nanny Rochford*, why the *Whigs*, in their mourning for Queen *Anne*, wore

wore all ſilk ſtockings? "*Becauſe*," ſaid ſhe, "*the tories were* worſted."

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103. The famous *Tom Thyme*, who was remarkable for his good houſe-keeping and hoſpitality, ſtanding one day at his gate in the country, a beggar coming up to him, cried, he begged his worſhip would give him a mug of ſmall beer. "*Why, how* "*now*," ſaid he, "*what times are theſe, when* "*beggars muſt be chooſers! I ſay, bring this fel-* "*low a mug of ſtrong beer.*"

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104. It was ſaid of a perſon, who always eat at other people's tables, and was a great railer, *that he never opened his mouth but to ſomebody's coſt.*

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105. A gentleman ſpeaking of his ſervant, ſaid, "*I believe I command more than any man; for* "*before my ſervant will obey me in any thing, I* "*muſt command him ten times over.*"

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106. A poor fellow, who was carrying to execution, had a reprieve juſt as he came to the gallows, and was carried back by a ſheriff's officer, who told him, he was a happy fellow, and aſked him, if he knew nothing of the reprieve before hand? "*No*," replied the fellow, "*nor thought* "*any more of it than I did of my dying day.*"

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107. A Spaniſh lady reading in a French romance, a long converſation betwixt two lovers; "*What a deal of wit*," ſaid ſhe, "*is here thrown* "*away, when two lovers are got together by* "*themſelves, and no body by.*"

108. Two very honeſt gentlemen, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the ſtreet, one aſked the other, how the devil he could afford to underſell him every where as he did, when he ſtole the ſtuff, and made the brooms himſelf? "*Why, you "filly dog,*" anſwered the other, "*I ſteal them "ready made.*"

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109. An Iriſhman, admiring the ſtately fabric of St. *Paul's*, aſked, *Whether it was made in England, or brought from beyond ſea?*

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110. A lady, who had generally a pretty many intrigues upon her hands, not liking her brother's extravagant paſſion for play, aſked him, when he deſigned to leave off gaming? "*When you ceaſe "whoring,*" ſaid he. "*Then,*" replied the lady, "*you are likely to continue a gameſter as long as you "live.*"

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111. The *Trojans* ſending ambaſſadors to condole with *Tiberius*, on the death of his father in law *Auguſtus*, it was ſo long after, that the Emperor hardly thought it a compliment; but told them he was likewiſe ſorry that they had loſt ſo valiant a knight as Hector, who was ſlain above a thouſand years before.

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112. A braggadocio chancing upon an occaſion to run away full ſpeed, was aſked by one, what was become of that courage he uſed ſo much to talk of. "*It is got,*" ſaid he, "*all into my heels.*"

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113. A profligate young nobleman, being in company with ſome ſober people, deſired leave to toaſt

toaſt the devil. The gentleman who ſat next to him ſaid, *he had no objection to any of his Lordſhip's friends.*

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114. A gentleman ſaid of a young wench, who conſtantly plied about the Temple, that if ſhe had as much law in her *head*, as in her *tail*, ſhe would be one of the ableſt counſel in England.

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115. Some gentlemen going into a bawdy houſe near *Charing Croſs*, found great fault with the wine, and ſending for the maſter of the houſe, told him it was ſad ſtuff, and very *weak*. "*It may be* "*ſo*," ſaid he, "*for my trade don't depend upon* "*the ſtrength of my wine, but on that of my tables* "*and chairs.*"

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116. The late Colonel *Chartres* told a certain nobleman, that if ſuch a thing as a good name was to be purchaſed, he would freely give 10,000 pound for one. The nobleman ſaid, it would certainly be the worſt money he ever laid out in his life. "Why ſo?" ſaid the colonel. "*Becauſe*," anſwered the lord, "*you would forfeit it again in* "*leſs than a week.*"

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117. A needy, poor, half-pay captain, who was much given to blabbing every thing he heard, was told, there was but one ſecret in the world he could keep, and that was *where he lodged.*

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118. A lady of quality, ſending her *Iriſh* footman to fetch home a pair of new ſtays, ſtrictly charged him to take a coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them; but a great ſhower of rain falling, the

the fellow returned with the ſtays dropping wet; and being ſeverely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he ſaid, he had obeyed his orders. "How then," anſwered the lady, "could the "ſtays be wet, if you took them into the coach "with you? "*No, no*," replied *Teague*, "*I* "*know my place better. I did not go into the* "*coach, but rode behind, as I always uſed to do.*"

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119. *Tom Warner*, the late publiſher of newſ. papers and pamphlets, being very near his end, a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood ſending her maid to inquire how he did, he bid the girl tell her miſtreſs, that he hoped he was going to the *New Jeruſalem.* "*Ay, dear Sir*," ſaid ſhe, "*I* "*dare ſay the air of* Iſlington *would do you more* "*good.*"

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120. A perſon ſaid, the Engliſh were certainly the beſt trained up for ſoldiers of any people in the world; for they began to *handle their arms* almoſt as ſoon as they were born.

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121. A woman once proſecuted a gentleman for a rape; upon the trial, the judge aſked if ſhe made any reſiſtance? "*I cried* out an pleaſe you, my "Lord." "*Ay*," ſaid one of the witneſſes, "*but that was nine months after.*"

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122. A young lady, who had been married but a ſhort time, ſeeing her huſband going to riſe pretty early in the morning, ſaid, "What, my dear, are "you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer, "and reſt yourſelf." "*No my dear*," replied the huſband, "*I'll get up, and reſt myſelf.*"

123.

123. A *Weſtminſter* Juſtice, taking coach in the city, and being ſet down at Young Man's coffee-houſe, *Charing Croſs*, the driver demanded eighteen-pence as his fare. The juſtice aſked him, if he would ſwear that the ground came to the money. The man ſaid, he would take his oath on't. The juſtice replied, "*Friend, I am a magiſtrate*;" and pulling the book out of his pocket, adminiſtered the oath, and then gave the fellow his ſixpence, ſaying, *he muſt reſerve the ſhilling to himſelf for the affidavit.*"

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124. The late earl of S———— kept an *Iriſh* footman, who perhaps was as expert in making bulls as the moſt learned of his countrymen. My Lord having ſent him one day with a preſent to a certain judge, the judge in return ſent my Lord half a dozen live partridges with a letter; the partridges fluttering in the baſket upon Teague's back, as he was carrying them home, he ſet down the baſket, and opened the lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away: "Oh! the devil burn "ye," ſaid he, "I am glad you are gone;" but when he came home, and my Lord had read the letter: "Why Teague," ſaid my Lord, "I find there "are half a dozen partridges in the letter;" "*Now, arrah, dear honey*," ſaid Teague, "*I "am glad you have found them in the letter; for "they are all loſt out of the baſket.*"

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125. A drunken fellow carrying his wife's bible to pawn for a quartern of gin to the alehouſe, the man of the houſe refuſed to take it. "*What a "pox*," ſaid the fellow, "*will neither my word, "nor the word of God paſs with you?*"

126. When Mrs. Rogers the actreſs was young and handſome, a nobleman uſed to dangle after her; and one night being behind the ſcenes, ſtanding with his arms folded in the poſture of a deſponding lover, aſked her, with a ſigh; what was a cure for love? "*Your Lordſhip*," ſaid ſhe, "*the beſt in* "*the world.*"

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127. A young fellow, praiſing his miſtreſs before a very amorous acquaintance of his, after having run through moſt of her charms, he came at length to her majeſtic gait, fine air, and delicate ſlender waiſt; "Hold," ſays his friend, "go no "lower if you love me." "*But by your leave*," ſays the other, "*I hope to go lower, if ſhe loves* "*me.*"

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128. The old Lord *Strangford*, taking a bottle with the parſon of the pariſh, was commending his own wine: "Here, doctor," ſaid he, "I can "ſend a couple of ho ho hounds to Fra Fra France "(for his Lordſhip had a great impediment in his "ſpeech) and have a ho ho hogs head of wine for "them; what do you ſay to that, doctor?" "Why," replied he, "I ſay, that your Lordſhip "has wine *dog cheap.*"

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129. The famous Sir *George Rooke* when he was a captain of marines, was quartered at a village where he buried a pretty many of his men; at length the parſon refuſed to perform the ceremony of their interment any more, unleſs he was paid for it; which being told Captain Rooke, he ordered ſix men of his company to carry the corpſe of the ſoldier then dead, and lay him upon the parſon's hall

hall table. This ſo embarraſſed the prieſt, that he ſent the captain word, if he would fetch the man away, *he would bury him and all his company for nothing.*

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180. A reverend and charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he reſided, cauſed a large cauſeway to be begun; and as he was one day overlooking the work, a certain nobleman came by; "Well, doctor," ſaid he, "for all your great "pains and charity, I don't take this to be the "highway to Heaven." "*Very true, my Lord,*" replied the doctor, "*for if it had I ſhould have* "*wondered to have met your Lordſhip here.*"

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181. A Welſhman and an Engliſhman vapouring one day at the fruitfulneſs of their countries, the Engliſhman ſaid, there was a cloſe near the town where he was born, which was ſo very fertile, that if a *kiloo* was thrown in over night, it would be ſo covered with graſs, that it ſhould be difficult to find it the next day. "*Splut,*" ſays the Welſhman, "*what's that? There's a cloſe where hur was* "*born, where you may put your horſe in over night,* "*and not be able to find him next morning.*"

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182. A country fellow in King *Charles* the Second's time, ſelling his load of hay in the Hay-market, two gentlemen who came out of the Blue Poſts were talking of affairs; one ſaid, that things did not go right, the King had been at the houſe, and prorogued the Parliament. The countryman coming home, was aſked, "What news in Lon-"don?" "*Odd's heart,*" ſaid he, "*there's*

"*ſome-*

" *ſomething to do there ; the King has, it ſeems, be-*
" *rogued the Parliament.*"

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133. A wild young gentleman having married a very diſcreet, virtuous young lady, the better to reclaim him, ſhe cauſed it to be given out, at his return from his travels, that ſhe was dead, and had been buried ? in the mean time, ſhe had ſo placed herſelf in diſguiſe, as to be able to obſerve how he took the news ; and finding him ſtill the ſame gay, inconſtant man he always had been, ſhe appeared to him as the ghoſt of herſelf, at which he ſeemed not at all diſmayed ; at length, diſcloſing herſelf to him, he then appeared pretty much ſurprized; a perſon who ſtood by, ſaid, " Why, Sir, you ſeem " more afraid now than before." " *Ay*," replied he, " *moſt men are more afraid of a living wife* " *than of a dead one.*"

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134. An under officer of the cuſtoms at the port of Liverpool, running heedleſsly along the ſhip's gunnel, happened to tip overboard, and was drowned ; being ſoon after taken up, the coroner's jury was ſummoned to ſit upon the body : one of the jurymen returning home, was called to by an alderman of the town, and aſked what verdict they brought in, and whether they found it *felo de ſe?* " *Ay, ay*," ſays the juryman, ſhaking his noddle, " *he fell into the ſea ſure enough.*"

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135. Two brothers coming once to be executed for ſome enormous crime, the eldeſt was turned off firſt, without ſpeaking one word ; the other mounting the ladder began to harangue the crowd, whoſe

whoſe ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting ſome confeſſion from him. "Good people," ſays he, "my brother hangs before my face, and "you ſee what a lamentable ſpectacle he makes; "in a few moments I ſhall be turned off too, and "then you will ſee *a pair of ſpectacles.*"

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136. A ſailor coming to ſee another on pay day, deſired to borrow twenty ſhillings of him. The monied man fell to telling out the ſum in ſhillings, but a half crown thruſting its head in, put him out, and he began to tell again; but then an impertinent crown piece was as officious as his half brother had been, and again interrupted the tale: ſo that taking up a handful of ſilver, he cried, "*Here,* "*Jack*; *give me a handful when your ſhip is paid,* "*what a pox ſignifies counting it?*"

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137. A young gentlewoman, who had married a very wild ſpark, that had run through a plentiful fortune, and was reduced to ſome ſtraits, was innocently ſaying to him one day, "My dear, I want "ſome ſhifts ſadly." "*D—me madam,*" replied he, "*how can that be, when we make ſo many* "*every day?*"

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138. A fellow once ſtanding on the pillory at *Temple Bar,* it occaſioned a ſtop, ſo that a carman with a load of cheeſes had much ado to paſs; and driving juſt up to the pillory, he aſked, "what "that was that was wrote over the perſon's head?" they told him it was a paper to ſignify his crime, that he ſtood there for forgery. "Ay," ſaid he, "What is forgery?" they anſwered him, that forgery was counterfeiting another's hand, with an in-

tent to cheat people; to which the carman replied, looking up at the offender, "*Oh, pox, this comes* "*of your reading and writing, you silly dog.*"

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139. When the Prince of Orange came over at the time of the Revolution, five of the seven bishops who were sent to the Tower declared for his Highness, but the two others would not come into measures; upon which, Dr. Dryden said, "*That* "*the* seven golden candlesticks *were sent to be a-*"*stayed in the Tower, and five of them proved to* "*be princes metal.*

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140. King Charles II. being in company with the Lord Rochester, and others of the nobility, who had been drinking the best part of the night, *Killigrew* came in. "Now," says the King, "we "shall hear of our faults: "*No, faith,*" says Killigrew, "*I don't care to trouble my head with that* "*which all the town talks of.*"

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141. A rich old miser finding himself very ill, sent for a parson to administer the last consolation of the church to him: whilst the ceremony was performing, old Gripewell falls into a fit: on his recovery, the doctor offered the chalice to him. "*In-*"*deed,*" cries he, "*I can't afford to lend you above* "*twenty shillings upon't; I can't upon my word.*"

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142. One who had been a very termigant wife, lying on her death bed, desired her husband, that as she had brought him a fortune, she might have liberty to make her will, for bestowing a few legacies to her relations. "*No, by G—d, madam,*" says he,

he, "*you have had your will all your life-time,* "*and now I will have mine.*"

143. When the Lord *Jefferies*, before he was judge, was pleading at the bar once, a country fellow giving evidence againſt his client, puſhed the matter very home on the ſide he ſwore of. Jefferies, after his uſual way, called out to the fellow, "Hark "you, you fellow in the leathern doublet, what "have you for ſwearing?" To which the countryman ſmartly replied, "*Faith, Sir, if you had no* "*more for lying than I have for ſwearing, you* "*might e'en wear a leather doublet too.*"

144. The ſame *Jefferies* afterwards, on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he ſuppoſed he had a conſcience as long as his beard. "*Does your Lordſhip,*" replied the old man, "*meaſure conſciences by beards? If ſo, your Lord-* "*ſhip has no conſcience at all.*"

145. *Apelles*, having drawn the picture of *Alexander the Great* on horſeback, brought it, and preſented it to the Prince; but he not beſtowing that praiſe on it which ſo excellent a piece deſerved, Apelles deſired a living horſe might be brought; who, moved by nature, fell a prancing and neighing as though it had been actually a living creature of the ſame ſpecies; whereupon Apelles told Alexander, "*That his horſe underſtood painting better* "*than himſelf.*"

146. An old gentleman, who had married a fine young lady, being terribly afraid of cuckoldom, took her to talk one day, and aſked her if ſhe had

conſidered what a crying ſin it was in a woman to cuckold her huſband? "Lord, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "what do you mean? I never had ſuch a thing in "my head, nor never will." "*No, no,*" replied he, "*I ſhall have it in my head, you will have it* "*ſomewhere elſe.*"

147. A certain lady, to excuſe herſelf for a frailty ſhe had lately fallen into, ſaid to an intimate friend of her's, "*Lord! how is it poſſible for a woman to* "*keep her cabinet unpicked, when every fellow* "*has got a key to it?*"

148. Mr. *Dryden* once at dinner being offered by a lady the rump of a fowl, and refuſing it, the lady ſaid, "Pray, Mr. Dryden, take it, the rump "is the beſt part of the fowl." "*Yes, Madam,*" ſaid he, "*and ſo I think it is of the fair.*"

149. An amorous young fellow making very warm addreſſes to a married woman: "Pray, Sir, "be quiet," ſaid ſhe, "I have a huſband that "won't thank you for making him a cuckold." "*No, Madam,*" replied he, "*but you will I* "*hope.*"

150. A vigorous young officer, who made love to a widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her faſt in his arms. "Hey-day!" ſaid ſhe, "what, do you fight after the French way, "take towns before you declare war?" "*No* "*faith,* Widow," ſaid he, "*but I ſhall be glad* "*to imitate them ſo far as to be in the middle of* "*the country before you could reſiſt me.*"

151. A wild gentleman having picked up his own wife in diſguiſe for a miſtreſs; the man, to keep his maſter in countenance, got to bed to the maid too. In the morning, when the affair was diſcovered, the fellow was obliged, in atonement for his offence, to make the girl amends by marrying her. "*Well,*" ſays he, "*little did my maſter* "*and I think laſt night that we were robbing* "*our own orchards.*"

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152. One ſeeing a kept whore, who made a very great figure, aſked, what eſtate ſhe had? "Oh!" ſays another, "*a very good eſtate in* "tail."

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153. In the great diſpute between *South and Sherlock*, the latter, who was a great courtier, ſaid, "His adverſary reaſoned well, but he barked like "a cur;" to which the other replied, "that "fawning was the property of a cur as well as "barking."

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154. One aſking a girl, if ſhe would have him? "*No John,*" ſays ſhe; "*but you may have me if* "*you will.*"

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155. A gentleman lying on his death bed, called to his coachman, who had been an old ſervant, and ſaid, "Ah, *Tom*, I am going a long and rugged "journey, worſe than ever ye drove me." "Oh, "dear Sir," replied the fellow, "ne'er let that "diſcourage you, *for its all down hill.*"

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156. An honeſt bluff country farmer meeting the parſon of the pariſh in a by-lane, and not giv-

ing him the way ſo readily as he expected, the parſon, with an erected creſt, told him he was better fed than taught. "Very true, indeed, Sir," replied the farmer, "*for you teach me, and I feed myſelf.*"

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157. A famous teacher of *arithmetic*, who had long been married without being able to get his wife with child; one ſaid to her, "Madam, your "huſband is an excellent *arithmetician.*" "*Yes,*" replied ſhe, "*only he cannot multiply.*"

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158. An arch boy being at table where there was a piping hot apple-pye, putting a bit into his mouth, burnt it ſo that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that ſat by, aſked him, "why he wept?" "Only," ſaid he, "becauſe it "is juſt come into my remembrance that my poor "grandmother died this day twelve month." "Phoo," ſaid the other, "is that all?" So whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly ſympathized with the boy; who ſeeing his eyes brim full, with a malicious ſneer aſked him, "why "he wept?" "*A pox on you,*" ſaid he, "*be-*"*cauſe you were not hanged, you young dog, the* "*ſame day your grandmother died.*"

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159. A lady who had married a gentleman that was a tolerable poet, one day ſitting alone with him ſhe ſaid, "Come, my dear, you write upon other "people, prithee write ſomething for me; let me "ſee what epitaph you'll beſtow upon me when I "die;" "Oh, my dear," replied he, "that is a "melancholy ſubject, prithee don't think of it:"

"nay

" nay upon my life you ſhall," adds ſhe; " come " I'll begin,

Here lies Bid:"

To which he anſwered,

' Ah! I wiſh ſhe did."

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160. One telling another that he had once ſo excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief's coming into the houſe, although it was not charged; " How the devil can that be?" ſaid the other. " *Becauſe*," ſaid the firſt, " *the thief car-* " *ried it off, and, what was worſe, before I had* " *time to charge him with it.*"

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161. Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link boy cried, " Have a light, " gentlemen?" " Light yourſelf to the devil you " dog," ſays one of the company. " *Bleſs you,* " *maſter*," replied the boy, " *we can find the* " *way in the dark; ſhall we light your worſhip* " *thither?*"

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162. A perſon was once tried at *Kingſton*, before the late Lord Chief Juſtice *Holt*, for having two wives, where one *Unit* was to have been the chief evidence againſt him. After much calling for him, word was brought that they could hear nothing of him. " *No!*" ſays his Lordſhip; " *why then all* " *I can ſay is, Mr. Unit ſtands for a cypher.*"

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163. A young fellow who had made an end of all he had, even to his laſt ſuit of cloaths; one ſaid to him, " Now I hope you'll own yourſelf a happy " man, for you have made an end of all your cares." " How ſo," ſaid the gentleman? " *Becauſe*,"

ſaid the other, "*you have nothing left to take* "*care of.*"

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164. The learned Mr. *Charles Barnard*, ſerjeant ſurgeon to Queen *Anne*, being very ſevere upon parſons having pluralities, a reverend and worthy divine heard him a good while with patience, but at length took him up with this queſtion: "Why do you rail thus at *pluralities*, who "have always ſo many *fine cures* upon your "hands."

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165. When Dr. *Lloyd*, Biſhop of Worceſter, ſo eminent for his prophecies, by his ſolicitations and compliance at court he got removed from a poor Welſh biſhopric to a rich Engliſh one, a reverend dean of the church ſaid, "*That he found his bro-* "*ther* Lloyd *ſpelt prophet with an* F *."

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166. A gentleman going into a meeting-houſe, and ſtumbling over one of the forms that were ſet there, cried out in a paſſion, "Who the devil ex-"pected *ſet forms* in a meeting-houſe?"

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167. A butcher in Smithfield, that lay on his death bed, ſaid to his wife, "My dear, I am not a "man for this world, therefore I adviſe you to "marry our man John; he is a luſty ſtrong fellow "fit for your buſineſs. "*Oh dear huſband*," ſaid ſhe, "*if that is all, never let it trouble you; for* "*John and I have agreed that matter al-* "*ready.*"

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168. A gentleman having beſpoke a ſupper at an

* Moſt of the clergy follow this ſpelling.

an inn, desired his landlord to sup with him. The host came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than ordinary to his guest, pretended to find fault with the laying the cloth, and took the knives and forks and threw them down stairs. The gentleman resolving not to baulk his humour, threw the plates down also; at which the host being surprized, inquired the reason for his so doing. "*Nay*, "*nothing*," replied the gentleman; "*I thought* "*you had a mind to sup below.*"

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169. When his late majesty, in coming from Holland, happened to meet with a violent storm at sea; the captain of the yacht cried to the chaplain, "In five minutes more, doctor, we shall be with "the Lord;" "*The Lord forbid!*" answered the doctor.

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170. A justice of peace seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between *London* and *Hampstead*, said to some gentlemen that were with him, "Do you see what a beautiful horse that parson "has got; I'll banter him a little." "Doctor," said he, "you don't follow the example of your "great master, who was humbly content to ride "upon an ass." "*Why, really Sir*," replied the parson, "*the King has made so many asses justices*, "*that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to* "*ride if he had a mind to it.*"

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171. A great deal of company being at dinner at a gentleman's house, where a silver spoon was laid at the side of every plate, one of the company watching for a convenient opportunity, as he thought, slid one of them into his pocket; but be-

ing obſerved more narrowly than he was aware of, the gentleman who ſat oppoſite to him, took up another, and ſtuck it in the button-hole of his boſom; which the maſter of the houſe perceiving, aſked him what was his fancy in that? "*Why*," ſaid he, "*I thought every man was to have one, becauſe* "*I ſaw that gentleman over againſt me put one* "*in his pocket.*"

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172. The Ducheſs of *Newcaſtle*, who wrote plays and romances, in King Charles the Second's time, aſked Biſhop *Wilkins*, "How ſhe could get "up to the world in the moon which he had diſ. "covered; for, as the journey muſt needs be very "long, there would be no poſſibility of going "through it, without reſting on the way?" "*Oh*, "*madam*," ſaid the biſhop, "*your grace has built* "*ſo many caſtles in the air, that you cannot want* "*a place to bait at.*

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173. An old man, who had married a young wife, complained to a friend how unhappy he had always been; "*When I was young*," ſaid he, "*I went abroad for the want of a wife; and* "*now I am old, my wife goes abroad for want* "*of a huſband.*"

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174. A rich farmer's ſon, who had been bred at the univerſity, coming home to viſit his father and mother, they being one night at ſupper on a couple of chickens, he told them, "that by *Logic* "he could prove theſe two fowls to be three." "Well, let us hear," ſaid the old man. "Why "this," cried the ſcholar, "is one, and this" continued he, "is two; two and one, you know, make "three."

" three." *Since you have made it out ſo well,*" anſwered the old man, " *your mother ſhall have the* " *firſt chicken, I will have the ſecond, and the* " *third you may keep yourſelf, for your great* " *learning.*"

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175. A young ſpark dining at a friend's houſe, and having promiſed to meet a lady in the afternoon, but being obliged to ſtay and play at cards, he ſent his man with an excuſe to the lady, and whiſpered him, that when he came back, he might deliver his anſwer before the company aloud, as if he came from a gentleman. Accordingly, away went his ſervant; and being called in on his return, " Well," ſaid his maſter, " was the gentleman at " home?" " Yes, Sir," anſwered the man." " And what ſaid he?" replied the maſter; " That " it was very well, for he was engaged this even- " ing." " And what was he doing?" " *Putting* " *on his hood and mantle to go to the play, Sir,*" ſaid the footman.

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176. A gentleman who had a ſuit in chancery, was called upon by his counſel to put in his anſwer, for fear of incurring contempt. " And why," ſaid the gentleman, " is not my anſwer put in?" " How ſhould I draw your anſwer," cried the lawyer, " till I know what you can ſwear?" " *Pox on your ſcruples,*" replied the client; " *pri-* " *thee do your part as a lawyer, and draw a ſuf-* " *ficient anſwer, and let me alone to do the part of* " *a gentleman, and ſwear to it.*"

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177. A country laſs with a pail of milk on her head going to market, was reckoning all the way,

what ſhe might make of it. "This milk," ſaid ſhe, "will bring me ſo much money, that money "will buy ſo many eggs, thoſe eggs ſo many "chickens, and, with the fox's leave, thoſe "chickens will make me miſtreſs of a pig, and "that pig may grow a fat hog, and when I have "ſold that, I may buy a cow and a calf; and then, ſays ſhe, "comes a ſweetheart, perhaps a farmer; "him I marry, and my neighbours will ſay, how do "you do, goody ſuch a one? and I'll anſwer, thank "you neighbour, how do you? But may be my "ſweetheart may be a yeoman, and then it will be, "how do you do, Mrs. ſuch a one? I'll ſay, thank "you. Oh! but ſuppoſe I ſhould marry a gen-"tleman; then they'll ſay, your ſervant, madam! "but then I'll toſs up my head and ſay nothing." Upon the ſudden tranſport of this thought, and with the motion of her head, down came the milk, which put an end at once to her fine ſcheme of her eggs, her chickens, her pig, her hog, and her huſband.

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178. *Daniel Purcel*, who was a nonjuror, was telling a friend, when King *George* the Firſt landed at Greenwich, that he had a full view of him: "Then," ſaid his friend, "you know him by ſight." "*Yes*," replied Daniel, "I think I know him, "*but I can't ſwear to him.*"

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179. A countryman driving an aſs by St James's gate one day, which being dull and reſtive, he was forced to beat it very much; a gentleman coming out of the gate, chid the fellow for uſing his beaſt ſo cruelly: "Oh, dear ſir," ſaid the countryman, "*I am glad to find my aſs has a friend at court.*"

180. A

180. A lady perceiving her maid to be with child, aſked her, who was the father of it? "Ma-"dam," ſaid ſhe, "my maſter." "And where "did he get it?" ſaid the lady. "In your cham-"ber, madam," anſwered the other, "after you "were gone to bed." "And why did you not "cry out?" ſaid the lady. "Indeed, *madam*," replied the other, "*I made no noiſe for fear of* "*awakening you.*"

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181. One Iriſhman meeting another, aſked, what was become of their old acquaintance Patrick Murphy? "*Arrah, now, dear honey*," anſwered the other, "*poor Patty was condemned to be hang'd,* "*but ſaved his life by dying in priſon.*"

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182. Another Iriſhman getting on a high-mettled horſe, it ran away with him; upon which, one of his companions called to him to ſtop him: "*Arrah*," cried he, "*how can I do that when* "*I have got no ſpurs?*"

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183. It being aſked in company with my Lord *Cheſterfield*, whether the piers of Weſtminſter-bridge would be of ſtone or wood, "Oh," ſaid my Lord, "of ſtone, to be ſure, for we have too "many wooden piers *(peers)* already at Weſt-"minſter."

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184. One telling *Charles* XII. of Sweden, juſt before the battle of Narva, that the enemy was three to one: "*I am glad to hear it*," anſwered the King, "*for then there will be enough to kill,* "*enough to take priſoners, and enough to run* "*away.*"

185. The

185. The ſtanders by, to comfort a poor man, who lay on his death-bed told him, he ſhould be carried to church by four proper fellows; "*I thank* "*ye*," ſaid he, "*but I had much rather go my-* "*ſelf.*"

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186. One aſking a painter how he could paint ſuch pretty faces in his pictures, and get ſuch homely children? "*Becauſe*," ſaid he, "*I make* "*the firſt by day-light, and the other in the dark.*"

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187. A toping fellow was one night making his will over his bottle; "I will give," ſaid he, "fifty pounds to five taverns, to drink to my "memory when I am dead: ten pounds to the "*Salutation* for courtiers; ten pounds to the *Caſ-* "*tle* for ſoldiers; ten pounds to the *Mitre* for "parſons; ten pounds to the *Horn* for citizens; "and ten pounds to the *Devil* for lawyers."

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188. A gentleman calling for ſmall beer at another gentleman's table, finding it very hard, gave it the ſervant again without drinking; "What," ſaid the maſter of the houſe, "don't you like the "beer?" "It is not to be found fault with," anſwered the other, "for *one ſhould never ſpeak ill* "*of the dead.*"

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189. Some men and their wives, who all lived in the ſame ſtreet, and on the ſame ſide of the way, being merry-making at a neighbour's houſe, ſaid one of the huſbands, "It is reported that all the "men in our row are cuckolds but one:" his wife ſoon after being a little thoughtful, "What makes "you ſo ſad my dear?" ſaid her huſband, "I hope

"you

" you are not offended at what I ſaid;" " *No*," replied ſhe, " *I am only conſidering who that one in* " *our row is that is not a cuckold.*"

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190. A certain lord who had a termagant wife, and at the ſame time a chaplain who was a tolerable poet, my lord deſired him to write a copy of verſes on a ſhrew. " *I cannot imagine*," ſaid the parſon, " *why your lordſhip ſhould want a copy who have* " *ſo good an original.*"

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191. A gentleman talking of his travels, a lady in company ſaid ſhe had been a great deal farther, and ſeen more countries than he. " *Nay then, ma-* " *dam*," replied the gentleman, " *as travellers* " *we may lie together by authority.*"

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192. One aſked his friend, why he, being ſo proper a man himſelf, had married ſo ſmall a wife. " *Why, friend*," ſaid he, " *I thought you had* " *known that of all evils we ſhould chuſe the* " *leaſt.*"

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193. A gentleman, ſpeaking of Peggy Yates, the famous courtezan, who had always an abundance of fine cloaths, ſaid, *She was like a ſquirrel, for ſhe always covered her back with her tail.*

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194. A gentleman threatening to go to law, was diſſuaded from it by his friends, who deſired him to conſider, for the law was chargeable: " I don't " care;" replied the other, " I will not conſider, I " will go to law." " Right," ſaid his friend, " *for if you go to law, I am ſure you don't con-* " *ſider.*"

195. A

195. A man and his wife being in bed together, towards morning madam pretending to be much out of order, desired to lie on her husband's side; the good man, to humour her, came over, but made some short stay in the middle: about half an hour after, she wanted to come to her own side of the bed again; the good old man obliged her the second time: but not content with this, a little while after she would needs change places again: "How can "it be?" said the husband. "Why can't you "come the same way you did before?" answered the wife. "No, by my troth," replied he, "*I "would rather go five miles about.*"

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196. A wench swearing a bastard child to a gentleman in the country, the justice having a respect for the gentleman's lady, took upon him to joke the gentleman, and asked him, why he would defile his marriage bed? "There was no bed in the case," answered the gentleman, "good Mr. Justice, *for "it was done in the field.*"

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197. One wished a young married man joy, for she heard his wife was quick already, she told him. "*Ay*," said he, "*quick indeed, for I have been "married but six months, and she was brought to "bed yesterday.*"

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198. A certain lieutenant of a man of war, under the command of the late Lord Torrington, having in the engagement with the Spaniards in the Mediterranean, one of his arms shot off within a few inches of his shoulder, while the surgeon was dressing it, he could not forbear laughing: one standing by, asked him the reason; "Why," said he,

he, "I cannot help thinking of a wiſh that I have "often made, that a certain part about me was as "long as my arm, and now I believe it is three "or four inches longer."

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199. A poor fellow who, growing rich on a ſudden, from a very mean and beggarly condition, and taking great ſtate upon him, was met one day by one of his poor acquaintance, who accoſted him in a very humble manner; but having no notice taken of him, cried out, "*Nay it is no great wonder* "*that you ſhould not know me when you have* "*forgot yourſelf.*"

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200. A country fellow getting into a gentleman's orchard one night, with the deſign of robbing a mulberry-tree, had not been long in it before one of the men and one of the maids came juſt under the place where he was, which made him lie as ſnug as he could until the buſineſs they came about was over; when the chambermaid began to give vent to thoſe fears which the fury of her appetite would not admit into her thoughts before. "Lord, John," ſaid ſhe, "now you have had your filthy will, what "if I ſhould prove with child, who will take care "of it?" "There's one above," replied John, "I hope will provide for it. "*Is there ſo,*" ſaid the countryman; "*but I'll have you to know, that* "*if I provide for any body's baſtard, it ſhall be* "*for one of my own begetting.*

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201. *Marcus Livius*, who was governor of Tarentum when *Hannibal* took it, being envious to ſee ſo much honour done to *Fabius Maximus*, ſaid one day in open ſenate, that it was himſelf, not Fabius

bius Maximus, that was the cauſe of retaking the city of Tarentum. Fabius ſaid ſmilingly, "*Indeed "thou ſpeakeſt truth; for hadſt thou not loſt it, I "ſhould never have retaken it.*"

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202. One aſking another which way a man might uſe tobacco to have any benefit from it: "*By ſet-"ting up a ſhop to ſell it,*" ſaid he.

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203. The ſame wag, ſaid taylors were like wood-cocks, for they get their ſuſtenance by their *long bills.*

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204. An ancient ducheſs having had a preſent made to her of a fine ſtallion, going the next day into her ſtable yard, ordered him to be brought out for her to ſee, and then would needs have a mare brought to him; the groom aſking her which? "Old "Beſs," ſaid ſhe. "Lord, madam," anſwered the groom, "that will be to little purpoſe; Old Beſs "is too old to be with foal." "No matter for "that," cried ſhe, "it will refreſh the poor old "creature."

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205. A ſharper of the town ſeeing a country gentleman ſit alone at an inn, and thinking ſomething might be made of him, he went and ſat near him, and took the liberty to drink to him. Having thus introduced himſelf, he called for a paper of tobacco and ſaid, "Do you ſmoke, ſir?" "*Yes,*" ſaid the gentleman, very gravely, "*any one that has a de-"ſign upon me.*"

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206. A certain country farmer was obſerved never to be in a good humour when he was hungry; for

for this reaſon, his wife was fain carefully to watch the time of his coming home, and always have dinner ready on the table: one day he ſurpriſed her, and ſhe had only time to ſet a meſs of broth ready for him; who ſoon, according to cuſtom, began to open his pipes, and maundering over his broth, forgeting what he was about, burnt his mouth to ſome purpoſe. The good wife, ſeeing him in that ſputtering condition, comforted him as follows. "*See* "*what it is now; had you kept your breath to cool* "*your pottage, you had not burnt your mouth,* "*John.*"

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207. The ſame woman taking up dinner once on a Sunday, it happened that the liquoriſh ploughboy who lay under a ſtrong and violent temptation, pinched off the corner of a plumb dumpling; which his dame eſpying, in a great rage, laid the wooden ladle over his pate, ſaying, "Can't you ſtay, ſirrah, "till your betters are ſerved before you?" The boy, clapping his hand on his head, and ſeeing the blood come, "'Tis very hard," ſaid he. "*So it* "*is ſirrah,*" ſaid ſhe, "*or it had not broke my* "*ladle.*"

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208. A Scotch bag-piper travelling to Ireland, opened his wallet by a wood-ſide, and ſat down to dinner; no ſooner had he ſaid his grace, but three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, until his provender was all gone.——At length he took up his bag-pipes, and began to play, at which the wolves ran away—— "*The de'el ſaw me,*" ſaid Sawney, "*an I had* "*kenn'd you lov'd muſic ſo, you ſhou'd have had* "*it before dinner.*"

209. The

209. The Archduke of *Auſtria* having been forced to raiſe the ſiege of a town called Grave, in Holland, and to retreat privately by night: Queen Elizabeth ſaid to his ſecretary here, "*What, your "maſter is riſen from the grave without ſound of "trumpet.*"

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210. Lawyers and chambermaids, ſaid a wicked young fellow, are like Balaam's aſs, *they never ſpeak unleſs they ſee an angel.*

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211. One being at his wife's funeral, and the bearers going pretty quick along, he cried out to them, "*Don't go ſo faſt; what need we make a "toil of pleaſure?*"

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212. A country ſquire being in company with his miſtreſs, and wanting his ſervant, cried out, "Where is the blockhead?" "*Upon your ſhould-"ers,*" ſaid the lady.

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213. Among the articles exhibited to King *Henry* by the Iriſh, againſt the Earl of *Kildare*, the laſt concluded thus; "And finally, all Ireland "cannot rule the Earl." Then ſaid the King, "*The Earl ſhall rule all Ireland,*" and ſo made him deputy.

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214. A ſea officer, who for his courage in a former engagement where he had loſt his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ſhip; in the heat of the next engagement a cannon ball took off his wooden deputy, ſo that he fell upon the deck; a ſeaman thinking he had been freſh wounded,

wounded, called out for the ſurgeon, "*No, no,*" ſaid the captain, "*the carpenter will do.*"

215. A nobleman, in a certain King's reign, being appointed groom of the ſtole, his majeſty took notice to him of the odd ſort of perukes he uſed to wear, and deſired that he would now get ſomething that was graver, and more ſuitable to his age, and the high office he had conferred on him. The next Sunday his lordſhip appeared at court in a very decent peruke, which being obſerved by another nobleman famous for the art of punning, he came up to him and told him, "*That he was obliged to alter his locks now he had got the key.*"

216. A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the maſter, a grave man, came to expoſtulate with him about it. "Lord, Sir," ſaid he, "I wonder how you could do ſo:" "*Prithee, where is the wonder? If ſhe had got* "*me with child, you might have wondered* "*indeed.*"

217. A ſmart fellow thinking to ſhew his wit one night at a tavern, called to the drawer, "Here "Mercury," ſaid he, "take away this bottle full "of emptineſs." Said one of the company "*Do* "*you ſpeak that,* Jack, *of your own head?*"

218. A gentleman having ſent for his capenter's ſervant to knock a nail or two in his ſtudy, the fellow, after he had done, ſcratched his ears, and ſaid, "He hoped the gentleman would give him "ſomething to make him drink." "*Make you* "*drink!*" ſaid the gentleman, "*there is a pickled*

" herring for you, and if that won't make you " drink, I'll give you another."

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219. *Alphonſo* king of Naples, ſent a moor, who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary with a conſiderable ſum of money to purchaſe horſes, and to return by ſuch a time. There was about the King a buffoon, or jeſter, who had a table book, wherein he uſed to regiſter any remarkable abſurdity that happened at court. The day the moor was diſpatched to Barbary, the jeſter waiting on the King at ſupper, the King called for his table book, and read how Alphonſo king of Naples had ſent *Beltrum* the moor, who had been a long time his priſoner, to *Morocco*, his own country, with ſo many thouſand crowns to buy horſes. The King turned to the jeſter, and aſked, " Why he inſerted that?" " Becauſe," ſaid he, " I think he will never come back to be a priſoner again; and ſo you have loſt both man and money." " But if he does come," ſays the King, " then your jeſt is marred." " *No, Sir,*" replied the buffoon; "*for if he ſhould return, I will blot out your name, and put in his.*"

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220. The late *Sir Robert Henly*, having received a commiſſion conſtituting him captain of the Eleanor fireſhip, was the ſame evening paſſing home to his lodgings, when a fine *Madam* meeting him in the ſtreet, earneſtly entreated the favour of a glaſs of wine: the baronet curſing her a ſilly whore, ſaid, " *He was well content with one fireſhip in one day.*"

221. A

221. A gentleman named *Ball* being about to purchaſe a cornetcy in a regiment of horſe, was preſented to the colonel for approbation, who being a nobleman, declared he did not like the name, and would have no *balls* in his regiment. "*Nor powder,*" ſaid the gentleman, "*if your Lordſhip could help it.*"

222. Two Iriſhmen having travelled on foot from Cheſter to Barnet, were confoundedly tired and fatigued with their journey; and the more ſo when they were told they had ſtill about ten miles to London. "*By my ſoul and St. Patrick,*" cries one of them, "*it is but five miles a piece, let's e'en walk on.*"

223. "Young fellows," ſaid a mettled girl, "are generally in the wrong; ſo very impudent "that they are nauſeous, or ſo modeſt that they are "uſeleſs."

224. "Married women," ſaid one, "uſually ſhew all their modeſty the firſt day, as married men ſhew all their love the firſt night."

225. A certain Lord would fain have perſuaded a dependant on his Lordſhip to marry his caſt-off miſtreſs: "for though," ſaid he, "ſhe has been a little uſed, when ſhe has got a good huſband, ſhe may turn: "*Ay, but my Lord,*" replied the other, "*ſhe has been ſo much uſed, that I fear ſhe is not worth turning.*"

226. An amorous young fellow, who deſigned a favour to his neighbour's wife, was with her in her bed-

bed-room; the chambermaid came running in, and told them her master was at the door. "'Sdeath," said the lover, "can't I get through the parlour "window;?" "*No, no,*" replied the girl, "*there* "*are some iron bars; but if you run up three pair* "*of stairs, you may jump out of the garret window* "*easy enough.*"

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227. Mr. *Pope* being at dinner with a noble Duke, had his own servant in livery waiting on him; the Duke asked him, "Why he, that eat "mostly at people's tables, should be such a fool as "to keep a fellow in livery only to laugh at him?" "*'Tis true,*" answered the poet, "I keep one to "laugh at me; but your Grace keeps a dozen."

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228. An Irish fellow, vaunting of his birth and family, affirmed that when he came first to England he made such a figure that the bells rang through all the towns he passed to London: "*Ay,*" said a gentleman in company, "*I suppose that was be-* "*cause you came up in a waggon with a bell* "*team.*"

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229. One meeting an old acquaintance, whom the world had frowned upon a little, asked him where he lived? "Where I live!" said he, "*I* "*don't know, but I starve towards Wapping and* "*that way.*"

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230. Two country attornies overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke upon him, asked him, why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean? The waggoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answered them, "*That his*

"*son*

" *fore horſe was his lawyer, and the reſt were his* " *clients.*

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231. An old bawd being carried before a juſtice for keeping a diſorderly houſe, ſtrongly denied all that was charged upon her. " Houſewife! houſe- " wife!" ſaid the juſtice, " how have you the aſ- " ſurance to deny it; you do keep a bawdy-houſe, " and I will maintain it." " *Will you,*" replied the old lady, " *the Lord bleſs you! I always heard* " *you were a kind-hearted gentleman.*"

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232. At a cauſe tried at the King's Bench bar, a wineſs was produced who had a very red noſe, and one of the counſel, being deſirous to put him out of countenance, called out to him after he was ſworn, " Well let's hear what you have to ſay with your " copper noſe;" " *Why Sir,*" ſaid he, " *by the* " *oath I have taken, I would not exchange my* " *copper noſe for your brazen face.*"

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233. A gentleman in the country who had three daughters, diſcourſing one evening on rural affairs, and the nature of vegetation, aſked one of his daughters what plant or herb he thought grew the faſteſt? The young lady replied, " *Aſparagus.*" Then he aſked the ſecond; ſhe anſwered, " *Apompion or gourd:*" and when the ſame queſtion was put to the youngeſt, ſhe replied, " *The pommel of a ſaddle;*" which very much ſurpriſing the old gentleman, he deſired to know what ſhe meant, and how ſhe could make it out? " Why," ſaid ſhe, " when I was one day " riding behind our John, and the way being ſo " rough, that I was afraid I ſhould fall off," ſhe cried, " *Miſs, put your hand about my waiſt, and*

" *lay hold of the pommel of the ſaddle; and I am*
" *ſure, papa, when I firſt took hold of it, it was*
" *not much bigger than my finger; and in leſs*
" *than a minute it was thicker than my wriſt.*"

234. A gentleman having received ſome abuſe in paſſing through one of the inns of Chancery, from ſome of the clerks, he was adviſed to complain to the principal, which he did accordingly; and coming before him, accoſted him in the following manner: " *I have been groſsly abuſed here by ſome of* " *the* raſcals *of this houſe, and underſtanding you* " *are the* principal, *I am come to acquaint you* " *with it.*"

235. An old roundhead, in Oliver's time, complaining of ſome heavy rain that fell; ſaid a cavalier ſtanding by, " What unreaſonable fellows you " *roundheads* are, who will neither be pleaſed " when God rains, nor when the King reigns."

236. A young curate, with more pertneſs than wit or learning, being aſked in company, how he came to take it into his head to enter into the miniſtry of the church? " Becauſe," ſaid he, " the " Lord had need of me." " *That may be,*" replied a gentleman preſent; " *for I have often read,* " *that the Lord had once need of an aſs.*"

237. A very ignorant, but very ſoppiſh, young fellow, going into a bookſeller's ſhop with a relation who went thither to buy ſomething he wanted, ſeeing his couſin look into a particular book and ſmile, aſked him, " What there was in that book that made him ſmile?" " Why," anſwered the other,

other, "this book is dedicated to you, couſin Jack." Is it ſo?" ſaid he, "pray let me ſee it, for I never "knew before that I had ſuch an honour done "to me;" upon which, taking it into his hands, he found it to be Perkins Catechiſm, dedicated *to all ignorant perſons.*

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238. There was a ſhort time when Mr. Handel, notwithſtanding his merit, was deſerted, and his opera at the Hay-market neglected almoſt by every body but his majeſty, for that of the opera at Lincoln's Inn Fields: at this time another nobleman aſking the Earl of Cheſterfield if he would go one night to the opera? My Lord aſked which? Oh, to that in the Hay-market, anſwered the other. "*No, my Lord,*" ſaid the Earl, "*I have no occaſion for a private audience with his majeſty to night.*"

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239. Some ſcholars going to ſteal conies, by the way they warned a novice amongſt them to make no noiſe, for fear of ſpoiling their game; but he no ſooner eſpied ſome, but he cried out aloud "*Ecce "conniculi multi.*" Whereupon the conies ran with all ſpeed into their burrows; upon which his fellow chid him; "*Who the devil,*" ſays he, "*would have thought that the conies underſtood "Latin?*"

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240. "I'll ſwear," ſays a gentleman to his miſtreſs, "you are very handſome." "Phoo," ſaid ſhe, "ſo you'd ſay though you did not think ſo." "*And ſo you'd think,*" anſwered he, "*though I "ſhou'd not ſay ſo.*"

241. One was joking with a lawyer for tarrying ſo long from his wife upon the circuit, ſaying, in his abſence ſhe might want due benevolence; "I ſhall give her intereſt for that," anſwered the lawyer, "at my return; and put the caſe any one "owed you fifty pounds, would you not rather "have it in a lump, than ſhilling by ſhilling?" "It is true," replied the other, "moſt people "would; *but it would vex you if your wife "ſhould want a ſhilling in your abſence, and be "forced to borrow it.*"

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242. A drunken fellow having ſold all his goods, to maintain himſelf at his pot, except his feather bed, at laſt made away with that too; when, being reproved for it by ſome of his friends; "Why," ſaid he, "*I am very well, thank God, and why "ſhould I keep my bed.*"

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243. An old lady meeting a *Cambridge* man, aſked him, "*How her nephew behaved himſelf?*" "Truly madam," ſays he, "he's a brave fellow, "and ſticks cloſe to *Catherine Hall**." "I vow," ſaid ſhe, "*I feared as much; he was always han-"kering after the wenches from a boy.*"

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244. In a town where there had been a remarkable ſlaughter of maidenheads, and as great a propagation of horns, by a ſmall body of *redcoats*, which had been quartered there: one was ſaying, that he wondered why the women were ſo fond of ſoldiers! "Phoo," ſays another, "I don't wonder "at it; the gentlemen in red, and their brethren in "black,

* The name of a college in that univerſity.

" black, have for many ages, been in poſſeſſion of " the ſex; the latter, upon the account of their " ſecrecy, and the other, from the heroic per- " formances they may expect from them. In fine," adds he, " *women are like mackarel, bait but a* " *hook with a piece of ſcarlet cloth, and you in-* " *fallibly take them.*"

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245. Some rattling young fellows from London, putting into a country inn, ſeeing a plain rough-hewn farmer there, ſays one of them, " you ſhall " ſee me dumb-found that countryman:" ſo coming up to him, he gave his hat a twirl round, ſaying, " there's half a crown for you countryman." The former, after recovering a little from his ſurprize, reared his oaken towel, and ſurveying him very gravely, gave him too very handſome drubs on the ſhoulder, ſaying, " I thank you for your " kindneſs, friend, *there's two ſhillings of your* " *money again.*"

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246. One of the aforeſaid rattling blades having been once a little kicked for his impertinence, demanded of his benefactor with a bluff face, " Whether he was in earneſt or not?" " Yes " faith," ſaid the other, " in very good earneſt," laying his hand on his ſword. " Say you ſo," replied he, " I am glad of that with all my heart, " *for I don't like ſuch jeſts.*"

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247. A poet going over Lincoln's Inn Fields, one, who pretended to be a poor maimed ſoldier, begged his charity. The poet aſked him by what authority he went a begging? " I have a licence " for it," anſwered the ſoldier. " Licence!" ſaid

the poet, "Lice *thou may'ſt have, but* ſenſe *thou* "*canſt have none, to beg of* a poet."

248. At a maſquerade in the Hay-maket, one appearing in the habit of a biſhop, another for the jeſt's ſake, bowed his knee to aſk bleſſing. The former laying his hand on his head, very demurely ſaid, "*Prithee riſe, there's nothing in it indeed,* "*friend.*"

249. A merchant in London, having bought a pretty eſtate in Surry, and afterwards two or three more fields adjoining to it, a perſon ſpeaking of his purchaſe to a friend, ſaid, "*He did not think Mr.* "*ſuch a one had been in circumſtances to make ſo* "*large a purchaſe.*" "Oh! dear," ſaid the other, "you don't know how conſiderable a man he is; "why, ſince he bought that eſtate in Surry, he "has bought *Moor-fields.* "*That muſt be a* "*greater purchaſe, indeed,*" replied the other.

250. The old Earl of B———d, being once in waiting at court, made an excuſe one morning to leave the King, aſſuring his majeſty he would be back to wait on him before 12 o'clock, there being great occaſion for his attendance. The King had inquired for him ſeveral times, his Lordſhip having exceeded his time; at length he came, and going to the clock in the drawing room, heard it ſtrike one; at which, being a little enraged, he up with his cane, and broke the glaſs of the clock. The King aſked him afterwards, "What made "him break the clock?" "*Why my liege, the* "*clock ſtruck firſt.*"

251. A perſon having been put to great ſhifts to get money to ſupport his credit; ſome of his creditors at length ſent him word, that they would give him trouble. "*Pox*," ſays he, "*I have had trouble enough to borrow the money, and had not need to be troubled to pay it again.*"

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252. A countrywoman being ſick, bequeathed her ſow with pig to the parſon, who thinking ſhe would hardly recover, came ſoon after, and took the ſow away. The good wife recovering, aſked for her ſow; and being told the perſon ſhe had left it to came when ſhe was very bad, and had taken her away, "Bleſs us," ſays ſhe, "*the parſon is* "*worſe than the devil, for one may call upon him* "*twenty times to take one before he'll do it; but* "*I did but once bid the parſon take my ſow, and* "*he fetched her immediately.*"

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253. Queen Elizabeth ſeeing a gentleman in her garden, who had not felt the effect of her favours ſo ſoon as he expected, looking out of her window, ſaid to him in Italian, "*What does a man think of Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?*" After a little pauſe, he anſwered, "*He thinks, Madam, of a woman's promiſe.*" The queen ſhrunk in her head, but was heard to ſay, "*Well, Sir Edward, I muſt not confute you; anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.*"

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254. A lady whoſe beauty was very much upon the decline, having ſent her picture to a gentleman that was to come a wooing to her, bid her chamber-maid, when ſhe was coming to dreſs her, take care in repairing her decays a little, or ſhe ſhould not

not look her picture. "*I warrant you, Madam,*" says she, laying on the red, "*a little art once made your picture like you; now a little of the same art shall make you like your picture; your picture must fit to you.*"

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255. A beautiful young lady, but extremely fanciful and humorous, being on the point of resigning herself into the arms of her lover, began to enter on the condition that she expected should be observed after the articles were signed and executed. "Among the rest," says she, "positively I will lie in bed as long as I please in the morning." "*With all my heart, Madam,*" says he, "*provided I may get up when I please.*"

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256. A termagant sempstress coming to dun a young fellow at his lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his landlady hear, she began to open her quall pipes at a great rate; but was presently seized with a fit of coughing. "Lord," says she, "I have got such a cold I can hardly speak." "Nay, as to that," says he, "I don't care how softly you speak." "Don't tell me of speaking softly," says she; "let me have my money, or I'll take the law of you." "*Do,*" says he, "*then you'll be forc'd to hold your tongue; for the law allows nobody to scold in their own cause.*"

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257. One who had married a light-heeled wife, instead of an innocent country girl, which he took her for, was severely rallied upon the discovery, by his acquaintance. Among the rest, a young lady having been very severe with him, he called to her lover who was present, saying, "Sir take off your

wasp,

waſp, I'll have a fly-flap elſe." "*You'll have occaſion for it,*" ſays ſhe; "*your wife has been blown upon.*"

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258. Count Gondemar, the Spaniſh ambaſſador here, in Queen Elizabeth's time, ſent a compliment to the Lord St. Alban's, whom he lived in no good terms with, wiſhing him a merry Eaſter. My Lord thanked the meſſenger, and ſaid, "he could not requite the count better than by wiſhing him a good Paſſover."

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259. A certain philoſopher, when he ſaw men in a hurry to finiſh any matter, uſed to ſay, "Stay a little, that we make an end the ſooner."

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260. Sir *Francis Bacon* was wont to ſay of a paſſionate man who ſuppreſſed his anger, that he thought worſe than he ſpoke; and of an angry man, that would vent his paſſion in words, "*That he ſpake worſe than he thought.*"

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361. He was likewiſe wont to commend much the advice of a plain old man at Buxtom, who ſold brooms. A proud lazy young fellow came to him for a beſom upon truſt, to whom the old man ſaid, "*Friend, haſt thou no money! borrow of thy back and of thy belly; they'll never aſk thee for it; I ſhall be dunning thee every day.*"

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362. When recruits were raiſing for the late wars, a ſerjeant told his captain, that he had got a very extraordinary man: "Ay," ſays the captain, "prithee what is he?" "A butcher, Sir," replies the ſerjeant, "and your honour will have double ſervice

ſervice of him, for we have had two ſheep-ſtealers in the company before."

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263. A harmleſs country fellow having commenced a ſuit againſt a gentleman that had beat down his fences, and ſpoiled his corn; when the aſſizes drew near, his adverſary bribed his only evidence to keep out of the way: "Well," ſays the fellow, "I'm reſolved I'll up to town, and the king ſhall know it." "The king know it," ſays his landlord, who was an attorney; "prithee what good will that do you, if the man keep out of the way?" "Why, Sir," ſays the poor fellow, "*I have heard you ſay, the king could make a man A PEER at any time.*"

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264. In Oliver's time, when people were married by a juſtice of peace, one giving a reaſon for it, ſaid, "*That none was ſo fit to marry others as he that, by virtue of his office, was empowered to lay people by the heels.*"

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265. When the late dauphin of France ſaid to the facetious duke of Roquelaure, "Stand farther off, Roquelaure, for you ſtink." The Duke replied, "*I aſk your pardon, Sir; 'tis you that ſmell, not I.*"

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266. A decayed gentleman coming to one who had been a ſervant, to borrow money of him, received a very ſcurvy anſwer, concluding in the following words: "Lord, Sir, what do you trouble me for? I have no money to lend." "*I am ſure you lie,*" ſays the gentleman, "*for if you was not rich, you durſt not be ſo ſaucy.*"

267. The

267. The Roman catholics make a ſacrament of matrimony, and in conſequence of that notion, pretends that it confers grace; the proteſtant divines do not carry matters ſo high, but ſay, "This ought to be underſtood in a qualified ſenſe; and that marriage ſo far confers grace, as that, generally ſpeaking, *it brings repentance, which every body knows is one ſtep towards grace.*"

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268. A lady, who had a mind, ſhe told another, to quarrel with an impertinent teazing young fellow ſhe did not like, ſaid, "She could not tell how to provoke him, he was ſo very aſſiduous and ſubmiſſive." "'Slife," ſaid her friend, "I'd ſpit in his face." "Alas," replied ſhe, "that wont do; *when men are fawning like lap dogs they'll take that for a favour.*"

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269. "Fond wives," ſaid one, "do by their huſbands as barren wives do by their lap dogs, cram them with ſweetmeats till they cloy their ſtomachs."

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270. A knaviſh attorney aſking a very worthy gentleman what was honeſty, "What is that to you?" ſaid he; "*meddle with thoſe things that concern you.*"

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271. A wild young fellow, that had ſpent his fortune, being aſked, "What he intended to do with himſelf?" ſaid, "He deſigned to go into the army." "How can that be," ſays one; "you are a Jacobite, and can't take the oaths." "You may as well tell me," ſays he, "that I can't take orders, becauſe I am an Atheiſt." "I aſk your

pardon," replied the other; "*I did not know the ſtrength of your conſcience ſo well as I did the weakneſs of your purſe.*"

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272. An old fellow having an itching after his neighbour's wife, employed the chambermaid in the buſineſs. At the next meeting he inquired what anſwer the lady had ſent him? "Anſwer!" ſaid the girl; "why ſhe has ſent you this for a token," (giving him a ſmart flap on the face.) "Ay," cried the old fellow, rubbing his chops, "*and you have loſt none of it by the way, I thank you.*"

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273. A gentleman complaining of a misfortune, ſaid, "it was along with that drunken ſot his man, who could not keep himſelf ſober." "With deference to your worſhip," ſaid the fellow, "I know very few drunken ſots that do keep themſelves ſober."

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274. One ſaid of a young woman, whoſe chaſtity was violently aſſaulted by a handſome young fellow, "That ſhe was in as fair a way to be ruined, as a boy was to be a rogue when he was firſt put clerk to an attorney."

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275. A certain Iriſhman making ſtrong love to a great fortune, told her, "*He could not ſleep for dreaming of her.*"

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276. A plain country yeoman bringing his daughter to town, ſaid, "for all ſhe was brought up altogether in the country, ſhe was a girl of ſenſe." "Yes," ſays a pert young female in the company, "country ſenſe." "Why, faith, Madam,"

dam," says the fellow, "*country sense is better sometimes than London impudence.*"

277. A thousand actions pass in the world for virtuous, though they proceed from a quite different principle. My Lord released Arsennus out of prison, and paid his debts: this every one applauded as an act of the highest and most disinterested generosity. *They little knew that his Lordship lay every night with Arsennus's sister.*

278. "Give me a man without a fortune," said a sensible young lady, "rather than a fortune without a man."

279. A merry drolling fellow, who lived with a lady that was just on the point of matrimony, being sent with a *how d'ye* to an acquaintance of hers, who lived a few miles off, was asked how his lady did? "Ah, dear Madam," replied the fellow, "*she can never live long in this condition.*"

280. A person advising a lady in town to marry a country gentleman; to recommend the match in stronger terms, told her, "it would be more convenient for her, because his concerns in the country joined to hers." "*Ay*," says the lady, "*but his concerns shall never join to mine in the city.*"

281. An English gentleman travelling to France, had made choice of an abbot as wicked as himself, for the companion of his pleasures; one of his countrymen told him, "*That though the abbot and he differed about the way to heaven, they were in a fair way of going to the devil together.*"

282. Two perſons quarrelling at a tavern; after the heat was a little over, one of them being ſtraitened for a conveniency to make water, but being hemmed in, ſaid to his antagoniſt, "How ſhall I get by you?" "Get by me," ſays the other, "Why what a pox did I ever get by you?"

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283. A very grave perſon being carried before a magiſtrate for having a baſtard laid to him, one that was paſſing by, aſked what was the matter? "Only," ſays another, "an old gentleman is apprehended upon ſuſpicion of manhood." "Manhood!" ſays the former; "What! has he committed murder?" "*Quite contrary*," replied the other, "*he has committed fornication, and got a ſubject, not killed one.*"

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284. A petulant ſelf-willed coxcomb was threatening, if his humour was not gratified, to leave his relations and family, and go away to France. "*Let him alone*," ſays one, "*he will come back from France before he goes half way to Dover.*"

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285. A countryman in the ſtreet inquiring the way to *Newgate*, an arch fellow that heard him, ſaid, "he'd ſhew him preſently." "*Do but croſs the way*," ſaid he, "*to yon goldſmith's ſhop, and move off with one of thoſe ſilver tankards, and it will bring you thither preſently.*"

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286. A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miſer, whom he accoſted in the following phraſe: "Pray, Sir, beſtow your charity: good dear

dear Sir, beſtow your charity." "*Prithee, friend, be quiet,*" replied old Gripus, "*I have none.*"

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287. A certain prieſt in a rich abbey in Florence, being a fiſherman's ſon, cauſed a net to be ſpread every day on the table in his apartment, to put him in mind of his original: the abbot dying, this diſſembled humility procured him to be choſen abbot; after which, the net was uſed no more. Being aſked the reaſon, he anſwered, "*There is no occaſion for the net, now the fiſh is caught.*"

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288. A buſy impertinent entertaining Ariſtotle the philoſopher one day with a tedious diſcourſe, and obſerving that he did not much regard him, made an apology, "That he was afraid he had interrupted him." "*No, really,*" replied the philoſopher, "*you han't interrupted me at all, for I have not minded one word you ſaid.*"

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289. Two conceited coxcombs, wrangling and expoſing one another before company, one told them, "That they both had done like wits: *For you wits,*" ſays he, "*never give over till you prove one another fools.*"

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290. One ſeeing an affected coxcomb buying books, told him, "His bookſeller was properly his upholſterer, for he furniſhed his room rather than his head."

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291. A young lady, with a good fortune, having beſtowed herſelf on a wild young fellow, "Well," ſays the old lady her aunt, "you'll

have your belly full of him in a little time, I'll warrant you."

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292. A lawyer and a phyſician having a diſpute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in the favour of the lawyer in theſe terms: "*Let the thief go before, and the executioner follow.*"

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293. A perſon having two very ungracious ſons, the one robbed him of his money, and the other of his goods; his neighbour coming to condole with him, told him, "*He might ſue the county, for he had been robbed between ſon and ſon (ſun and ſun).*"

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294. Du Val, who was a very famous highwayman, and at length ſuffered for his robberies, was likewiſe as famous for gaining the hearts of the women, being a ſmart dapper fellow; after his death he had this epitaph beſtowed on him:

"*Here lies* Du Val:—*Reader, if male thou art,*
Look to thy purſe;—if female, to thy heart;
Much havoc he has made in both;—for all
The men he made to ſtand,—the women fall."

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295. A citizen dying greatly in debt, it coming to his creditors ears; "Farewell," ſaid one, "there is ſo much of mine gone with him;" "and he carried ſo much of mine," ſaid another. One hearing them make their ſeveral complaints, ſaid, "*Well, I ſee now, that though a man can carry nothing of his own out of the world, yet he may carry a great deal of other men's.*"

296. A

296. A mad crew went to a tavern with a deviliſh reſolution to be damnably drunk; one being more overpowered than the reſt, ſpewed perpetually; and ſeeing that he could no longer bear them company, called for the reekoning: "Why," ſaid one, "cannot you tell that, that have ſo often caſt up what you drank?" "No, marry, I cannot," ſaid he, "for I was ſo buſy in caſting up the account, that I did not mind the reckoning."

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297. Three young conceited wits, as they thought themſelves, paſſing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudely merry. "Good morrow, father Abraham." "Good morrow, father Iſaac," ſaid the next; "Good morrow, father Jacob," cried the laſt. "I am neither Abraham, Iſaac, nor Jacob," replied the old gentleman, "but Saul the ſon of Kiſh, who went out to ſeek his father's aſſes; *and, lo, here I have found them.*"

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298. A young maid coming freſh out of the country was courted by a perſon of quality, who ſhe underſtood was infected by the foul diſeaſe. My lord paid his conſtant devoirs to her, and promiſed her marriage, which ſhe refuſing, ſome of her friends aſked her, "Why ſhe, who was meanly born, would not marry one that would not only enrich her, but enoble her blood." "*I will not,*" ſays ſhe, "*corrupt my fleſh to better my blood for any lord in Chriſtendom.*"

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299. An ingenious young gentleman, at the univerſity of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the vice chancellor and the heads of the col-

lege at St. Mary's, and having formerly obſerved the drowſineſs of the vice chancellor, took this place of ſcripture for his text: *What! cannot ye watch one hour?* At every diviſion he concluded with his text, which, by reaſon of the vice chancellor's ſitting ſo near the pulpit, often awaked him. This was ſo noted among the wits, that it was the talk of the whole univerſity, and withal it did ſo nettle the vice chancellor, that he complained to the archbiſhop of Canterbury, who, willing to redreſs him, ſent for this ſcholar up to London to defend himſelf againſt the crime laid to his charge, where coming, he gave ſo many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the archbiſhop enjoined him to preach before King James. After ſome excuſes, he at length condeſcended; and, coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the Firſt and the Sixth, waver not.* At firſt the King was ſomewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was ſo well pleaſed with the ſermon, that he made him one of his chaplains in ordinary; after this advancement the archbiſhop ſent him down to Oxford to make his recantation to the vice chancellor, and to take leave of the univerſity, which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verſe of the former text, *Sleep on now, and take your reſt.* Concluding his ſermon, he made his apology to the vice chancellor, ſaying, "Whereas I ſaid before, which gave offence, *What! cannot ye watch one hour?* I ſay now, *Sleep on now, and take your reſt.*"

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500. A young man married to an ill-tempered woman, who, not contented though he was very kind to her, made continual complaints to her father, to the great grief of both families; the huſband

band being no longer able to endure this ſcurvy humour, banged her ſoundly: hereupon ſhe complained to her father, who, underſtanding well the perverſeneſs of her humour, took her to taſk, and laced her ſides ſoundly too, ſaying, "*Go, and commend me to your huſband, and tell him, I am now even with him, for I have cudgelled his wife, as he hath beaten my daughter.*"

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301. A fellow hearing one ſay, according to the Italian proverb, "That three women make a market with their chatting;" "*Nay then,*" ſaid he, "*add my wife to them, and they will make a fair.*"

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302. One of King James the Firſt's chaplains preaching before the court at Whitehall, made uſe of the following quibbles in his diſcourſe: Speaking of the depravity of the age, almoſt all houſes, he ſaid, were made ale-houſes, that men made matrimony a matter of money, and placed their paradiſe in a pair of dice: was it ſo in the days of Noah! Oh, no!

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303. Two ladies juſt returned from Bath, were telling a gentleman how they liked the place, and how it agreed with them: the firſt had been ill, and found great benefit from the waters: "but pray what did you go for?" ſaid he to the ſecond. "Mere wantonneſs," replied ſhe. "*And pray did it cure you?*"

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304. A very fine lady who had the gout, aſked Dr. M——— what was the occaſion of the gout? "*Whoring and drinking, Madam,*" ſaid he.

305. Several preſs-gangs infeſting the ſtreets of the city and ſuburbs, one of which giving umbrage to a punſter, who had juſt ſtaggered from a tavern into the middle of them, he ſaid, "*God bleſs his majeſty's arms! but as to the ſupporters, they are beaſts.*"

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306. It was well anſwered by Archbiſhop Tillotſon to King William, when he complained of the ſhortneſs of his ſermon, "*Sir,*" ſaid the biſhop, "*could I have beſtowed more time on it, it would not have been ſo long.*"

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307. Mr. *Prior*, when ambaſſador, being at one of the French operas at Paris, and ſeated in a box with a nobleman he was free with, who, as uſual in France, ſung louder than the performer, burſt into bitter invectives againſt the laſt: upon which his lordſhip gave over to inquire the reaſon, adding, that the perſon he exclaimed againſt ſo fiercely, was one of the fineſt voices they had. "*Yes,*" replies his Excellency; "*but he makes ſuch a horrid noiſe that I can't have the pleaſure to hear your lordſhip.*"

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308. A living of 500*l.* per annum falling in the gift of the late Lord Chancellor Talbot, Sir Robert Walpole recommended one of his friends as very deſerving of the benefice, whom his Lordſhip approved of. In the interim, the curate who had ſerved the laſt incumbent many years for poor 30*l.* per ann. came up with a petition, ſigned by many of the inhabitants, teſtifying his good behaviour, ſetting forth that he had a wife and ſeven children to maintain, and begging his Lordſhip would ſtand

his

his friend, that he might be continued in his curacy; and, in consideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent to add 10*l.* a year, he should for ever pray. His Lordship, according to his usual goodness, promised to use his utmost endeavour to serve him; and the reverend gentleman, for whom the living was designed, coming soon after to pay his respects, my Lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he should allow him 60*l.* a year, instead of 30*l.* The parson, in some confusion, replied, "He was sorry that he could not "grant his request, for that he had promised the "curacy to another, and could not go back from his "word." "How," says my Lord, "have you "promised the curacy before you was possessed of "the living? Well, to keep your word with "your friend, if you please, I'll give him the cu-"racy, but the living I assure you, I'll give to "another;" and saying this he left him. The next day the poor curate coming to know his destiny, my Lord told him, "That he had used his endea-"vours to serve him as to the curacy, but with no "success, the reverend gentleman having disposed "of it before." The curate, with a deep sigh, returned his Lordship thanks for his goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my Lord calling him back, said with a smile, "*Well, my friend, 'tis true* "*I have it not in my power to give you the cu-*"*racy; but if you will accept of the living, it is* "*at your service.*" The feelings of the curate may be easily conceived.

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309. A gentlewoman delighting in plurality of lovers, chanced to admit to her embraces two gen-

tlemen who loved one another entirely, but were unacquainted with each others intrigue. One of them having lain with this gentlewoman one night, loſt his ring in the bed, which the other found in the morning after; the day following, the firſt ſees it on his friend's finger; after a great many arguings about it, they came to underſtand one another's intrigue; the man who loſt it demands his ring, the other refuſes; at laſt it was agreed, that it ſhould be left to the next comer by, who ſhould have the ring; it chanced to be the huſband of the woman, who hearing the whole matter, adjudged the ring ſhould belong to him, who owned the ſheets: "*Marry, then,*" ſaid they, "*for your excellent* "*judgment you ſhould have the ring.*"

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310. A ſcholar, in college hall, declaiming, having a bad memory, was at a ſtand; whereupon in a low voice, he deſired one that ſtood cloſe by, to help him out: "No," ſays the other, "*me-* "*thinks you are out enough already.*"

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311. A country gentleman riding down *Cornhill*, his horſe ſtumbled, and threw him at a ſhop door, the miſtreſs whereof being a pleaſant woman, and ſeeing there was no hurt done, aſked him, "Whether his horſe uſed to ſerve him ſo?" "Yes," ſaid he, "whenever he comes to the door "of a cuckold;" "*Lord, Sir,*" ſaid ſhe, "*I would* "*adviſe you to go back again, for you will have* "*a hundred falls elſe before you get to the top of* "Cheapſide."

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312. A gentleman riding near the foreſt of Which-wood, in Oxfordſhire, aſked a fellow, what

that wood was called? He ſaid, "Which-wood, Sir." "Why, that wood," ſaid the gentleman: "Which-wood, Sir:" "Why that wood, I tell "thee:" he ſtill ſaid "Which-wood." "I think," ſaid the gentleman, "thou art as ſenſeleſs as the wood that grows there." "It may be ſo," replied the other; "but you know not Which-wood."

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313. A young buxom baggage, with a candle in her hand, was ſet upon by a hotſpur, who by all means muſt have about with her; but ſhe vowed, if he meddled with her, ſhe would burn him: "Will you ſo?" ſays he, "I'll try that;" and thereupon blew out the candle, thinking himſelf ſafe from the threat; however, not long after, he found ſhe was as good as her word.

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314. A phyſician was wont to ſay, when he met a friend, "*I am glad to ſee you well.*" "In troth, Sir," ſaid one, "I think you do but diſſemble, for the world always goes ill with you when it goes well with your friends."

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315. A gentleman falling to decay, ſhifted where he could; among the reſt, he viſited an old acquaintance, and ſtayed with him ſeven or eight days, in which time the man began to be weary of his gueſt; and to be rid of him feigned a falling-out with his wife, by which means their fare was very ſlender; the gentleman perceiving their drift, but not knowing whither to go to better himſelf, told them, "*He had been there ſeven days, and had not ſeen any falling-out between them before;*

and that he was reſolved to ſtay ſeven days longer, but he would ſee them friends again."

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316. A Romiſh prieſt, on a faſt day, going to officiate at a convent of nuns, received by the way a preſent of a live carp, which he fixed as well as he could under his caſſock. The women perceiving an unuſual motion about his middle, expreſſed great ſigns of ſurpriſe; but the holy prieſt, deſirous to remove all occaſions of ſcandal, addreſſing himſelf to them, and holding aſide his garment, ſaid, *" Good ſiſters, I pray you be not offended, behold, it is nothing but FISH."*

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317. A young woman in France, whoſe brother had embraced the Proteſtant religion, was convicted of having a baſtard child, and obliged to do public penance. The prieſt, after a ſevere reprimand, warned her, that as ſhe had made a reparation for her own crime, ſhe would never fall into her brother's. *" Oh, Sir,"* ſaid ſhe, *" I would rather commit my fault a thouſand times, than be once guilty of my brother's."*

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318. A ſimple bumpkin, coming to London, was very much taken with the ſight of a ſedan chair, and bargained with the chairman to carry him to a place he named. The chairman obſerving the curioſity of the clown to be ſuitable to the meanneſs of his habit, privately took out the bottom of the chair, and then put him into it, which, when they took up, the countryman's feet were upon the ground, and as the chairman advanced, ſo did he; and if any place was dirtier in the way than the reſt, that they choſe to go through. The country-

countryman not knowing but others uſed to be carried or rather driven in the ſame manner, coming to his lodgings, gave them their demand. Returning into the country, he related what rare things he had ſeen in London, and withal, that he had been carried in a ſedan. "Sedan!" quoth one; "What is that?" "*Why*," ſaid he, "*like our watch-houſe, only it is covered with leather; but were it not for the name of a ſedan, a man might as well walk on foot.*"

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219. An ignorant clown who had the reputation of being a great ſcholar in the country, becauſe he could write and read, coming to London, and inquiring into all the ſtrange things he ſaw, at laſt read on a ſign-poſt, "Here are horſes to be let, 1748." "*Jehu*," ſaid he; "*if there are ſo many horſes in one inn, how many are there in the whole city?*"

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220. One reading a witty preface before a dull book, ſaid, "He wondered how ſuch a preface "came to be matched ſo prepoſterouſly to ſuch a "book." "In truth, Sir," ſaid another, "*I ſee no reaſon why they may not be matched, for I'm ſure they are not at all akin.*"

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221. One ſeeing a ſcholar that looked very much aſquint, "Sure," ſaid he, "this man muſt be more "learned than his fellows, for *with one caſt of his "eyes he can read both ſides of the book at once.*"

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222. A youth ſtanding by, whilſt his father was at play, obſerving him to loſe a great deal of money,

money, burſt into tears. His father aſked him the reaſon why he wept? "Oh, Sir, I have heard "that Alexander the Great wept when he heard "his father Philip had conquered a great many "towns, cities, and countries, fearing that he "would leave him nothing to win: *but I weep* "*the contrary way, fearing you would leave me* "*nothing to loſe.*"

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323. A rich citizen of London, in his will, left ſomething conſiderable to Chriſt's Hoſpital, but little or nothing to one of his extravagant ſons: at the funeral the blue-coat boys were ordered, in acknowledgment of ſo great a gift, to ſing before the corpſe to the grave: as they marched through Cheapſide, this extravagant ſon led his mother, who obſerving the boys made a reſt, he opened his pipes in ſuch a manner, that he was heard almoſt from one end of the ſtreet to the other, and ſtill leading his mother, he continued thus ſinging, till a kinſman came to him, and ſtopping his mouth, aſked him his reaſon for his irreverent and indecent carriage. "Why, couſin," quoth he, "*the boys there at my father's death ſing for ſomething, and won't you let me ſing for nothing?*"

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324. Mr. *Amner*, going through a ſtreet in Windſor, two boys looked out of a one pair of ſtairs window, and cried, "There goes Mr. Am-"ner, that makes ſo many bulls." He hearing them, looked up, ſaying, "*You raſcals, I know you well enough, and if I had you here I'd kick you down ſtairs.*"

325. The

325. The ſame gentleman croſſing the water in a ferry-boat at Datchet, the good man of the ferry being from home, his wife did his office, and not putting in the boat juſt at the landing place, Mr. *Amner* at his landing ſunk into the mud over his ſhoes, and going a little further he met with a friend, who aſked, how he came ſo dirty: "Fore "God," replied Mr. *Amner*, "*no man was ever ſo abuſed as I have been; for coming over Datchet Ferry, a ſcurvy woman waterman put over his boat, and landed me clean in the mire.*"

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326. A gentleman having invited ſeveral friends to ſupper, a couple of rabbits in a diſh being under his hand, as he was carving his wife called to him, "Huſband, prithee give me a flap of the coney; the good man ſeeming abaſhed at her words, anſwered her, "*How now wife! not before all this company.*"

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327. A poor woman in the country ſent her ſon to a geneleman's houſe upon ſome errand or other; the loitering lad ſtaid ſomething too long, looking upon a dog in the wheel that turned the ſpit; ſo that when he came home, his mother beat him ſoundly; execution ended, the boy told her, if ſhe had been there, ſhe would have ſtaid as long as he; and ſhe demanding the reaſon, he ſaid, "*Oh! mother, it would have done you good to have ſeen how daintily a dog in a wheel ſpun roaſt meat.*"

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328. A bridegroom, the firſt night he was in bed with his bride, ſaid unto her, "When I ſoli-"cited thy chaſtity, had'ſt thou then condeſcend-"ed, I would never have made thee my wife; for

"I

" I did it only to try thee." " Faith," ſaid ſhe, " *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened ſo three or four times before, and I was reſolved to be fooled ſo no more.*"

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329. A Lord intended to take in a great part of the common belonging to the town, and he agreed with a carpenter to have it railed in: " My Lord," ſays he, " it ſhall be done, and I " think I can ſave you ſome charges in the buſi- " neſs: For," ſays he, " *do you but get poſts, and I doubt not but all the neighbours round about will find you railing enough.*"

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330. A young Italian gentleman being led by curioſity into Holland, where having lived ſome time converſing with the moſt ingenious, was one day ſet upon by a proteſtant miniſter, who would needs engage him in a controverſy about religion. The young gentleman, knowing himſelf too weak for the encounter, begged his diverſion, and endeavoured to wave the diſcourſe; but the more he avoided it, the more hotly was he preſſed by the miniſter; whereupon the young Italian, in a very great paſſion, conjured him by all that is good to let him alone in peace with his religion. " *For,*" ſaid he, " *I cannot embrace yours; and if you make me loſe my own, I will never make choice of any other.*"

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331. A brave Dutch captain being commanded by his colonel to go on a dangerous exploit againſt the French, with forces that were unlikely to atchieve the enterprize, the captain adviſed his colonel to ſend but half ſo many men: " *Becauſe,*" replied

plied the captain, "*they are enough to be knocked on the head.*"

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332. A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition againſt the Dutch, imagined himſelf valiant enough, and thereupon lifted himſelf: returning again, he was aſked by his friends, what exploits he had done there? He ſaid, *that he had cut off one of his enemies' legs*; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: "Oh," ſaid he, "*his head was cut off before.*"

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333. A perſon of quality coming into a church, to the place where ſeveral of his anceſtors were buried, after he had ſaid much in their commendation, and praiſed them for worthy men; "Well," ſaid he, "*I am reſolved if I live to be buried as near them as poſſible.*"

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334. An Iriſhman having been obliged to live with his maſter ſome time in Scotland; when he came home again, ſome of his companions aſked him, how he liked Scotland? "*I will tell you* "*now,*" ſaid he, "*by Chriſt I was ſick all the while I was there, and if I had lived there 'till this time, I had been dead a year ago.*"

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335. A certain ducheſs, in a late reign, hearing that a man in a high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much caſh, had married his kept miſtreſs; "Good Lord," ſaid ſhe, "*that old fellow is always robbing the public.*"

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336. A book being publiſhed in Queen *Eliza-*
beth's

beth's time that gave her much offence, ſhe aſked *Bacon* if he could find no treaſon in it? "No, Ma-"dam," ſaid he, "*but abundance of felony, for the author has ſtole half his conceits from* Ta-"citus."

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337. A young lady being ſick, a phyſician was ſent for to feel her pulſe; ſhe being very coy, and loth he ſhould touch her naked ſkin, pulled her ſmock ſleeve over her hand; the doctor obſerving it, took a corner of his coat, and laid it upon her ſmock ſleeve; at which a lady that ſtood by wondered; "O Madam," ſaid he, "*a linen pulſe muſt always have a woollen phyſician.*"

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338. The *Biſhop of Durham* had a ſlovenly cuſtom of keeping one hand always in his breeches; and being one day to bring a Bill into the Houſe of Peers relating to a proviſion for officers' widows, he came with papers in one hand, and the other, as uſual, in his breeches; and beginning to ſpeak, "I have ſomething in my hand, my Lords," ſaid he, "for the benefit of the officers' widows."—Upon which the Duke of *Wharton* immediately interrupting him aſked, "*In which hand, my Lord?*"

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339. *King Charles* II. on a certain time paying a viſit to Dr. *Buſby*, the doctor is ſaid to have ſtrutted through his ſchool with his hat upon his head, while his Majeſty walked complaiſantly behind him, with his hat under his arm: but, when he was taking his leave at the door, the doctor, with great humility, thus addreſſed him: "*Sir, I hope your Majeſty will excuſe my want of reſpect hi-*

hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myſelf, I ſhould never be able to rule them."

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340. The Lord Chief Juſtice *Wh———d*, of the King's Bench in Ireland, being eſteemed a very able lawyer, and Judge *C———d* and *D———t* very indifferent ones: "Well," ſaid an attorney of that Court, "no bench was ever ſupplied like "ours; for we have got an hundred judges upon "it." "An hundred!" ſaid another, how can "that be?" "Why?" replied the firſt, "*There is* "*a figure of* one, *and* two cyphers."

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341. *King Charles* the Second coming from New Market through Shoreditch to London, obſerving a wall or bank lately made there of horns, as is common in that road, bid Rocheſter, who was in the coach with him, take notice of it: "*Ay*, "*Sir*," ſaid he, "*the citizens ſeem to have been laying their heads together to mend the way againſt your Majeſty came by.*"

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342. One Mr. *Aſh* coming into an inn, deſired the landlord to lend him a hand to pull off his great coat. "Indeed, Sir," ſaid he, "I dare not." "Dare not!" replied the other, "what do you "mean by that?" "You know, Sir," anſwered he, "there is an act of Parliament againſt ſtrip-"ping of *Aſh*."

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343. A cordelier waiting to cloſe the eyes of an Archbiſhop, as ſoon as he was dead, having fixed his eyes upon a rich crucifix, ſlipped it into one of his

his wide ſleeves, ſaying, "*He was crucified for "us.*"

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344. An honeſt French dragoon, in the ſervice of *Lewis* the *Fourteenth*, having caught a fellow in bed with his wife, after ſome words, told him, he would let him eſcape that time; but by G—, if if ever he found him there again, he'd throw his hat out of the window. Notwithſtanding this terrible threat, in a very few days he caught the ſpark in the ſame place, and was as good as his word. Knowing what he had done, he poſted away to a place, where he knew the King was to be, and throwing himſelf at his Majeſty's feet, implored his pardon. The King aſked him what his offence was? He told him how he had been abuſed, and that he had thrown the man's hat out of the window. "Well, well," ſaid the King, laughing "I very readily for-"give you; conſidering your provocation, I think "you were much in the right to throw his hat out "of the window." "*Yes, and it pleaſe you, my "liege,*" ſaid the dragoon, "but his head was in "it." "Was it ſo," replied the King: "well, "my word is paſt."

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345. A young and learned gentleman, who was to preach a probation ſermon for a very good lectureſhip in the city, and had but a bad voice, though otherwiſe an excellent preacher; a friend, when he came out of the pulpit, wiſhed him joy, and ſaid, he would certainly carry the election, *for he had nobody's voice againſt him but his own.*"

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346. Sir Robert *Sutton* being aſked by the King

of

of Pruſſia, on his aſking him at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he would ſay an equal number of Engliſhmen could beat them? "No, Sir," anſwered Sir Robert, "I won't pretend to ſay "that, but I believe *half the number would try.*"

347. The Cardinal de *Retz* being out of favour at court, and at laſt recalled to kiſs the King's hand, the King ſaid to him, "Your eminence's hair is "grown quite white." To which he replied, "*It would make a younger man than I am look grey, to be ſo long in diſgrace with your Majeſty as I have been.*"

348. Upon the death of *Moliere*, a poet waiting with his epitaph upon the Prince of *Condé*, the Prince told him, *he ſhould have been much better pleaſed if Moliere had brought him his.*

349. The famous *Buchanan* being at dinner where the ſoup was exceeding hot, burnt his mouth, and at the ſame time breaking wind backwards; "it is well for you," ſaid he, "*that you made your eſcape, for I ſhould have burnt you alive if you had ſtaid.*"

350. A Biſhop going in great haſte to Rome to be cardinalized, miſſed his promotion, and returned; but got a violent cold by the way: "It is "no wonder," ſaid one that was told of it, "*ſince he came ſo far without his hat.*"

351. Mr. Smith, the ordinary of Newgate, in the reign of King William, one of the famous ſcruple drawers of his time, had an impertinent clipper

once to deal with. "Why," ſaid the fellow, "what harm have I done? A parcel of overgrown "ſhillings fell into my hands, and I only pared "off their ſuperfluities. They would have bought "but twelvepenny worth of beef and turnips at "firſt, and they will buy twelve penny worth of "beef and turnips ſtill. "Ay, but hark you, my "friend," cries the ordinary, "what is it to clip "a thing, but to pare it round? and what is par-"ing round called in Scripture, but circumciſion? "and who, under the evangelical diſpenſation, "dares practiſe circumciſion, but one that has "actually renounced the Chriſtian religion, and is "a Jew, a moſt obſtinate perverſe Jew in his "heart?" Upon this the poor clipper threw himſelf at his feet, owned the heinouſneſs of his ſin, confeſſed that ſabbath breaking had brought him to it, and wept like a church-ſpout.

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352. A gentleman being very drunk, came to a friend's houſe, and told him, he came three miles on purpoſe to ſup with him; to whom the other anſwered, *he was greatly obliged to him, ſince he came ſo far to ſee him, before he came to himſelf.*

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353 A Scotch parſon in the Rump time, in his babbling prayer, ſaid, "*Lord bleſs the grand coun-*"*cil, the Parliament, and grant they may all* "*hang together.*" A country fellow ſtanding by, ſaid, "Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the "ſooner the better; and I'm ſure it is the prayers "of all good people." "*But* friends," ſaid Sawney, "I don't mean as that fellow means, but "pray they may all hang together in *accord* and

con-

" *concord.*" " *No matter what cord,*" replied the other, " *ſo it is but a ſtrong cord.*"

354. An honeſt Highlander walking along Holborn, heard a voice cry, *Rogue Scot, Rogue Scot*; his northern blood firing at the inſult, he drew his broad ſword, looking round him on every ſide to diſcover the object of his indignation; at laſt he found that it came from a parrot perched in a balcony within his reach; but the generous Scot diſdaining to ſtain his truſty blade with ſuch ignoble blood, put up his ſword again, with a ſour ſmile, ſaying, " *Gin ye were a man, as ye're a green geeſe, I would ſplit your wame.*"

355. Mr. James *Kirton*, preaching upon Jezebel, ſaid, " that well favoured whore, what became of " her, Sirs? ſhe fell from a window arſe over " head, and her black bottom was diſcovered: " You may all gueſs what the beholders ſaw, be- " loved, *a black ſight to be ſure.*"

356. The ſame teacher, preaching on the poverty of the people of God, gave this remarkable inſtance: " Brethren," ſays he, " critics with " their frim frams and whitty whatties, may ima- " gine an hundred reaſons for Abraham's going " out of the land of Chaldea; but I will tell you " what was always my opinion; I believe Abra- " ham, poor man, *was forced to run out of the land* " *of Chaldea for debt.*"

357. Another Scotch parſon preaching upon theſe words, *Reſiſt the devil, and he will fly from you*, began thus: " My beloved, you are all " here

" here to-day, but wot ye who is among ye; even " the mickle horned devil. Ye cannot ſee him, " but by the eye of faith I ſee him. But ſome of " you ſay, what ſhall we do with him, now we " have him here? How ſhall we deſtroy him? " We will hang him. Alas, my beloved, there are " not ſo many tows in the pariſh as will hang " him; he is as light as a feather. Then ſome of " you will ſay, we will drown him. Humph, " my beloved, there is too much cork in his arſe, " he's as ſouple as an eel, he will not ſink. Others " of you will ſay, we will burn him. Na, na, " ſirs, you may ſcald yourſels, but ye canna burn " him, for all the fire in hell could never ſing a " hair of his tail. Now, Sirs, ye canna find a " way among you all to kill him: but I will find " it. What way will this be, Sirs? We ſhall " even ſhoot him. Wherewith ſhall we ſhoot " him? We ſhall ſhoot him with the *bible*. Now " Sirs, I ſhall ſhoot him preſently." So, preſenting the bible as the ſoldiers do their muſkets, he cries out, " *Toot, toot, toot:* Now he is ſhot: " there lies the foul thief as dead as a herring."

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358. The reverend Mr. *Brodie* preaching one day at the Tron Kirk in *Edinburgh*, on hell torments, repreſented them to be intolerable from the extreme cold. And it being at that time very cold weather, one of his congregation, after ſermon, took upon him to aſk him the reaſon of his ſo doing, when all the reverend divines had preached it up to be the reverſe. " *O ſir,*" ſaid he, " *I had good rea-* " *ſon: for if I had told them it was hot, I ſhould* " *have had them all run away to hell to warm* " *themſelves.*"

359.

359. An Iriſhman having a looking-glaſs in his hand, ſhut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another aſking him, why he did ſo; "Upon my "ſhoul," ſays teague, "*it is to ſee how I look* "*when I am aſleep.*"

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360. Two gentlemen ſtanding together, as a young lady paſſed by them, ſaid one, "*There goes* "*the handſomeſt woman I ever ſaw.*" She, hearing him, turned back, and ſeeing him very ugly, ſaid, "*I wiſh I could in return ſay as much of you.*" "*So you may, by G—, madam,*" ſaid he, "*and lie* "*as I did.*"

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361. A man and his dog, named Cuckold, going out together in the evening, in returning home the dog ran in doors firſt: "O mother," ſays the boy, "Cuckold's come:" "Nay then," ſays the mother, "*your father's not far off, I am ſure.*"

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362. A country curate being one Friday in Lent to examine his young catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of all-fours unfiniſhed, in which he had the advantage; but told his antagoniſt he would ſoon diſpatch his audience, and ſee him out. Now for fear any tricks ſhould be played with the cards in his abſence, he put them in his caſſock, and went into church. Then beginning to examine the children, he aſked one of them how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily anſwering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his ſleeve. He had the preſence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was; which he readily did: then turning to the parents of the child. "Are you

" not aſhamed," ſaid he, " to pay ſo little regard " to the eternal welfare of your children as not to " teach them their commandments? I ſuſpected " your neglect, and brought this card with me to " detect your immorality, in teaching your children " to know their cards before their command- " ments."

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363. A notorious bawd of *Clerkenwell*, having left in her will a handſome ſum of money to be given to the Rev. *Doctor Lee*, to preach her funeral ſermon, but on condition he ſhould ſay nothing but what was well of her. Her executors accordingly waited on the doctor, and acquainted him with the conditions of the will; who being very much ſurpriſed at ſuch a requeſt, deſired them to call again, and he would conſider of it: ſoon after they came again, when he agreed that on the money's being paid directly, he would preach it the following Sunday. The doctor kept his word, and taking the text " *Bleſſed are they, &c.*" made an excellent ſermon on a well-ſpent life, and the reward they would have in the next world: concluding, " Dear " friends," ſaid he, " as for the deceaſed, of whom " I am now going to ſpeak" (which cauſed great attention from the congregation) " all I ſhall ſay of " her is that ſhe was born at *Camberwell*, lived " a great part of her time in *Bridewell*, and died " at *Clerkenwell*, and at laſt has *done well*; then " let us pray that ſhe may *fare well*."

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364. The Duke of *Guiſe*, after a battle fought between *Francis I.* and *Charles V.* reproached one *Villandry*, that though he was in complete armour yet he had not been ſeen in fight. " I'll make it " out,"

" out," answered Villandry boldly, " that I was " there, and in a place where you durst not be " seen." The duke, nettled at this reproach, threatened to punish him severely; but he appeased him with these words: " *I was, my lord, with the bag-* " *gage, where your courage would not suffer you to* " *go.*"

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365. *Herman* was so covetous, according to the testimony of *Lucilius*, that dreaming one night he had spent some money, he hanged himself in the morning; but *Dinarchee Philo* quitted the design he had once taken to hang himself, because he grudged the expence of a rope.

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366. A French courtier, who was a little suspected of impotence, one day meeting the poet *Benserand*, who had often jeered him: " Sir," said he, " for all your silly jests, my wife was brought to bed of a boy two days ago." " *Faith*," replied Benserend, " *I never questioned your wife.*"

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367. A beautiful young creature of thirteen years of age, being to be married to a strapping fellow of thirty, the young lady's mother was severely rallied at a tea table conversation, for consenting to such an unequal match: the old gentlewoman said in her defence, " *That she had much rather her* " *daughter should smart than itch.*"

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368. Dr. M—d coming out of Tom's coffee-house, an impudent broken apothecary met him at the door, and accosted him with a request to lend him five guineas: " Sir," said the doctor, " I am " surprised that you should apply to me for such a

" favour, who do not know you. " *O, dear ſir,*" repiled the apothecary, " *it is for that very reaſon;* " *for thoſe who do, won't lend me a farthing.*"

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369. An old ſuperſtitious Roman, who had his buſkins rat eaten, conſulted Cato in a grave manner what ſuch an accident might portend. Cato bid him ſet his mind at reſt, for there would come no miſchief on't. " *But,*" ſays the philoſopher, " *if* " *your buſkins had eaten the rats it might have* " *been dangerous.*"

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370. An archbiſhop finding fault with ſome actions of Queen *Elizabeth*, brought her good arguments out of the ſcriptures, to prove that they favoured more of the politician than the Chriſtian. " I ſee," ſaid ſhe, " my lord you have read the ſcriptures, *but not the book of Kings.*"

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371. In a viſit Queen *Elizabeth* made to the famous Lord Chancellor *Bacon*, at a ſmall country ſeat which he had built for himſelf before his preferment, ſhe aſked him how it came he had made himſelf ſo ſmall a houſe? " *It is not I, madam,*" anſwered he, " *who have made my houſe too ſmall for myſelf, but your majeſty, who have made me too big for my houſe.*"

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372. Mr. Theophilus Cibber, the comedian, coming one day to his father, begged him to let him have an hundred pounds, which would make him perfectly eaſy in his affairs. " Why then," ſaid the father, " it is very ſtrange you can't live upon " your ſalary, your benefit, and other advantages. " When I was of your age, I never ſpent any of

" my

" my father's money." " *I do not know that,*" anſwered the ſon; " *but I am ſure you have ſpent a great many hundred pounds of my father's money.*"

373. An ordinary country fellow being called as an evidence in a court of judicature, in a cauſe where the terms of *Mortgager* and *Mortgagee* were frequently uſed, the judge aſked the countryman if he knew the difference between the *Mortgager* and the *Mortgagee*? " Yes," ſaid he, " it is the ſame " as between the *Nodder* and the *Noddee*." " How " is that?" replied the judge. " Why you ſit " there, my lord, ſaid the clown, and I nod at you: " then *I* am the *Nodder* and your lordſhip is the " *Noddee*."

374. Two fellows meeting, one aſked the other Why he looked ſo ſad? " I have very good rea- " ſon for it," anſwered the other: " poor Jack " ſuch-a-one, the greateſt chroney and beſt friend " I had in the world was hanged about two days " ago." " What had he done?" ſaid the firſt. " Alas," replied the other, " he did no more than " you or I ſhould have done on the like occaſion— " he found a bridle on the road, and took it up." " What," anſwered the other, " hang a man for " taking a bridle! that's hard, indeed." " To " tell the truth of the matter," ſaid the other, " there was a horſe tied to the other end of it."

375. It was a fine ſaying of my Lord *Ruſſel*, who was beheaded in the reign of King *Charles*, when on the ſcaffold he delivered his watch to Dr. *Gilbert Burnet*, afterwards Biſhop of *Saliſbury*. " *Here, ſir,*" ſaid he, " *take this, it ſhews time. I*

am going into eternity, and ſhall no longer have any need of it."

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376. " In days of yore," ſaid *Winifred*, an Engliſh biſhop, " the prieſts were golden prieſts, " and the chalices were wooden ones: but now, " *O tempora! O mores!* how are things over- " turned! we have golden chalices and wooden " prieſts,"

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377 A dyer in a court of juſtice, being ordered to hold up his hand that was all black: " Take off " your glove, friend," ſaid the judge to him. " *Put on your ſpectacles, my lord*," anſwered the dyer.

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378. A ſober good woman who was treating with a maid ſervant about work and wages, aſked her among other queſtions, what religion ſhe was of? " Alack-a-day, madam," ſaid the poor inno- nocent girl, " I never trouble my head about that; " for religion I thought was only for gentlefolks."

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379. Admiral *Chatillon* being on a holiday gone to hear maſs in the Dominican friars chapel, a poor fellow begged his charity, juſt as he was moſt intent on his devotions. He felt in his pockets, and gave him ſeveral pieces of gold, without counting them or minding what they were. The conſiderable alms ſo dazzled the beggar's eyes that he was amazed at it. As M. Chatillon was going out of the church door, where the poor man waited for him; " Sir," ſaid he, ſhewing him what he had given him, " I " cannot tell whether you intended to give me ſo " large a ſum; if not, I am very ready to return " it."

" it." The admiral wondering at the honeſty of the man, ſaid, " *I did not indeed, honeſt man, intend to have given you ſo much: but ſince you have the generoſity to offer to return it, I will have the generoſity to deſire you to keep it; and there are five pieces more for you.*"

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380. A certain captain, who had made a greater figure than his fortune could well bear, and the regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great part of his equipage. A few days after, as he was walking by the road-ſide, he ſaw one of his ſoldiers ſitting louſing himſelf under a hedge: " *What are you doing there, Tom?*" ſaid the officer. " *Why faith, ſir,*" anſwered the ſoldier, " *I am following your example, getting rid of part of my retinue.*"

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381. A man of quality in the country, whoſe wife had not the beſt reputation in the world, and whoſe children had been very ſhort lived, looking earneſtly one day upon a peaſant, ſitting at his own door, with five or ſix luſty boys about him. " Pri-
" thee, honeſt fellow," ſaid my lord, " how do
" you poor folks do to get ſo many brave healthy
" children, when I who am rich, and able to maintain
" them handſomely, can get none that will live?"
" Why, an't pleaſe your lordſhip," anſwered the bumpkin, " *We poor folks take pains to get them ourſelves.*"

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382. A biſhop of Servia, in Italy, came in great haſte to the pope, and told him, that it was generally reported his holineſs had done him the honour to make him the governor of Rome. " How," ſaid the pope.

pope, "don't you know that fame ſpreads a great "many falſe reports, and I dare ſay you'll find "this one of them."

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383. A gaſcon one day reading in company a letter he had juſt received from his father, who therein acquainted him, that he was threatened with an aſſeſſment, which would be very hard upon him, whoſe whole eſtate was not above two hundred livres per annum. The ſum was written in figures, thus (200). But the Gaſcon reading two thouſand inſtead of two hundred: a lady that ſtood behind him, and read the letter without uttering a word, ſo that he could not perceive her, hearing him ſay two thouſand; "Hold, hold, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "there "are but two hundred." "Let me be hanged," ſaid he, turning about to her, "if the coxcomb" (meaning his father), "has not forgot a cypher."

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384. Another gaſcon officer, who had ſerved under *Henry IV.* King of France, and not having received any pay for a conſiderable time, came to the king, and confidently ſaid to him, "*Sir, three words with your majeſty, Money or diſcharge.* "*Four with you,*" anſwered his majeſty, "*neither one nor t'other.*"

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385. A certain Italian having wrote a book upon the *art of making gold*, dedicated it to Pope Leo X. in hopes of a good reward. His holineſs, finding the man conſtantly following him, at length gave him a large empty purſe, ſaying, "*Sir, ſince you know how to make gold, you can have no need of any thing but a purſe to put it in.*"

386. A Scotch pedlar, being very much diſtreſſed for a lodging, came at laſt to a hut, where with ſome difficulty he prevailed on his hoſt to put him to bed to a couple of countrymen, that were juſt got in before: they were faſt aſleep, and Sawney thruſt in between them, in hopes of warming himſelf; his bedfellows being jolly fellows, the bed none of the largeſt, and the night very cold, they endeavoured to keep as much in the middle of it as poſſible, which made them ſqueeze the poor Scot extremely, who was very uneaſy in his poſt, and wanting to do that which nobody could do for him, and being unwilling to get up leſt they ſhould refuſe his entrance again, plied his water-engine on him that was in the front; at which the fellow awakened, and aſked the pedlar what he was about, "*Huſh*," ſays Sawney, "*you are well off, for I am doing t'other thing upon t'other.*"

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387. A countryman ſeeing a lady in the ſtreet in a very odd dreſs, as he thought, begged her to be pleaſed to tell him what ſhe called it. The lady, a little ſurpriſed at the queſtion, called him impertinent fellow. "Nay, I hope no offence madam," cried Hodge, "I am a poor countryman, juſt going "out of town, and my wife always expects I ſhould "bring her an account of the neweſt faſhion, which "occaſioned my inquiring what you call this that "you wear." "It is a ſack," ſaid ſhe, in a great pet. "*I have heard*," replied the countryman (heartily nettled at her behaviour) "*of a pig in a pock, but never before ſaw a ſow in a ſack.*"

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388. In the courſe of *Damper's* voyage, the ſhip altogether run out of proviſions, ſo that dire neceſſity

neceſſity dictated that one of the crew ſhould be food for the reſt. The boatſwain was a fat healthy freſh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In ſuch an extreme neceſſity, all forms of ſuperiority were laid aſide. The captain and lieutenant were ſafe only by being carrion; and the unhappy boatſwain in danger only by being worth eating. To be ſhort, the company were unanimous, and the boatſwain muſt be cut up. He ſaw their intention, and deſired he might ſpeak a few words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himſelf as follows:

'Gentleman ſailors,

'Far be it that I ſhould ſpeak it for any private 'intereſt of my own; but I take it, that I ſhould 'not die with a good conſcience, if I did not confeſs 'to you that I am not ſound. I ſay, gentleman, 'juſtice and the teſtimony of a good conſcience, as 'well as love of my country, to which I hope you 'will all return, oblige me to own, that black Kate 'of Deptford has made me very unfit to eat; and 'I ſpeak it with ſhame. I am afraid, Gentlemen, I 'ſhall poiſon you"

The ſpeech had a good effect in the boatſwain's favour; but the ſurgeon of the ſhip proteſted he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the firſt ſteak himſelf.

The boatſwain replied (like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time) that he was heartily glad if he could be for their ſervice, and thanked the ſurgeon for his information: "however," ſaid he, "I muſt inform you "for your own good, that I have ever ſince my "cure been very thirſty and dropſical; therefore I "preſume

" preſume it will be much better to tap me, and " drink me off, than to eat me at once, and have " no man in the ſhip fit to be drank afterwards." As he was going on with his harangue, a freſh gale aroſe, and gave the crew hopes of a better repaſt at the neareſt ſhore, at which they arrived next morning.

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389. A proud parſon and his man, riding over a common, ſaw a ſhepherd tending his flock, and having on a new coat, the parſon aſked him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat. " The " ſame," ſaid the ſhepherd, " that clothed you, " the pariſh." The parſon, nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little way, and then bade his man go back and aſk the ſhepherd if he'd come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man going accordingly to the ſhepherd, delivered his maſter's meſſage, and concluded as he was ordered, that his maſter wanted a *fool*. " *Why, are you going away then?*" ſaid the ſhepherd. " *No,*" anſwered the other. " *Then you may tell your maſter,*" replied the ſhepherd, " *his living can't maintain three of us.*"

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390. An old woman who had a very handſome daughter, had great jealouſy and fear that one Mr. *John Turner*, a young fellow in the neighbourhood, had a great mind to be too buſy with her; and as ſhe apprehended, watching them pretty narrowly, ſhe caught them in the very fact upon the bed in the garret; upon which ſhe halloed out, with a diſmal groan, " O! John Turner! John Turner!" " No, I think, mother," ſaid he, " *She lies very well already.*"

391. The Duke of ——— aſked a friend, who he thought had undertaken the moſt difficult taſk, Mr. *Whiſton*, in his attempts to diſcover the longitude, or Mr. *Liſle* to find the philoſopher's ſtone? the friend anſwered, that he could not tell which was the moſt arduous taſk of the two, which thoſe gentlemen had undertaken, but he was ſure that he had himſelf engaged in a much more difficult work than either of them. "What is that?" ſaid his grace. "*I have been theſe ſix years endeavouring to prevail on you to pay your debts,*" replied his friend.

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392. A ſchoolmaſter aſking one of his boys in a ſharp wintry morning, what was Latin for cold; the boy heſitated a little; "What, ſirrah," ſaid he, "can't you tell?" "Yes, yes," replied the boy, "*I have it at my fingers ends.*"

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393. An old lady being at table, and mumbling a piece of brawn that was very horny, for a long time, at length it jumped out of her mouth upon the plate of a young gentleman, who ſat on the oppoſite ſide of the table; but he not ſeeing from whence it came, quickly eat it up. "*Good Lord,*" ſaid the old lady, "*what a fine thing it is to be young and have one's teeth; I have been mumbling and tumbling that piece of brawn in my mouth this half hour to no purpoſe, and you have chewed and ſwallowed it in a moment.*

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394. A gentleman, whoſe wife complained a little of his manhood, conſented that ſhe ſhould make choice of any one, ſo that it was but one, to do family duty in his ſtead; ſhe choſe the coachman,

man, a ſturdy fellow; but by ſome accident the reverend chaplain came to ſuſpect the intrigue that was carrying on by his patron's lady, and was reſolved to watch her waters: it was not long before he had an opportunity, by peeping through a key-hole, of being entirely confirmed in his ſuſpicion, and being a very conſcientious man, he thought it his duty to acquaint her huſband with it: he told him he could not ſee him abuſed in ſo vile, ſo abominable a manner without letting him know it. "Huſh, huſh, doctor," ſaid the gentleman, "*the thing is a ſecret; I give my coachman twenty pounds a year extraordinary for that very ſervice.*" "*God take me,*" cried the conſcientious parſon, "*why would you not ſpeak to me? I would have done it for half the money, and thanked you too.*"

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395. The late Sir *John Taſh* was a famous wine merchant, and ſold great quantities of that liquor, but was ſuppoſed to make it chiefly without much of the juice of the grape, therefore Alderman *Parſons* meeting him one day, ſaluted him by the name of brother brewer. "I deal in wine," ſaid Sir John, "Mr. Alderman, and am no "brewer." "Yes, by G—d," replied the other, "but I know you are, and can brew more by an "inch of candle, than I can with a chaldron of "coals."

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396. *Jemmy Spiller*, one of the jocoſe comedians, going one day through Rag Fair, cheapened a leg of mutton he ſaw hung up there, at a butcher's ſtall. The butcher told him, it was a groat a pound. "*Are you not an unconſcionable fellow,*"

ſaid *Spiller*, " *to aſk ſuch a price when one may buy a new one for that in* Clare Market ?

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397. A gentleman having a ſervant with a very thick ſkull, uſed often to call him the *King of fools.* " I wiſh," ſaid the fellow one day, " you " could make your words good, I ſhould then be " the greateſt monarch in the world."

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398. A lawyer being ſick, made his laſt will, and gave all his eſtate to fools and madmen : being aſked the reaſon for ſo doing, " *From ſuch*," ſaid he, " *I had it, and to ſuch I give it again.*"

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399. A thief being brought to Tyburn to be executed, the ordinary of Newgate, in taking his laſt confeſſion, aſked him if he was not ſorry for having committed the robbery for which he was going to ſuffer ? The criminal anſwered, *Yes, but that he was more ſorry for not having ſtole enough to bribe the jury.*

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400. A certain poor unfortunate gentlemen was ſo often pulled by the ſleeve by the bailiffs, that he was in continual apprehenſion of them, and going one day through Taviſtock-ſtreet, his coat ſleeve, as he was ſwinging it along in a hurry, happened to hitch upon the iron ſpike of one of the rails ; whereupon he immediately turned about in a great ſurprize, and cried out, " *At whoſe ſuit, Sir ? at whoſe ſuit ?*"

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401. Colonel *Pride*, the brewer, a preciſe fanatic in the time of the uſurpation, ſitting at the quarter ſeſſions as a juſtice of the peace, a reverend old

old gentlewoman was indicted for a bawd, but she standing strongly upon her defence, and protesting she never had kept any such house. "Hufwife! hufwife!" said he, "you have kept a bawdy house "these twenty years to my knowledge." "To "your knowledge, brother," said another of the worshipful justices, "*nay then we need no other evidence.*"

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402. A soldier a little before an engagement, found a horse shoe, and stuck it in his girdle; shortly after, in the heat of the action, a bullet came and hit him upon that part. "Well," said he, "*I find a little armour will serve a turn, if it be put in the right place.*"

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403. An impudent ridiculous fellow, being laughed at by all who came in his company, told some of his acquaintance, that he had a happy quality of laughing at all who laughed at him. "Then," said one of them, "*you lead the merrieft life of any man in Chriftendom.*"

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404. *Alexander* the Great asked *Dionedes*, a famous pirate, who was brought prisoner to him, why he was so bold as to rob and plunder in his seas? He answered, that he did it for his profit, and as Alexander himself was used to do it. "*But because I do it with one single galley, I am called a pirate; but you, Sir, who do it with a great army, are called a king.*"

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405. Two persons, male and female, having at once met with three irresistible temptations, time, place, and consent, made use of the occasion and

were very wickedly busy; but the wench being more troubled about her credit than conscience, cries to him, "*if this should come out I am utterly undone*;" to which the young fellow answered, "*And if it does not I am sure I shall be utterly undone.*"

406. A nobleman having presented King *Charles* II. with a fine horse, his Majesty bade *Killegrew*, who was present, tell him his age; whereupon Killigrew goes and examines the tail: "What are "you doing," said the king? "this is not the "place to find out his age." "O! Sir," said Killigrew, "your Majesty knows one should ne-"ver look a gift horse in the mouth."

407. A young man who was a very great talker, making a bargain with *Isocrates* to be taught by him, Isocrates asked double the price that his other scholars gave him; "and the reason," said he, "is, that I must teach thee two sciences; one to "speak, and the other to hold your tongue."

408. A captain, not far from St. James's, having an amorous design upon his landlady, a comely young milliner, to give her a hint of what he'd be at, clapped a guinea on one of his eyes, and stared her in the face with the other. The doxy, presently taking the meaning, "Sir," said she, "*Love, I have been told, is not blind of one only, but both eyes.*"

409. A certain couple going to Dunmow in Essex, to claim the flitch of bacon which is to be given to every married pair, who can swear they

have had no diſpute, nor once repented their bargain in a year and a day, the ſteward ready to deliver it, aſked where they would put it; the huſband produced a bag, and told him, *in that*—"*That*," anſwered the ſteward, "*it is not big enough to hold it.*" "*So I told my wife*," replied the good man: "*and I believe we have had an hundred words about it.*" "*Ay*," ſaid the ſteward, "*but they were not ſuch as will butter any cabbage to eat with this bacon;*" and ſo hangs the flitch up again.

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410. Two gentlemen, one named *Chambers* the other *Garret*, riding by Tyburn, ſays the firſt, "*This is a very pretty* tenement, *if it had but a garret.*" "*You fool*," ſays Garret, "*don't you know there muſt be chambers firſt.*"

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411. Two gentlemen, one named *Woodcock*, the other *Fuller*, walking together, happened to ſee an owl; ſays the laſt, "*That bird is very much like a* Woodcock," "*You're very wrong*," ſays the firſt, "*for it's* Fuller *in the head*, Fuller *in the eyes, and* Fuller *all over.*"

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412. An arch boy having taken notice of his ſchoolmaſter's often reading a chapter in Corinthians, wherein is this ſentence, *we ſhall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye*, privately eraſed the letter *c* in the word *changed*. The next time his maſter read it, *we ſhall all be* hanged *in the twinkling of an eye.*

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413. A certain great man, who had been a furious party man, and moſt ſurpriſingly changing

ſides, by which he obtained a coronet, was ſoon after at cards at a place where Lady Townſend was, and complaining in the midſt of the game that he had a great pain in his ſide, "I thought "your Lordſhip had no ſide," ſaid ſhe. "Yes, "but I have," anſwered my Lord, "and a back-"ſide too." "*Have you ſo?*" replied my lady, "*every body knows your wife has one.*"

414. A gentleman living in Jamaica not long ago, had a wife not of the moſt agreeable humour in the world; however as an indulgent huſband, he had bought her a fine pad, which ſoon gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the ſame neighbourhood, bleſſed likewiſe with a termagant ſpouſe, aſked the widower, if he would ſell his wife's pad: for he had a great fancy for it, and he would give him what he would for it. "No," ſaid the other, "*I don't care to ſell it, for I am not ſure that I ſhan't marry again.*"

415. A gentleman ſitting by Mrs. *Woffington*, at Lord *Lovat's* trial, took notice to her of Fanny *M*—'s being at a little diſtance from them. "O!" ſaid ſhe, "I ſuppoſe Fanny has an eye upon the whole Houſe of Commons." "*And I dare anſwer for her, Madam,*" replied the gentleman, "*if ſhe has, her eyes no bigger than her belly.*"

416. A poor woman, with half a dozen children at her heels, aſked alms of a gentlewoman in the ſtreet: "I think," ſaid the gentlewoman, "that being ſo poor, you might find ſomething "elſe to do, and I wonder you are not aſhamed to "get ſo many children." "Alas, Madam," replied the

the good woman, "you don't conſider, that we "poor folks have very often *nothing elſe for our* "*breakfaſt, dinner and ſupper.*"

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417. A ſcholar of Dr. *Buſby* coming into a parlour where the doctor had laid down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and ſays aloud, "I publiſh the banns between theſe grapes "and my mouth; if any one knows any juſt cauſe "or impediment why theſe two ſhould not be "joined together, let them declare it." The doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was ſaid, and coming into the ſchool, he ordered the boy who had eaten his grapes to be horſed; but before he proceeded to the uſual diſcipline, he cried out aloud, as the delinquent had done; "I publiſh "the banns between my rod and this boy's breech; "if any one knows any juſt cauſe or impediment "why theſe two ſhould not be joined together, "let them declare it." "I forbid the banns," cried the boy, "Why ſo?" ſaid the doctor. "Becauſe the parties are not agreed," replied the boy. Which anſwer ſo pleaſed the doctor, who loved to find any readineſs of wit in his ſcholars, that he ordered the boy to be ſet down.

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418. A certain perſon often bidding people kiſs his breech, and uſing the ſame word very frequently, was told by a wit, that he put him in mind of the picture of the ſnake in the almanack, that always carried his tail in his mouth.

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419. The late Mr. *D*———*t*, the player, a man of great *humanity*, having had an intrigue with his landlady's maid, who being got with

child by him, took an opportunity to go into his chamber one afternoon, and cut her throat with one of his razors, of which an account being brought to him behind the ſcenes, during the time of the play, the ſame night: "D———t," with great concern and emotion, cried out, "*Zoons! I hope it was not with my beſt razor.*"

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420. Joe *Haines*, the player, being aſked what could tranſport Mr. *Collier* into ſo blind a zeal, for the general ſuppreſſion of the ſtage, when only ſome particular author had abuſed it; whereas the ſtage, he could not but know, was generally allowed, when rightly conducted, to be a delightful method of mending the morals? "For that reaſon," replied Haines, "Collier *is, by profeſſion, a moral mender himſelf, and two of a trade you know can never agree.*"

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421. The ſame player one morning meeting *Tom Durfey*, the poet, in the ſtreet, Tom, who had a very ſtinking breath, run his head into Joe's face, as moſt people who have that imperfection are apt to do, whereupon Joe begged him to keep at a little more diſtance, but Durfey would ſtill be mighty cloſe in his confabulation, upon which cried Joe, "Nay, then, I muſt ſtand upon my defence;" ſo drawing out his ſword, and ſeeing a ſir-reverence lying under a wall, he ſtuck it upon the point of it. "Now, Sir," ſaid he, keeping it at arm's length, "I can talk to you, and we are pretty much upon a par."

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422. Some gentlemen being at a tavern together, for want of better diverſion, one propoſed play.

play. "But," ſaid another of the company, "I "have fourteen good reaſons againſt gaming." "What are thoſe?" ſaid another. "In the firſt "place," anſwered he, "*I have no money*:" "Oh!" ſaid the firſt, "if you had four hundred "reaſons you need not name another."

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423. A parſon, in the country, taking his text in St. Matthew, Chap. viii. ver. 14. *And Peter's wife's mother lay ſick of a fever*, preached for three Sunday's together on the ſame ſubject: ſoon after two country fellows going croſs the church-yard, and hearing the bell toll, one aſked the other who it was for? "Nay I can't tell; perhaps," replied he, "*it is for* Peter's *wife's mother, for ſhe has been ſick of a fever theſe three weeks.*"

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424. The Hon. Mr. L— one morning, at the late *Sir Robert Walpole's* levee, as I ſat by them, aſked *John Lawton* for a pinch of ſnuff, who told him he had none in his box, for he ſeldom took any, but now and then to keep him awake at church. "That," ſaid the other, "*is the moſt improper thing you can do there; for it quite deſtroys the natural operation of the ſermon.*"

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425. In the reign of Queen Anne, when diſputes ran high between Whig and Tory, ſome perſons ſuffered party to mix in every their minuteſt action. A tory would not cock his hat in the ſame manner that a whig did, nor a whig Lady patch her face on the ſome ſide that the Tory ladies patch theirs. A pleaſant inſtance of this ſtrict adherence to party in trivial affairs, was Dick W---l, who, being choſe into Parliament on

the Tory intereſt, was reſolved to do nothing but what was on that ſide. The houſe a few days after he took his ſeat in it, happening to ſit late, a motion was made for candles to be brought in, which being put to the vote, Dick pulled a high flying member, who ſat near him, by the ſleeve, and aſked if the candles were for the church? And being anſwered in the affirmative, very readily gave his voice for them, which otherwiſe he would not have done.

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426. A young fellow not quite ſo wiſe as Solomon, eating ſome Cheſhire cheeſe full of mites, one night at the tavern, "Now," ſaid he, "I have "done as much as Sampſon, for I have ſlain my "thouſands and my ten thouſands." "Yes, by "G--d," anſwered one of the company, "and *with the ſame weapon too, the jaw bone of an aſs.*"

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427. Joe Miller, going one day along the Strand, an impudent Derby captain came ſwaggering up to him, and thruſt between him and the wall. "*I don't uſe to give the wall,*" ſaid he, "*to every jackanape.*" "*But I do,*" ſaid Joe; and ſo made way for him.

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428. The late Lady *F—w—r*, meeting *Con Phillipss* one day, "How goes trade, Con?" ſaid ſhe. "Faith, very bad, madam," anſwered the other, "*it is almoſt ſpoiled, for every one follows it now.*"

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429. When the late Duke of ——— went over Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he took an excellent man cook over with him, but they had not been there

there above a month, but finding his grace kept a very ſcurvy houſe, he gave him warning. "What's "the reaſon," ſaid the Duke, "that you have a "mind to leave me?" "Why, if I continue "with your excellency much longer," anſwered the cook, "I ſhall quite forget my trade."

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430. *Arthur Moor*, who was much in favour with the tory miniſter, in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, had a lady who was reckoned a woman of great wit and humour, but of political principles quite oppoſite to thoſe of her huſband. After the death of the Queen, when it was talked of as if the late miniſters would have been called to account, the Lord B—ke meeting Mrs. Moor one day in a viſit, "Well, madam," ſaid he, "you "hear how terribly we are threatened; you'll "come, I hope, and ſee me, when I go to Tower "Hill?" "Upon my word, my Lord," ſaid ſhe, "*I ſhould be extremely glad to do it; but I believe I ſhall be engaged another way, for I am told my ſnub* (the name by which ſhe always called her huſband) *will be obliged to go the ſame day to* Tyburn."

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431. The ſame lady coming home one evening, told her huſband ſhe wiſhed him joy, for ſhe heard he was to be made a Lord. "And pray," ſaid he, "what did they ſay was to be my title? "My Lord *Tariff*," replied ſhe, which was a ſneer upon him, for having been engaged in ſettling a Tariff of trade which he was thought well ſkilled in. "And why don't you, when you hear any one "abuſe your huſband, ſpit in their face?" ſaid he.

 "No,

" No, I thank you," anſwered the lady, " *I don't intend to ſpit myſelf into a conſumption.*"

482. The ſon of the aforeſaid gentleman and lady, the late Mr. James Moor Smith, inheriting ſome portion of his mother's humour, undertook to write a comedy, which was called the Rival Modes, againſt the third night of which, he was very ſolicitous in diſpoſing of his benefit tickets, though he had juſt before a very handſome fortune left him by a grandfather, but had been pretty free with it; and coming dreſſed in black velvet, to a lady of his acquaintance, he was very earneſt with her to take ſome, even though ſhe had partly refuſed him before; " Lord, Mr. Moor," ſaid ſhe, " this ſuit of " cloaths you have on looks very well, and who would have thought it is only *beggar's velvet*?"

483. A young lady of a pretty high ſpirit, who was juſt about entering into the marriage ſtate, told her gallant, that ſhe would never bring herſelf to ſay Obey, and was reſolved ſhe would not. When the ceremony was performing, and ſhe was to repeat that word, ſhe was for mincing the matter, and cried " honour and bey;" " Nay, madam," ſaid the parſon, " you muſt ſay Obey: I cannot ſay you " are married, if you do not ſpeak the word as the " office directs:" but ſtill ſhe would ſay only as ſhe had done before, and the parſon again reproving her; " Let her alone doctor," ſaid the huſband, " *let her only ſay* bey, *if ſhe has a mind to it now, and I'll make her cry* O *at night.*"

484. A gentleman having a pretty woman to his wife in a certain country place, could not forbear

bear being a little jealous of her having too great an intimacy with, or at leaſt caſting too favourable an eye upon a young captain in the neighbourhood: and being obliged to go a journey from home, for two or three days, his head run ſo upon the captain and his wife, that after he was got four or five miles, the roughеſt and dirtieſt part of the whole way, he calls to his man, and orders him to go back to his wife, and tell her, that for ſome particular reaſons, he deſired ſhe would not ſee the captain in his abſence. The man was very much diſpleaſed at being ſent back again, through the dirt, on ſuch an idle errand, and having a little more diſcernment than his maſter, knew that forbidding a woman to do a thing was often times the readieſt way to egg her on it, reſolved not to carry the meſſage: but when he came home, and his lady with great ſurprize aſked him the reaſon of his return ſo ſoon, and if his maſter was come to any hurt? he anſwered her "no; but that he had ſent "him back with a very odd meſſage to her, he "could not imagine the meaning of it. He de-"ſires, ſaid he, madam, of all love and kindneſs, "that you will not ride upon our great dog, "Ball, during his abſence." "Ride upon "Ball!" cried ſhe, "the man's mad ſure; well, "well, you may tell him I ſhall hardly diſobey "his commands."

But the man was no ſooner out of ſight, but ſhe calls to her maid, and tells her of the ridiculous orders her huſband had ſent her; and that Harry came back four or five miles upon no other account; for my part, continued ſhe, ſuch a thing would never have come into my head, if he had not taken ſuch pains to have it put there, and

now,

now, methinks, I long to ride upon Ball. Do you think he can carry me, Betty? I ſhall never be eaſy till I try.

The maid, who was always ready to aſſiſt her miſtreſs in any thing, to gratify her inclinations, told her, ſhe would go and bring the dog to her, and that ſhe verily believed he would carry her.

Ball being brought forth, and his miſtreſs mounted on his back, began to curvet and prance round the hall, but unfortunately threw his rider with her head againſt the frame of the great old faſhioned table, which gave her ſuch a cut in the fore head, that ſhe was obliged to have it plaſtered and bound up with a linen cloth, which ſhe could not get well enough to leave off before her huſband returned, who inquiring with much concern into the occaſion of it; "*Why, what did you ſend me word for,*" ſaid ſhe, "*that I ſhould not ride upon Ball?*" The man that ſtood cloſe by his maſter, whiſpered in his ear, "*Better ſo, Sir, than worſe,*"

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435. A certain officer in the Guards telling one night, in company with Joe Miller, of ſeveral wonderful things he had ſeen abroad, among the reſt he told the company, he had ſeen a pike caught that was ſix foot long. "*That's a trifle,*" ſays *Joe*, "*I have ſeen a half pike, in* England, *longer by a foot, and yet not worth two-pence.*"

MORAL

MORAL SENTENCES.

436.

Wit is a juſtneſs of thought, and a facility of expreſſion: or, in the midwives phraſe, a perfect conception with an eaſy delivery.

Wit depends very much on the circumſtance of time and place. It muſt deſcribe its proper circumference, and not going beyond it, leſt, (like little boys when they ſtraggle out of their own pariſh) it wanders to places where it is not known, and be loſt.

Not to laugh with honeſty, when nature prompts, or folly (which is ſecond nature) is but a knaviſh, hypocritical way of making a maſk for one's own face.

Weak heads, like weak ſtomachs, immediately throw out what they received laſt; and what they read floats upon the ſurface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating.

When men imagine others entertain ſome eſteem for their abilities, they often expoſe all their imperfections and fooliſh works to the diſparagement of the little wit they were thought maſters of.

Silence is the ſureſt friend of him who ſtands in diſtruſt of himſelf.

A poet's ſucceſs at firſt, like a gameſter's fortune at firſt, is like to make him a loſer at laſt, and to be undone by his good fortune and merit.

If a book can't anſwer for itſelf to the public, it is to no purpoſe for its author to do it.

The

The chattering of monkies is a better noiſe than a concert of ſenſeleſs mirth.

Great dealers in wit, like thoſe in trade, take leaſt pains to ſet off their goods, while the haberdaſhers of ſmall wit ſpare for no decorations or ornaments.

Praiſe to a young wit, is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately beſtowed it chears and revives; but if too laviſhly, overcharges and depreſſes him.

There are few perſons ſo wiſe as to prefer the gentle reproaching counſel that avails them, before the praiſes which betray them.

Praiſe is a kind of delicate concealed flattery, which differently ſatisfies him who gives it, and him who receives it: for this receives it as due to his merit, and the other gives it as a teſtimony of his juſtice and judgment.

Vanity makes a woman, tainted with it, ſo topful of herſelf, that ſhe ſpilleth it upon the company.

The greateſt part of a fine lady's fancy is laid out in chuſing her gown, as her diſcretion is chiefly employed in not paying for it.

She is faithful to the faſhion, to which not only her opinion, but her ſenſes are wholly reſigned; ſo obſequious ſhe is to it, that ſhe would be ready to be reconciled even to virtue with all its faults, if ſhe had her dancing-maſter's word that it was practiſed at court.

A woman ſhould not be proud of her fine gown, nor when ſhe has leſs wit than her neighbours, comfort herſelf that ſhe has more lace.

Some ladies put ſo much weight upon ornament, that if one could ſee into their hearts, it would be found,

found, that even the thoughts of death are made leſs heavy to them, by the contemplation of their being laid out in ſtate, and honourably attended to the grave.

A coquette is a ſort of a beautiful deſert in wax-work, that tempts the fool to an entertainment merely to baulk his appetite.

People at any time change a preſent uneaſineſs for any other condition, though a worſe.

It is wrong to lay out friendſhip too laviſhly at firſt, ſince it will, like other things, be ſo much the ſooner ſpent.

No enmity is ſo bitter as that of alienated friends, and no perſecution ſo bad as that of apoſtates.

Perſecutions for conſcience ſake have occaſioned violent diſorders, and vaſt effuſion of blood; and to compel men by fire and faggot, to partake even of a delicious entertainment, is a ſavage ſort of hoſpitality.

Enthuſiaſm is a kind of overweaning and groundleſs perſuaſion of being the particular favourite of heaven.

Belief neceſſarily follows evidence, and where the evidence does not appear ſufficient, a man cannot believe if he would.

Inquiries after happineſs, and the rules for attaining it, are not ſo neceſſary and uſeful to mankind as the art of conſolation, and ſupporting one's ſelf under affliction. The utmoſt we can hope for in this world is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we ſhall meet with nothing but grief and diſappointment. A man ſhould direct all his ſtudies and endeavours at making himſelf eaſy now, and happy hereafter.

Almighty

Almighty God inſtituted religion for the ſake of man, their frail power of acting could not farther be intereſting to him, than to ſee his creatures increaſing their own happineſs mutually among themſelves; religion, therefore, teaches and animates them to be aſſiſting, forgiving, kind, and merciful to one another.

The mediator of heavenly things produces admirable irradiations in the underſtanding.

The ſight of a drunkard is a better ſermon againſt that vice than the beſt that ever was preached upon that ſubject.

Women ſhould let every ſeven years make ſome alteration in them towards the graver ſide, and not be like the girls of fifty, who reſolve to be always young, whatever Time with his iron teeth determines to the contrary.

A great and glorious title to a coxcomb, ſerves but to render him the more deſpicable.

The greateſt mark of an extraordinary merit, is to find even thoſe that envy it, praiſe it.

Wit cannot play long upon a good-natured perſon.

While cowardice and fear keeps us honeſt and loyal, our virtue gets the honour of it.

Government is an art, whereby a civil ſociety of men is inſtituted and preſerved upon the foundation of common right or intereſt.

When a ſtate or government is embarraſſed and troubled, it is more eaſy to raiſe the common people to a factious mutiny, than to draw them to a loyal duty.

But all magiſtrates, officers, commanders, heads, and rulers, in what profeſſion ſoever, both in church and ſtate, ſhould be choſen according to their abilities,

lities, wiſdom, courage, piety, juſtice, honeſty, and loyalty, and then they will mind the public good more than their particular intereſt.

It is a great matter in a ſtate or kingdom to take care of the education of youth, to breed them ſo that they may know firſt how to obey, and then how to command, and order affairs wiſely.

If a captain has only deſerved to be advanced for expoſing himſelf in Parliament, the nation would have no great loſs in the King's letting alone ſuch preferment.

Ceremony is nothing in itſelf, and yet doth every thing; for without *ceremony* there would be no diſtinction either in church or ſtate.

The confeſſion of our weakneſs, and that of another's better ſenſe, is generally both contained in the taking advice; which is ſeldom taken for that reaſon.

One gives nothing ſo liberally as counſel.

Every body complains of his want of memory, but few or none of their want of judgment.

The true way to be deceived is to fancy you have more cunning than another.

Uſe every man after his deſerts, and who ſhall eſcape whipping.

A kind look or a word from a ſuperior is ſtrangely charming, and inſenſibly ſteals mens' hearts from them.

Some people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindneſs, to put you in mind of beſtowing another.

In caſes of robberies and murders, it is better to be ſevere than merciful; for the hanging of a few will ſave the lives and purſes of many.

We

We tarnish the splendour of the greatest actions, when we make the tedious panegyric of them ourselves.

A soldier makes a better figure dead, in the field of battle, than alive, and safe in flight.

A reformed drunkard should never be left in a cellar.

An old sinner's continency is much like a gamester's forswearing play, when he has lost all his money.

Women, in London, are like rich silks; they are out of fashion a great while before they wear out.

Honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself clean to no purpose.

Gaming is an amusement but to those who want conversation.

Zeno hearing a young man speak too freely, said, "For this reason we have two ears and but one tongue, because we should hear much and speak little."

A lady is apt to think a man speaks so much reason whilst he is commending her, that she has much ado to believe him in the wrong when he is making love to her.

A queen, if she lay with her groom, would expect a mark of his kindness from him, though it were but his curry-comb.

A blush, which was formerly accounted the colour of virtue, is now looked upon as worse manners than those things which ought to occasion it.

The great Prince of Condé being shewed some libels against him, in which he was made to say and

do

do things he knew nothing of. "Theſe fellows," ſaid he, "make me talk and act as they would do "in my place."

In writing ſometimes our thoughts are beſt, as the firſt ſqueezing of the grapes makes the fineſt and richeſt wine.

As it is the character of a great wit to expreſs much in a few words, ſo it is of a little wit to talk much to little purpoſe.

Virtue loſes itſelf in intereſt, as rivers are loſt in the ſea.

We eaſily forget our faults, when they are known to nobody but ourſelves.

Sir William Temple aſked the grand penſionary De Witt, how he was able to tranſact ſo many various and intricate affairs ſo clearly, expeditiouſly, and ſucceſsfully? The penſionary replied, "I will tell you, Sir William, I have one rule that carries me through all, *I do but one thing at once.*"

We have ſo good an opinion of ourſelves, that they tell us no news who ſpeak well of us.

How eaſily we forgive thoſe that injure others, and how unwillingly thoſe that injure us.

A fool, like a coward, is more to be feared behind a man's back than a witty man; for as a coward is more bloody than a brave man, a fool is more malicious than a man of wit.

A gameſter, the greater maſter he is in his art, the worſe man he is.

A covetous rich man may be ſaid to freeze before the fire; to be a mere dog in a wheel, that toils to roaſt meat for other men's eating.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS.

437.

On Milton. By Mr. Dryden.

Three poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, *Italy*, and *England*, did adorn;
The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſt;
The next in majeſty; in both the laſt.
The force of nature could no farther go;
To make a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

To a Lady who was againſt the Quaker's Bill.

At Quakers, dear *Euſebia*, why ſo wroth?
Juſt the ſame principles direct you both:
Juſt the ſame practice (and you'll ne'er forſake it),
Never to give the thing, but let us take it.

On Maids.

Moſt maids reſemble *Eve* now in their lives,
Who are no ſooner women, but they're wives.

Suſannah and the two Elders. By Mr. Cobb.

When fair *Suſannah*, in a cool retreat
Of ſhady arbours, ſhunn'd the ſultry heat,
Two wanton letchers to her garden came,
And, ruſhing furious, ſeized the trembling dame.
What female ſtrength could do, her arms perform,
And guarded well the fort they ſtrove to ſtorm.
The ſtory's ancient, and (if rightly told)
Young was the lady, but the lovers old.

Had

Had the reverſe been true; had authors ſung,
How that the dame was old, the lovers young;
If ſhe had then the blooming pair deny'd,
With tempting youth and vigour on their ſide,
Lord! how the ſtory would have ſhock'd my creed!
For that had been a miracle indeed.

Epitaph on a Smith.

My ſledge and hammer lie reclin'd,
My bellows too have loſt their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the duſt my vice is laid;
My coal is ſpent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done;
My dry'd corpſe lies here at reſt,
My ſoul, ſmoak like, is ſoaring to be bleſt.

On Giles Jacob, the poet. By the late Dr. Sewell.

Parent of dulneſs! genuine ſon of night!
Total eclipſe! without one ray of light!
Born when dull midnight bells for fun'rals chime,
Juſt at the cloſing of the bellman's rhime.

The Scotch Weather-wife.

Scotland, thy *weather*'s like a modiſh *wife*;
Thy *winds* and *rains* maintain perpetual *ſtrife*;
So *termagant*, awhile, her *thunder* hies;
And when ſhe can no longer *ſcold*—ſhe *cries*.

While hunters attending the archbiſhop's door,
Accoſted each other with *cheat*, *bitch*, and *whore*;
I noted the drabs, and conſidering the place,
Concluded 'twas plain that they wanted *his Grace*.

By Dean Swift.

As *Thomas* was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels and ran for his life.
Tom's three deareſt friends came in by the ſquabble,
And ſkreen'd him at once from the ſhrew and rabble,
Then ventur'd to give him ſome wholeſome advice;
But *Tom* is a fellow of humour ſo nice,
Too proud to take counſel, too wiſe to take warning,
He ſent to all three a challenge next morning:
He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life,
Then went home again and was threſh'd by his wife.

On one Humphry Briggs, who had three wives.

Here lies *Sarah*, *Mary*, and *Elizabeth Briggs*,
And *Humphry*, their huſband, who humm'd all their gigs.

On a Company of bad Dancers to good Muſic.
By Mr. Budgell.

How ill the motion with the muſic ſuits!
So *Orpheus* fiddled, and ſo danc'd the brutes.

On Ben Jonſon's Buſt ſet up in Weſtminſter Abbey, with the buttons on the wrong ſide of his coat.

O rare *Ben Jonſon!* What! a turn-coat grown?
Thou ne'er were ſuch, till thou wert clad in ſtone.
When time thy coat, thy only coat impairs,
Thou'lt find a patron in a hundred years:
Then let not this miſtake diſturb thy ſp'rit,
Another age ſhall ſet thy buttons right.

The Lover's Legacy.

Unhappy Stephon, dead and cold,
His heart was from his boſom rent,
Embalm'd, and in a box of gold,
To his beloved Kitty ſent.
Some ladies might, perhaps have fainted,
But Kitty ſmil'd upon the bauble;
A pincuſhion (ſaid ſhe) I wanted;
Go, put it on the dreſſing table.

The Lucky Man. By Mr. Welſted.

I owe, ſays Metius, much to Colin's care;
Once only ſeen, he choſe me for his heir:
True Metius, hence your fortune takes the riſe;
His heir you were not, had he ſeen you twice.

To Mr. T—d, on his complimenting Mr. F—de on his Poetry.

F—de writes well, you ſay; ſuppoſe it true,
You pawn your word for him; he'll vouch for you;
So two poor knaves, when once their credit fail,
To cheat the world become each other's bail.

On a handſome Woman, with a fine voice, but very covetous and proud.

So bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts, and their Orpheus along:
But ſuch is thy avarice, and ſuch is their pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

On a Papiſt's praying to the Statue of a Saint.

When you before an image kneeling down,
Cry with grave face, *Our Father*, to the ſtone;
Forgive me if I ſay you ſeem to me,
More ſenſeleſs than the thing to which you pray;
As you yourſelf by this expreſſion own,
For he's a block, whoſe father is---a ſtone.

To the Papiſts and Quakers.

They in an unknown tongue their prayers do ſay,
Ye in an unknown ſenſe your prayers convey;
Betwixt ye both this difference muſt enſue;
Fools underſtand not them, nor wiſe men you.

Venus miſtaken. By Mr. Prior.

When Chloe's picture was to Venus ſhewn,
Surpriz'd the goddeſs took it for her own.
And what ſaid ſhe, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked ſeen?
Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride;
And who's blind now, mamma? the urchin cry'd.
'Tis Chloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breaſt,
Friend Howard's genius fancy'd all the reſt.

On a Lady who pretended to tell fortunes. By Mr. Mottley.

Some oracles of old, to cauſe more wonder,
Were, when pronounc'd, accompany'd with thunder.
But thy predictions come not in a ſtorm,
They are deliver'd by the brighteſt form:
If when you ſpeak, Jove does not pierce the ſky,
Yet ſtill you've all his light'ning in your eye.

Epitaph.

Epitaph.

Here lies a lady, who, if not bely'd,
Took wiſe St. Paul's advice, and all things try'd:
Nor ſtopt ſhe here, but follow'd thro' the reſt,
And always ſtuck the longeſt to the beſt.

Epitaph on an unknown Perſon.

Without a name, for ever ſenſeleſs dumb,
Duſt, aſhes, nothing elſe, lies in this tomb;
Where'er I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
I was, but am not; aſk no more of me;
It's all I am, and all that you ſhall be.

The diſappointed Huſband.

Mulieri ne crede, ne mortuæ quidem.

A ſcolding wife ſo long a ſleep poſſeſs'd,
Her ſpouſe preſum'd her ſoul was now at reſt.
Sable was call'd to hang the room in black,
And all their cheer was ſugar rolls and ſack;
Two mourning ſtaffs ſtood century at the door,
And ſilence reign'd, who ne'er was there before:
The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd in woeful pomp to Abchurch yard:
When, (ſee of narrow ſtreets what miſchief come,
The very dead can't paſs in quiet home,)
By ſome rude jolt the coffin lid was broke,
And Madam from her dream of death awoke.
Now all was ſpoil'd; the undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away:
But ſome years after, when the former ſcene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,

The tender huſband took eſpecial care,
To keep the paſſage from diſturbance clear;
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his dear in ſuch another fright.

Among the fair that Hyde Park Circus grace,
Canidia ſeeks admirers of her face;
In vain her airs, her wanton arts ſhe tries,
Among thoſe beauties that engage all eyes;
Bright rays like diamonds, they around 'em fling,
Whilſt ſhe is but the cypher of the ring.

To Chloe. From Martial, Book III. Epig. liii. By Mr. Mottley.

Thy eyes and eye-brows I could ſpare;
Nor for thy noſe do I much care:
I could diſpenſe too with thy teeth;
And with thy lips, and with thy breath,
And with thy breaſt, and with thy belly,
And with that which I won't tell ye;
And, to be ſhort—hark, in thy ear,
Faith I could ſpare you all, my dear.

Epitaph on a talkative old Maid.

Beneath this ſilent ſtone is laid
A noiſy antiquated maid,
Who, from her cradle, talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath:
Whither ſhe's gone we cannot tell,
For if ſhe talks not ſhe's in hell;
If ſhe's in heaven, ſhe's there unbleſt,
Becauſe ſhe hates a place of reſt.

Thais, her teeth are black and naught,
Lucania's white are grown;
But what's the reaſon? Theſe are bought,
The other wears her own.

On Suicide. From Martial. By Mr. Sewell.

When all the blandiſhments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death, the brave lives on.

The Advantage of having two Phyſicians.

One prompt phyſician, like a ſculler plies,
And all his art, and all his ſkill applies:
But two phyſicians, like a pair of oars,
Convey you ſooneſt to the *Stygian* ſhores.

Marriages.

Were I, who am not, of the *Romiſh* tribe,
The number of their ſacraments to fix,
I ſpeak ſincerely, without fee or bribe,
Inſtead of ſeven there ſhould be but ſix.
All men of ſenſe tautology diſclaim,
Marriage and penance always were the ſame.

By W. Walſh, Eſq.

Chloe, new married, looks at men no more:
Why then 'tis plain for what ſhe look'd before.

Inſcription for a Fountain, adorned with Queen Anne's and the late Duke of Marlborough's Images, and the chief Rivers of the World round the work. By Mr. Prior.

Ye active ſtreams, where'er your waters flow,
Let diſtant climes, and fartheſt nations know,

What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught,
How *Anne* commanded, and how *Marlbro'* fought.

Againſt an Atheiſt.

Whilſt in his double elbow chair
Young *Alcedor* does loll and ſwear,
No wonder if a wretch like me
Are objects of his raillery:
Why ſhould not I a blockhead ſeem
To one that does his God blaſpheme?
But no man thinks (whate'er he ſaith)
His words are articles of faith.

The Numſcull.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you pleaſe, there's nobody at home.

On the Counteſs of Dorcheſter, Miſtreſs to King James the Second, written in 1680. *By the Earl of Dorſet.*

Tell me, *Dorinda*, why ſo gay,
With ſuch embroid'ry, fringe, and lace?
Can any dreſſes find a way,
To ſtop th' approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd face?

Wilt thou ſtill ſparkle in the box,
And ogle in the ring?
Can'ſt thou forget thy age and pox?
Can all that ſhines on ſhells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing!

So have I ſeen in larder dark,
Of veal a lucid loin,
Replete with many a brilliant ſpark,
(As wiſe philoſophers remark)
At once both ſtink and ſhine.

On the ſame. By the Earl of Dorſet.

Proud with the ſpoils of royal cully,
With falſe pretence to wit and parts,
She ſwaggers like a batter'd bully,
To try the tempers of mens' hearts.
Tho' ſhe appears as glittering fine,
As gems, brocade, and paint can make her,
She ne'er can win a breaſt like mine;
The Devil and Sir * *David* take her.

* Sir David Collier, late Earl of Portmore.

On a ſilly talkative Lady, at the Hot Wells at Briſtol. By the Hon. T. H. Eſq.

Fam'd ſtream, by whoſe retentive force were taught
Such various and ſuch wond'rous cures are wrought;
Stop but the gleet in *Sachariſſa*'s tongue,
Thy praiſes ſhall by *Phœbus*' ſelf be ſung;
Admire not, reader, that I call it ſo,
Since great the *running*, and from *weakneſs* too.

On Snuff.

Jove once reſolv'd the females to degrade,
To propagate their ſex without their aid;
His brain conceiv'd, and ſoon the pangs and throws
He felt, nor cou'd th' unnatural birth diſcloſe;
At laſt, when try'd, no remedy would do,
The God took *ſnuff*, and out the Goddeſs flew.

Ah,

Ah, me! quoth *Betty*, who could e're have thought
Such miſchief could ariſe almoſt from nought?
Which had ſhe known e're ſhe began to ſwell,
Each yard of pleaſure ſhe'd have made an ell.

A tranſlation in modern Engliſh of Mr. P——'s Imitation of Chaucer.

An *Oxford* ſcholar made a gooſe his prize,
And hid it where the garb inveſts the thighs:
Too weak the buttons prov'd, the gooſe too ſtrong,
And burſt its jail as ladies paſt along:
The bill came bolting forth, a ruddy ſight,
The neck came after, long, and round, and white.
The creature cackling, pertly rais'd its head,
The lad look'd fooliſh, and the women fled.
"O Jeſu, ſiſter *Mall*," ſaid wanton miſs,
"Is this the thing wherewith they us'd to p—?
"'Tis better far to feed on coals and chalk,
"Than truſt to faithleſs men whoſe tail can talk."
Thus *Chaucer* whilom did the fair adviſe,
That maids ſhould never ſport but with the wiſe.
With fly conceit, the bard his ſtory told,
Then left his moral, worth its weight in gold:
"*Pardie*, Miſs *Betty*, thou didſt reaſon well;
"They bear the gooſe about that love to *tell*."

Epitaph on Mr. Fenton. By Mr. Pope.

This modeſt ſtone, which few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt man!
A poet bleſs'd beyond a poet's fate,
Whom heaven kept ſacred from the proud and great.
Foe to loud praiſe, and friend to learned eaſe,
Content with ſcience in the vale of peace,

Calmly

Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, nor there to fear;
From nature's temperate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

By Ambroſe Philips, Eſq.

George came to the crown without ſtriking a blow:
Ah, quoth the Pretender, would I could do ſo.

HERE ENDETH JOE MILLER.

PART SECOND.

A Selection from above Fifty Books of Jests, &c.

List of Books of Jests, &c. from which the Second Part is Selected.

1. Baker's Witticiſms.
2. Bennet's Treaſury of Wit, 2 vols. 1786.
3. Bog Witticiſms, or Dear Joy's Common-place-book, 12mo. 1686.
4. Bog-houſe Miſcellany, 1760.
5. Brown's Complete Jeſter.
6. Button-maker's Jeſts.
7. Cheſterfield's Witticiſms.
8. Coffee-houſe Jeſts, 1733.
9. Cordial for Low Spirits, by Gordon, 3 vols.
10. ——————— by Baron.
11. Cure for the Spleen, 1776.
12. Curioſities of Literature, by D'Iſraeli, 2 vols.
13. Curioſity, or Gentleman and Lady's Library, 1739.
14. *Comes Facundus in Via*, the Fellow Traveller, 12mo. 1658.
15. Cambridge Jeſts, 12mo. 1721.
16. Caledonian Bee, a Collection of Extracts, 1795.
17. Dictionary of Literary Converſation.
18. Edinburgh Medley, 1792.
19. Entertaining Inſtructor, 1765.
20. Feſtival of Wit.
21. Forde's Theatre of Wits, 8vo. 1660.
22. *Fragmenta Aulica*, Court and State Jeſts in noble Drollery, 1662.
23. Groſe's Olio, 1792.
24. *Gratiæ Ludentis*, Jeſts from the Univerſity.
25. Help to Diſcourſe, containing Epigrams, Riddles, Jeſts, &c. 12mo. 1667.
26. Jolly Jeſter, or the Wit's Complete Library, 1794.
27. Jonſon, Ben's, Laſt Legacy, 1756.
28. Joking, Art of.
29. Killegrew's Jeſts.
30. King Tom's Oddities.

31. Lon-

31. London, Oxford, Cambridge, Coffee-houſe; and England's Jeſts.
32. Laughter, or the Art of Jeſting.
33. Meier's Merry Philoſopher, 1765.
34. Meres's Wits Treaſury.
35. Merry Jeſts of the Wydon Edyth.
36. Paine's, Tom, Jeſts.
37. Pinkethman's Jeſts, 1735.
38. Poleteuphnia, Wit's Common Wealth, 12mo, 1674.
39. Quinteſcence of Wit, by Franciſco Sanſonino, 4to, 1590.
40. Rational Humouriſt, 1790.
41. Royal Rake, or Cabinet of Wit and Humour, 1784.
42. Scogin's Jeſts.
43. Summers, Will, King Henry VIII. Jeſter.
44. Silvia, a collection of Anecdotes, *Bon Mots*, &c. 1786.
45. Shuter's Jeſts, or the Wit's Banquet.
46. Spaniſh Rhodomantades, tranſlated by Ozell, 1744.
47. Sharpe's Cabinet of Wit.
48. Spirit of the Public Journals, 3 vols. 1798, 1799, 1800.
49. Swift's Art of Punning, 1792.
50. Triumph of Wit, 1712.
51. Wit's Theatre of the Little World, 8vo. 1599.
52. Wit's Secretary, Academy of Wit and Mirth.
53. Wit of the Day, or the Humours of Weſtminſter, 1784.
54. Wit's Magazine, 1784.
55. Woman's Wit, a Jeſt-book for the Ladies.
56. Wit's *Vade Mecum*, 1739.

PART SECOND.

438. A TRAVELLER coming on a very cold evening to a little inn, found the kitchen fire, the only one in the houſe, ſo cloſely ſurrounded by people that he could not get within the feel of it: he immediately ordered the oſtler to put his horſe into the ſtable, and carry him *half a peck of oyſters*. The oſtler naturally obſerved, that a horſe could not eat oyſters. "Do as you are bid," ſaid the traveller; "try him, and you'll ſee whether he'll eat "them or not." The oyſters were carried out, and all the company hurried to ſee the phenomenon of a horſe eating oyſters. The traveller now took care to poſſeſs himſelf of the beſt ſeat at the fire-ſide. The oſtler returned, and told him, that the horſe would not eat the oyſters. "It is no matter," ſaid he, "*bring them to me, and I will.*"

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439. A lady having been ſpoken of in a company, a young man ſaid, "that lady had like to "have been my mother. "How could that be," ſaid a gentleman? "*Why ſhe was aſked by my father in church, but the marriage was broke off.*"

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440. A ſailor appeared in the Court of King's Bench as a witneſs on a trial for an aſſault committed on board his ſhip: after he had ſtated the circumſtances, the counſel for the defendant, in the croſs examination, aſked whether the plaintiff or

defendant

defendant ſtruck firſt? On which he ſaid, "I "don't know what you call plaintiff and defend- "ant. I know, as I have told his Lordſhip already, "that Tom knocked Harry down with a marlin- ſpike." "Here, gemmen of the jury," ſaid the coun- ſel, "is a pretty witneſs, *who does not know the "plaintiff from the defendant!*" Proceeding in his croſs-examination, the counſel aſked, in what part of the ſhip the affray happened." "*Abaft the binnacle*," replied Jack. "And pray, friend, "where is abaft the binnacle?" "*Here*," ſaid he, "*is a pretty counſellor for you, gentlemen, who does not know abaft the binnacle.*"

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441. An Iriſh gentleman gave orders for a pair of boots; and when his meaſure was taken, he ob- ſerved to the boot-maker, that as one of his legs was bigger than the other, the boots muſt be made accordingly: when they were brought home he put the big boot on the ſmall leg, and after trying in vain to get the ſmall boot on the big leg, he ex- claimed, "*By Jaſus, you thief, I ordered you to make one boot bigger than the other, and inſtead of this you have made one ſmaller than the other.*"

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442. A beau highwayman and a chimney-ſweep were hanged together at Newgate, for their differ- ent deſerts. When the ordinary was reading pray- ers previous to the execution, the latter bruſhed rather rudely againſt the former, in order to hear what the parſon was ſaying—"Damn you, you "dirty raſcal," ſaid the highwayman, "what do "you mean by preſſing on me ſo?" replied ſweep "*I have as good a right here as you.*"

443. A linen-draper having advertiſed his ſtock to be ſold under *prime coſt*, a neighbour obſerved that "*it was impoſſible, as he had never paid a farthing for it himſelf.*"

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444. An affectionate wife making a great lamentation over her huſband, who was dangerouſly ill, he bade her dry her tears, for poſſibly he might recover. "Ah, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "*the very thought of it makes me ſhed tears, whether I will or no.*"

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445. A gentleman in liquor, reeling homewards, was met by a footpad, who deſired him to *ſtand and deliver.* The other ſtaggering, diſembogued on the thief, ſaying "*I can't ſtand, but you ſee I can deliver.*"

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446. A wig-maker taking the meaſure of a lawyer, after meaſuring him longitudinally, obſerved, that he had a very *long head*—"Aye friend," ſaid the other, "we lawyers ſhould have *long heads.*" Having meaſured it round, Strap exclaimed, "*Lord, Sir, it is as thick as it is long.*"

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447. When Alderman *Oliver* ſtood up for the city of London, it was obſerved that the country required an *Oliver.*

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448. A prieſt being called on to baptiſe a child when he was ſo fuddled that he could not find the ſervice: while fumbling over the leaves, he cried out. "*I never in my life met with a child ſo hard to chriſten.*"

449. As the Duke *de Sully* was going one morning into the apartment of *Henry IV.* he met a lady coming out with whom he knew the King had been intriguing. When Sully came in, his majeſty began to complain: "*Ah, Sully, I have had a fever on me all this morning; it has but juſt left me.*" "I know it, Sir," ſaid the miniſter; "*I juſt met it going out in green.*"

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450. A Roman Catholic lady, who had a bad huſband, praying to the holy Virgin for his reformation, he ſoon after died. "*How good,*" ſays ſhe, "*is the Virgin; ſhe grants me more than I aſked.*"

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451. *Ben Jonſon* and *Silveſter* getting a rhyming, the latter began with,

I Silveſter
Lay with your ſiſter.

The other anſwered:

I Ben Jonſon lay with your wife.

"Why," ſays Silveſter, "that's no *rhyme.*" "Perhaps not," replied Ben, "*but it's truth.*"

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452. A country clergyman, at the requeſt of his pariſhioners, prayed for rain. After the ſervice, when he was in the veſtry, the clerk told him, there was a very heavy ſhower coming. "*God forbid,*" ſays the doctor, "*I have not brought my umbrella with me.*"

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453. A poor curate who was unprovided with a Sunday's dinner, juſt before he went to church, ſent his maid to one *Paul*, who kept a ſhop in the pariſh, for ſome bacon and eggs on credit, but the parſon

having a ſad long ſcore, the girl was told that muſt be paid off firſt. The maid having no dinner to dreſs, repaired to the church; when her maſter was in the middle of his ſermon, intending to cite the apoſtle on the ſubject of his diſcourſe, he exclaimed, "*What ſays Paul?*" The innocent girl replied aloud "*Paul ſays, you muſt pay the old ſcore firſt.*"

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454. An ale-houſe girl took it into her head to be catechiſed in church. The parſon aſked her, "What is thy name?" "*Lord, Sir,*" ſaid ſhe, "*how can you pretend not to know my name, when you come ſo often to our houſe, and cry ten times in the evening, Nan, you whore, bring us another full pot.*"

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455. A gentleman having had a cat kittened on *Michaelmas day*, called him on that account *Michael.*" "Father," ſaid his ſon, "What would you have called him had he been kittened on "*Chriſtmas* day?"

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456. A young ſpark who was in the habits of going to church to ogle the women, ſaid one day to a young lady, that he hoped to ſee her at church next Sunday. "Alas, Sir," replied ſhe, "*I am the worſt company in the world there, I am ſo apt to attend to the prayers and the ſermon.*" "Why "really," ſaid the other, "*one is very apt at church to mind what one ſhould not.*"

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457. An Engliſh gentleman travelling in France made choice of an Abbé, as wicked as himſelf, for the companion of his pleaſures. One of his coun-

trymen

trymen told him, *that though the Abbé and he differed about the way to heaven, they were in a fair way of going to the devil together.*

458. An old man threatening to marry a young woman, having had her father's conſent, told her, that notwithſtanding her averſion to it, before to-morrow noon, *Wife ſhould be written on her forehead.* "Shall it," ſays ſhe, "*then before to-morrow night Huſband ſhall be ſtamped on your brows.*"

459. A carpenter being at work at a gentleman's houſe, fell through the rafters from top to bottom. When the gentleman was told of the accident, "Oh," ſays he, "*I love to ſee a man go cleverly through his work.*"

460. Epitaph in High Wycomb church-yard:
"Death is a fiſherman, the world we ſee
"A fiſh-pond is, and we the fiſhes be;
"He ſometimes, angler-like, doth with us play,
"And ſilly takes us one by one away."

461. A gentleman perſuaded his Iriſh ſervant to marry his chamber-maid, and gave him fifty pounds with her in conſideration of a cracked pitcher. About three weeks after ſhe was delivered of a child; on which the gentleman's wife told *Donnel*, ſhe did not think he had been active enough to get a child ſo ſoon. "*Why, my lady,*" ſaid he, "*ſhould you think me ſuch a fumbler, when my own mother was brought to bed of me two months before ſhe was married. In faith, now, I ſhould have*

thought my Peggy had been barren, if she had not kidded in three weeks after."

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462. A clergyman being deprived for non-conformity, said, *it would cost a hundred men their lives.* Those to whom he made the remark, knowing him to be a man likely to promote sedition, gave information to a magistrate of this speech; but on being apprehended and examined, he explained himself by saying, that his meaning was, that *he intended to practise physic.*

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463. In a law-suit respecting boundaries, the counsel on both sides explained their claims on a plan—"My Lord," said one, "we *lie* on this "side:" and the other said, "My Lord, we *lie* "on this side." "Nay," said the Judge, "*if you lie on both sides, I can believe neither of you.*"

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464. One was saying, that his father, his grandfather, and his great grand-father, had died at sea. Quoth another, who heard him, "then if I were "you, I would never go to sea." "Why," said the former, "where did your father and grand-"father, and great-grandfather, die?" "In bed." "*Then if I were you, I would never go to bed.*"

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465. A country curate, who had much insisted in an afternoon sermon, that Reason was given to man as a *bridle* to curb and restrain his passions, happening the same evening to take so large a dose that he was obliged to be carried home; the next morning one of his parishioners asked him, what he had done with his *bridle* over night. He replied, "*I just took it off to drink.*"

466. A gentleman riding through a part of Wales, ſeeing ſome goats on a mountain, and at the ſame time meeting a Welſhman, by way of *quizzing* him, aſked what countryman they were? He anſwered, "Why hur thinks them to be *Welſhmen* by their *beards*; but hur is ſure they be "*Engliſhmen* by their *horns*."

467. A gentleman being at an inn, and ſeeing the oſtler expert about the horſes, aſked him what countryman he was. "I'ſe Yorkſhire," ſaid the fellow. "And how long have you lived here?" "Sixteen years." "I wonder that in all that "time ſo clever a fellow as you have not made "enough to ſet up an inn yourſelf?" "*Ay, Sir, but maiſter's Yorkſhire too.*"

468. A fellow walking the ſtreet one winter night, and ſeeing a handſome lanthorn with a candle in it, thought to ſecure it for himſelf; but one of the ſervants belonging to the houſe ſeeing him climbing up to take it, aſked what he meant. "I crave mercy," ſaid he; "*I was only going to ſnuff the candle that I might ſee my way along.*"

469. A candidate for the ſtage was deſired to recite ſome lines before Mr. *Quin*. While he was tearing away a tragedy ſpeech, a dog ſet up a howling, which drowned Mr. Daggerwood's voice. Quin exclaimed, "*a dog of judgment, by God!*" and turned on his heel.

470. After Mr. *Boaden* had read his *Aurelia and Miranda* in the Green-room of Drury-Lane Theatre, he obſerved, that he knew nothing ſo ter-

rible as reading a piece before ſuch a critical audience. "I know one thing much more terrible," ſaid Mrs. *Powell*. "What can that be?" ſaid our author. "*To be obliged to ſit and hear it.*"

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471. One day Mr. *Incledon* having got a part in a new opera, was reading it away, *not very fluently*, in the Green-room. Says Mrs. *Mountain*, "*I ſee theſe Sunday ſchools won't anſwer.*"

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472. *Killegrew* being carried to ſee the Gallery at Verſailles, was deſired to obſerve particularly a picture of the crucifixion. He was then aſked if he knew who it repreſented. Pretending ignorance he ſaid, *no*. "Why," ſaid the French King, who was preſent, "it is our Saviour on the croſs, "and the picture on the right ſide is the Pope's, "and that on the left my own." Whereupon Killegrew replied, "I humbly thank your majeſty "for your information; *I have heard that our* "*Saviour was crucified between two thieves, but* "*I did not before know who they were.*"

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473. A painter in Italy having been employed to make a painting for a church of St. Anthony preaching on ſhip-board, and the fiſhes liſtening to him, painted a *lobſter red*. The picture being ſent back to him to have this abſurdity corrected, he defended it, ſaying, *that it ſhewed the miracle to be the greater.*

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474. Two widows ſat by the fire talking of their dead huſbands, and one of them ſaid, "let us have "a candle, my poor huſband *lov'd light*; *God* "*ſend him light everlaſting!*" The other, with a ſigh,

a ſigh, ſaid, " *Do ſtir the fire; my poor huſband* " *loved fire; God ſend him fire everlaſting!*"

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475. A young parſon loſt his way in a foreſt, and it being very cold and rainy, he happened upon a poor cottage, and deſired any ſort of lodging they could give him. The man told him, he and his wife had but one bed; but if he pleaſed to lie with them, he ſhould be welcome. The parſon thanked him, and kindly accepted it. In the morning the cottager got up early and went to a neighbouring town to market, when, meeting ſome of his acquaintances, he fell a laughing. They aſked him the cauſe of his mirth. "Why," ſays he, telling the circumſtance, " *I can't but think how ſhamed the parſon will be when he wakes and finds himſelf left a-bed with my wife.*"

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476. *Queſtion.*

Whether 'twas love of *fame*, or love of *ale*,
The *wife* obtain'd the *entire*, by marrying *Thrale*?
But when a *ſecond huſband* fan'd the fire,
Say, did the *Italian nuptials* give th' entire?

Anſwer.

The wife gave her hand at the altar to Thrale,
For ſomething ſhe lov'd—and it might be good ale.
Then marry'd a ſecond with wiſhes not fewer,
Who wanted *that ſomething*, poſſeſs'd by the brewer:
The anſwer is this to the queſtion you put,
She found one *entire*, and the other *all butt*.

477. The late Lord Cheſterfield happened to be at a route in France, where Voltaire was one of the gueſts. Cheſterfield ſeemed gazing about the brilliant circles of the ladies; Voltaire accoſted him, "My lord, I know you are a judge, which are more "beautiful, the Engliſh or the French ladies?" "Upon my word," replied his lordſhip, with his uſual preſence of mind, "I am no connoiſſeur of "paintings." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's route with Lord Cheſterfield; a lady in company, prodigiouſly painted, directed her whole diſcourſe to Voltaire, and entirely engroſſed his converſation: Cheſterfield came up, tapped him on the ſhoulder, ſaying, "Sir, take care you are not "captivated." "My Lord," replied the wit, "I ſcorn to be taken by an Engliſh bottom under "French colours."

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478. Two comedians belonging to Covent Garden Theatre, having a wager about which of them ſung the beſt, they agreed to refer it to Dr. Arne, who undertook to be arbitrator on this occaſion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the beſt of their abilities before him. As ſoon as they had finiſhed, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: "As for you, Sir, (addreſſing "himſelf to the firſt), you are by much the *worſt* "ſinger I ever heard in my life." "Ah," ſaid the other, exulting, "I knew I ſhould win my "wager." "Stop, Sir," ſays the doctor, "I "I have a word to ſay to you before you go,

"which

" which is this, *that as for you, Sir, you cannot*
" *ſing at all.*"

479.

" This rain," ſays Dick, " will raiſe the corn,
" And every thing to life."
" No! God forbid!" cries Ralph; " you know
" I lately loſt my wife."

480.

On a Regiment ſent to Oxford, and a preſent of Books to Cambridge, by King George I.

The King obſerving with judicious eyes
The ſtate of both his univerſities;
To one he ſent a regiment; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty:
To th' other he ſent books, as well diſcerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Anſwered by Sir William Browne.

The King to Oxford ſent his troop of horſe;
For tories own no argument but force:
With equal care to Cambridge books he ſent;
For whigs allow no force but argument.

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481. An officer of a diſbanded regiment applying to the paymaſter of the forces for his arrears, told him that he was in the moſt extreme want, and on the point of dying with hunger. The treaſurer, ſeeing him of a jovial and ruddy aſpect, told him that his countenance belied his complaint. " Good, my lord," replied the officer, " for hea-
" ven's ſake do not miſtake; *the viſage you*
ſee

ſee is not mine, but my landlady's; for ſhe has ſed me on credit for above twelve months."

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482. A punſter going along the Strand, when a great mob of ſpectators was gathering to ſee a malefactor paſs to his execution at Charing-croſs, aſked a genteel perſon, who was ſtanding in the crowd, what was the name of the fellow going to be hanged? He anſwered, one *Vowel!* "Ah!" ſaid the querieſt, "*Do you know which of them it is, for there are ſeveral of that name?*" "No," returned the other, "I do not." "Well," ſaid the wag, "this however is certain, and I am very "glad of it, *that it is neither U nor I.*"

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483. An Engliſhman and Dutchman diſputing about the goodneſs of their different countries; ſays the Dutchman your country thinks of nothing but guttling, and even the names of your places have a reference to it; you have your Portſmouths, your Dartmouths, your Exmouths; and you are all mouths together. "Ay," replies the Engliſhman, "and you have your *Amſterdams*, and your *Rotterdams, and G— d--- you all together, ſay I.*"

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484. A certain member of parliament having heard many ſpeeches in the houſe to the great applauſe of the ſpeakers, grew ambitious of riſing to rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occaſion preſented itſelf: It was on a motion being made in the houſe for enforcing the execution of ſome ſtatute; on which public ſpirited motion, the orator in embryo roſe ſolemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, ſpoke as follows;

follows: "*Mr. Speaker, Have we laws, or have we not laws! If we have laws, and they are not obſerved, to what end were theſe laws made?*" So ſaying, he ſat himſelf down, his cheſt heaving high with conſcious conſequence; when another member roſe up, and delivered his thoughts in theſe words: "*Mr. Speaker, Did the honourable gentleman who ſpoke laſt, ſpeak to the purpoſe, or not ſpeak to the purpoſe! if he did not ſpeak to the purpoſe, to what purpoſe did he ſpeak?*"

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485. A woman received a ſum of money from two gueſts to keep, on condition that ſhe ſhould not reſtore it but to them jointly. One of them, ſome time after, came to the woman in a mourning habit, and ſaying that his companion was dead, received the money. Soon after the other came and made his demand. The poor woman being proſecuted for the money, employed *Demoſthenes*, who thus pleaded her cauſe. "*My client is ready "to deliver her truſt, but cannot do it except to this man and his companion jointly.*" She gained her cauſe.

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486. *The Lawyer and Client.*

Two lawyers, when a knotty cauſe was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before;
"Zounds!" ſays the client, "pr'ythee how come yaw
"To be ſuch friends, who were ſuch foes juſt naw?"
Thou fool, ſays one, we lawyers, tho' ſo keen,
Like ſhears, ne'er cut ourſelves, but what's between.

487.

Written by Rocheſter on the Bed Chamber Door of Charles II.

Here lies our ſovereign lord the King,
Whoſe word no man relies on;
He never ſaid a fooliſh thing,
Nor ever did a wiſe one.

On a Tomb-ſtone at Fiſgard in Wales.

488. Here lies two papes as tead as nits,
Whom *Cot* took hence *py agey fits*;
They were to coot to ſtay with we,
And ſo they're con to lif with he.

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489. A young ſtudent, ſhewing the Muſeum at Oxford to a ſet of gentlemen and ladies, among other things producing a ruſty *ſword*; "This," ſaid he, "gentlemen is the *ſword* with which "Balaam was going to kill his aſs." Upon which, one of the company replied, that he thought Balaam had no *ſword*, but only wiſhed for one. "You are right," ſaid the ſtudent, "and this is "the *very ſword* he wiſhed for."

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490. In a great ſtorm at ſea, when all expected to be caſt away, they went to prayers; in the midſt of their devotion, a boy falls a laughing. The captain aſked him, what he meant by it? "Why, truly, ſir," ſaid he, "*I laugh at that man's fiery noſe there, to think what a hiſſing it will make by and by, when it comes into the water.*"

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491. During the *Coalition Miniſtry*, when the late

tate Lord *North* held the office of one of the principal ſecretaries of State, as he was one day going to his office, in aſcending the long ſtair that leads to it, he was obliged, being a heavy man, to reſt himſelf at the firſt floor, oppoſite the door leading into the Treaſury; at laſt he proceeded, obſerving very feelingly, "*Well, I ſee that a man may go farther and fare worſe.*"

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492. A facetious canon of Windſor taking his evening walk as uſual into the town, met one of the vicars at the caſtle gate, returning home ſomewhat elevated with generous port. "So," ſays the canon, "from whence came you?" "I do not know, "Mr. Canon," replies the vicar, "I have been "*ſpinning* out this afternoon with a few friends." "Aye, and now," ſays the canon, "you are *reeling it home*."

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493. A gentleman who was very moroſe and ill natured at home, in his family, was remarkable facetious and merry abroad, inſomuch that he was more than ordinarily entertaining whereever he went: which occaſioned a lady once at a merry meeting where he was, to ſay to one preſent, who knew him well, "Surely if that gentleman is mar-"ried, his wife muſt be extremely happy, for he is "quite the fiddle of the company." "Very true, "madam, ſays the perſon ſhe ſpoke to, "*but he always hangs his fiddle up at the door when he goes home.*"

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494. Judge *Clayton* was allowed to be a very honeſt man, but it was univerſally acknowledged, that he never ſhone as a lawyer. Soon after he was raiſed

raiſed to the Iriſh bench, he happened to dine in company with Counſeller *Harwood*, celebrated for his brogue, wit, and deep knowledge of his profeſſion. Clayton liked his glaſs, and having drank pretty freely, began to make ſome obſervations on the laws of Ireland: "In my country," (England) ſaid he, "the acts of the ſenate are numerous, but "one is found to be a key to the other. In Ireland "it is juſt the contrary; your laws are ſo contradictory, that I proteſt *I don't underſtand them.*" "True, my lord," cried Harwood, "*that is what we all ſay.*"

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495. When Prince *Potemkin* ſucceeded Prince *Orloff* as favourite of the late *Catharine*, *Orloff* met him going up the palace ſtairs that led to the apartments of the empreſs; Potemkin accoſting him in a polite and familiar manner, aſked the news of the court: Orloff replied, "Nothing—but you are *going up*, and I am *coming down.*"

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496. One evening, in a riot at the ſtage door of Drury Lane, a performer wounded a young fellow (who had drawn his ſword upon him) ſlightly in the hand. The ſpark preſently after, came into one of the green boxes, over the ſtage door.—The play was Macbeth; and in the fine ſoliloquy, where he ſees the imaginary dagger, the tragedian repeated, "*and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood.*" The young fellow bawls out, "*Aye, reeking indeed! what, does your conſcience prick you? you raſcal, that's my blood you drew juſt now.*" The actor, giving him a ſevere ſide glance, replied juſt loud enough to be heard by him, "*Damn your blood.*

blood, I ſay," and then, without the leaſt heſitation, went on with the ſpeech.

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497. Mr. *Quin*, upon his firſt coming to Bath, found himſelf very extravagantly charged for eatables and drinkables, as well as lodging and waſhing. At the end of the firſt week, he mentioned it to Mr. *Naſh*, maſter of the ceremonies, who invited him to Bath, as being the cheapeſt place in England for a man of taſte and a *bon vivant*. Naſh, who loved his joke, and knew that Quin loved a pun as well as himſelf, replied, "*They have acted by you upon truly Chriſtian principles.*" "*How ſo,*" ſays Quin. "*Why,*" reſumed Naſh, "*you was a* ſtranger, *and they* took you in,"—*Ay, but,*" ſaid Quin, "*they have* fleeced *me, inſtead of* cloathing *me.*

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498. Lord *Peterborough*, when a young man, and about the time of the revolution, had a paſſion for a lady who was fond of birds. She had ſeen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee-houſe near Charing-croſs, and entreated him to get it for her. The owner of it was a widow, and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which ſhe refuſed. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it; and getting one of the ſame colour, with nearly the ſame marks, but which happened to be a hen, he went to the houſe. The miſtreſs of it uſually ſat in a room behind the bar, to which he had eaſy acceſs. Contriving to ſend her out of the way, he effected his purpoſe; and upon her return took his leave. He continued to frequent the houſe, to avoid ſuſpicion; but forbore ſaying any thing

thing of the bird, till about two years after; when, taking occaſion to ſpeak of it, he ſaid to the woman, "*I would have bought that bird of you, and you refuſed my money for it; I dare ſay you are by this time ſorry for it,*" "*Indeed, Sir,*" anſwered the woman, "*I am not; nor would I take any ſum for him; for, would you believe it? from the time that our good King was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not ſung a note.*"

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499. A ſtranger paſſing St. Paul's church, aſked a tar whom he met, what thoſe figures were at the weſt front? To which the ſailor anſwered, "The twelve apoſtles." "How the devil can that be," replied the other, "when there are but ſix of "them?" "D—n my eyes," ſays the tar, "*would you have them all on deck at once.*"

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500. Two negroes meeting in a dram-ſhop in Jamaica, called for a bowl of grog. When it was made, one fellow took up the bowl, and after drinking two-thirds of the contents, cries, "Hem! hem! hem! Maſſa, dis here too trong, *do put little more water here.*" Tay, Maſſa," ſays the other, "no "be in ſuch dam hurre, *let me cry hem too!*"

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501. *Quin* was at an auction of pictures ſome time before his death, when old *General Guiſe* came into the room. "There's General Guiſe," ſaid ſomebody, "how very ill he looks." Guiſe, Sir," ſaid Quin, "you are miſtaken, he has been dead "theſe two years." "Nay, but," ſays the other, "believe your eyes; there he is." At this Quin put on his ſpectacles, and after viewing him from head to foot for ſome time, exclaimed, "Why, "yes,

" yes, Sir, I am right enough, he has been dead " theſe two years, it is very evident, and has now " only got a day rule to ſee the pictures."

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502. Soon after the acceſſion of King *James* to the Crown of England, in one of the tours he made round his kingdom, he was entertained by the Earl of Scarborough, at his ſeat at Lumley Caſtle. A right reverend biſhop, a relation of his Lordſhips, who was there on a viſit at the ſame time, thinking, no doubt, to poſſeſs his majeſty with a grand idea of the importance of the family of his noble relative, began to make his majeſty acquainted with a genealogical detail of every perſon who had exiſted in a long continued line of his lordſhips progenitors, and attempted to deduce the origin of the family from a period ſo remote, that it exceeded every degree of credibility. The King, whoſe patience was at length quite exhauſted, ſtopped ſhort the reverend genealogiſt's narration, by ſaying, " *Dear Sir, go no farther; let me digeſt this knowledge I have gained; for, upon my honour, I never knew before that Adam's ſurname was* Lumley."

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503. An extravagant young fellow, who was very forward to ſpend his money, though he could but ill afford it, being one evening in company in a public houſe where it was propoſed to ſpend ſixpence a piece; the young ſpendthrift not contented with this reaſonable expence, inſiſted that it ſhould be a ſhilling; ſaying, " he knew no *difference between a ſhilling and ſix-pence.*" To which a ſly old economiſt replied, " *But you will, young gentleman, when you come to be worth but eighteenpence.*"

504. A puppy of an officer being tried for an aſſault, the counſel againſt him began "Gentlemen "of the jury, I am counſel for the proſecution; "this *ſoldier* has been guilty of an aſſault on an "old woman." "Sir," ſaid the defendant, "*I am an officer, and no ſoldier!*" "I aſk you pardon," ſaid the barriſter; "well then, gentlemen of the jury, *this officer, who is no ſoldier, made an aſſault on an old woman*—"

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505. The day before Miſs *Satchell* was married, ſhe was in company where the merit of the *great Kemble* was the topic; a lady turned to Miſs Satchell and aſked her, with a ſignificant ſmile, which was the *great* Kemble? "Upon my "word," ſaid the young lady with a deep bluſh, "I cannot now inform you." In a day or two after the nuptials, the lady paid her a viſit of congratulation, and aſked her if the great Kemble had been to viſit her? "Viſit me! viſit me!" ſaid the pretty bride. "*Lord, my dear, I am in poſſeſſion of the great Kemble!*"

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506. During Lord *Townſhend's* reſidence in Dublin as viceroy, he often went in diſguiſe through the city. He had heard much of the wit of a ſhoe black, known by the name of blind Peter, whoſe ſtand was always at the Globe coffee-houſe door; having found him out, he ſtopped to get his boots cleaned; which was no ſooner done than his Lordſhip aſked Peter to give him change for half a guinea. "Half a guinea! your honour," ſaid the ragged wit, "change for half a guinea from me! "by G , Sir, *you may as well aſk a Highlander*

"*for*

" *for a kneebuckle.* His Lordſhip was ſo well pleaſed, that he left him the bit of gold and walked off.

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507. It is related of Mr. *Addiſon*, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himſelf ever to ſhine as a public ſpeaker, that at the time of debating the Union act in the Houſe of Commons, he roſe up, and addreſſing himſelf to the Speaker, ſaid, " *Mr. Speaker, I conceive,*" but could go no further: then riſing again, he ſaid, " *Mr. Speaker, I conceive—*" Still unable to proceed, he ſat down again. A third time he roſe, and was ſtill unable to ſay any thing more than, " *Mr. Speaker, I conceive* ;" when a certain young member, who was poſſeſſed of more effrontery and volubility, aroſe and ſaid, " *Mr. Speaker, I am very ſorry to find that the honourable gentleman over the way has* conceived *three times, and* brought forth nothing."

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508. Dr. Adam *Smith* was enumerating to Dr. *Johnſon* the many fine proſpects which were to be ſeen at Edinburgh and its environs. When he had done, Dr. Johnſon ſaid, " *I believe you have forgot to mention the beſt proſpect of the whole.*" " *What is that ?*" ſaid the profeſſor. " *The road from Edinburgh to London.*"

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509. On a benefit night at the Theatre, many particular friends of the actor were let in at a private door, before the great doors were opened, which when diſcovered, a gentleman cried out, in a paſſion, " *It is a ſhame they ſhould fill the houſe full of people, before any body come !*"

510. The late Sir *Patrick Blake* was once in company where a nobleman (ſince dead) was relating many wonderful accounts of echos, which he had heard abroad; more particularly one in the ruins of a temple, on the Appian way, about twelve miles from Rome, which, he ſaid, *repeated any words ſeventy times.* "That," replied Sir Patrick, "is "nothing wonderful. There is an echo on my "brother's eſtate, near the Lake of Killarney, in "Ireland, to which I have frequently ſaid, '*Good* "*morrow, Madam Echo,*' and it was immedi- "ately anſwered, '*Good morrow, Sir Patrick* "*Blake, how do you do?*"

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511. When Doctor *Franklin* firſt heard of the French Revolution, it was in the company of ſeveral perſons who came to viſit him in Philadelphia. Every one was wondering at the circumſtances, and aſking whether it was not very ſingular; the doctor, having heard them for ſome time with his uſual patience, at laſt replied, "Why I ſee nothing "in all this but what might naturally be expect- "ed: the French have ſerved an apprenticeſhip "to liberty in this country, and now they are out "of their time *they have ſet up for themſelves.*"

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512. A celebrated Chief Juſtice being on the midland circuit, a Mr. *Shirley*, of the county of Leiceſter, was brought before him, charged with having committed a rape on the body of one of his tenant's daughters; the judge was remarkable for poſſeſſing an uncommon ſhare of delicacy, and therefore, on the day preceding that of the intended trial, ordered the crier of the court to give notice that it would come on the next morning at

ſeven o'clock: thereby truſting that the female ſex would abſent themſelves on ſuch an occaſion: inſtead of which the ladies came pouring in numbers into the court by ſix o'clock; at length the judge having heard all that the witneſſes had to ſay in ſupport of the charge, deſired the priſoner would enter upon his defence. Mr. Shirley therefore informed the court, that as he was one evening walking over the ground, he eſpied his proſecutrix carry away a bundle of faggots from a pile that belonged to him, and obſerving that ſhe was a handſome girl, he jocoſely told her, if ever he caught her repeating the tranſgreſſion, he would aſſuredly repay himſelf in *a way moſt agreeable to his wiſhes.* Buſineſs calling him the next day to town, he was abſent about a fortnight; and on his return home, one of his ſervants deſired to know whether he had given permiſſion to a young woman to carry away faggots from ſuch a pile, for that ſhe had done it every evening ſince his departure: It immediately recurred to him that it muſt be the girl he had ſeen before; and about the ſame hour he repaired to the old ſpot, where he had not waited long before ſhe made her appearance: to be brief, he jocularly deſired the girl to make *perſonal reſtitution*, which without heſitation or reluctance ſhe complied with. Mr. Shirley in ſhort was honourably acquitted; but before he departed the court, the judge deſired to give him one piece of advice; "If," ſays his Lordſhip, "you ſhould ever find a woman "ſtealing your faggots again, do not threaten her "with ſuch a puniſhment, for if you do, believe "me that the *ladies in the gallery will not leave* "*you a ſtick in your hedge.*"

513. Dr. *Johnſon* being in company with *Foote*, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the ſubject of converſation. Foote inſiſted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the preſent reign; the doctor the contrary. This diſpute continued with a friendly warmth for ſome time, when Johnſon called out, "you are certainly "in the wrong, Sam; but I ſee how you are de-"ceived; you cannot diſtinguiſh them now as "formerly; for the fellows all come *breeched to* "*the capital of late years.*"

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514. In the reign of *Charles* the Second, the Duke of *Lauderdale* coming one day to court in Lord *Rocheſter's* week of waiting, deſired admittance to his Majeſty, but was refuſed, and told by *Rocheſter*, that he was very ill: Lauderdale came conſtantly every day during Rocheſter's week, and as regularly received the ſame anſwer: at which being ſurpriſed, he aſked Rocheſter what was the nature of his Majeſty's illneſs? who told him, *the King had got a ſore noſe.* Lauderdale came to court the next day, and, another Lord being in waiting, was immediately introduced to the preſence chamber: the King expreſſed his amazement at not ſeeing him for ſo many days, and on being informed of the impediment, the King called for Rocheſter, and demanded his reaſons for ſaying he had got a ſore noſe. Rocheſter replied, "*May it pleaſe your Majeſty, had I been led ſo long by the noſe, as you have been by Lauderdale, I am ſure mine would have been ſore; ſo I conceived it at leaſt my duty to deny all acceſs to the immediate cauſe of your Majeſty's diſorder.*"

515. *Quin*

515. *Quin* one day, after a pretty long walk, dropt into a chop-houſe not far from Somerſet Houſe, and aſking the miſtreſs what ſhe had ready, ſhe replied that there was ſome nice veal *a la-daube* quite hot. "Well then," ſaid he, "let me have "ſome *daubed* veal, I think you call it." A plate was accordingly brought him, which he preſently diſpatched, and had another; this was gone in a trice, and he had a third, fourth, fifth, and ſixth, which might perhaps altogether weigh about three quarters of a pound. Upon inquiring what was to pay, the miſtreſs told him *twelve ſhillings*. "By "G—, madam, it muſt be a miſtake; how do you "ſell your daubs a pound!" "Sir," ſhe replied rather pertly, "we do not ſell it by the pound!" "No," ſaid he, "I find you do not; but by "G—, *you ſell it half a crown an ounce.*"

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516. A nobleman being in company with ſome Scotch officers, was bragging of the ſituation of his villa, and the pleaſantneſs of the country in general, but above all inſiſted upon his peculiar happineſs (as he had a muſical ear) in having ſuch a multitude of *nightingales* about him. "Nightingales!" ſays a bonny Scot, "we have an in-"finity of them near Edinburgh." "Sir," replied his Lordſhip, "I thought thoſe birds had "never reached ſo far north; pray what ſort of a "thing is a nightingale?" "My Lord," rejoins the Scotchman, "*it is about the bugneſs of a pudgeon, and has a head like a cat, and cries whoo! whoo! whoo!*"

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517. Colonel *Cockburne* roſe from the rank of a private man to that of Commander in Chief, at St.

Euſtatia. One morning upon a review of the garriſon troops, he diſcovered a ſoldier, whoſe dreſs was extremely ſoiled. The Colonel, ſtepping up to him, demanded in a haughty tone, "How dare "you, you raſcal, appear ſo dirty? Your ſhirt is "as black as ink! Did you ever ſee me in ſuch a "plight when I was a private?" "No, may it "pleaſe your honour, I never did," replied the trembling culprit, "but then, to be ſure, *your ho-* "*nour's mother was a waſher-woman.*"

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518. A poor player having lent one of his comrades a ſmall matter, ſpoke to him one night behind the ſcenes in Covent-Garden Theatre. "By "G—, Tom, thoſe two guineas I lent you ought "to be paid me; you know I am in great diſ- "treſs." "Do not talk to me about it," ſaid the other, "by heavens, within this week I will "take care to pay you *in ſome ſhape or other.*" "You will oblige me," replied the creditor, "*and pray let it be as much in the ſhape of two guineas as poſſible.*"

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519. A gentleman going to take water at Whitehall ſtairs, cried out as he came near the place, "Who can ſwim!" "I maſter," ſaid forty bawling mouths, when the gentleman obſerving one ſlinking away, called after him; but the fellow turning about ſaid, "Sir, I cannot ſwim." "Then you are my man," ſaid the gentleman, "*for you will at leaſt take care of me for your own ſake.*"

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520. An Iriſh officer in Minorca was found by a gentleman who came to viſit him in a morning a little

little ruffled, and being asked the reason, he replied he had lost a pair of fine black silk stockings out of his room, that cost him eighteen shillings; but he hoped he should get them again, for he had ordered them to be cried, with a reward of half-a-crown for the person who brought them. His friend observing that this was too poor a recompence for such a pair of silk stockings. "Pooh man," replied he, "*I directed the cryer to say they were worsted.*"

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521. During the civil wars in France, a Hugonot Lord put several of his prisoners to death by obliging them to jump down from the top of a high tower. A soldier whom he condemned to die in this manner, having advanced twice to the brink, and as often drawn back, the nobleman in a rage swore, that if he did not leap down the third time, he should be put to a still more cruel death. "*Why Sir,*" said the soldier, "*as easy a matter as you may think it, I'll lay you a wager that you don't do it in four times.*" This pleasant reply saved his life.

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522. A young Grecian at Rome bearing a great resemblance to *Augustus Cæsar*, the Emperor was desirous of seeing him. He asked him *if his mother had ever been at Rome?* "*No, Sir,*" said he, "*but my father was.*"

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523. A poor boy was asked what three things he would have, could he have them for wishing. "Why, in the first place," said he, "I would "have as much ale as I could drink." "Very "well, what next?" "Then I would have as

" much fat beef as I could eat." " And what is " your third wiſh ?" After much conſideration, " Hang it," ſaid he, " *I'll have a little more* " *ale.*"

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524. An Oxford vintner was complaining to his man, that there were no bottles left, though he had laid in a large ſtock very lately. " *No wonder,*" ſaid the fellow, " *for all that were meaſure you broke, and all that were not meaſure the ſcholars have broke.*"

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525. A nobleman being greatly in debt, one of his friends told him, he wondered he could ſleep quietly in his bed. " For my part," replied he, " I ſleep very well ; *I only wonder how my creditors can ſleep.*"

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526. A Roman Catholic aſked a Proteſtant where his religion was before the time of *Luther ?* " *Did you waſh your face this morning ?*" ſaid the Proteſtant, " *Yes,*" replied the other, " *Then where was your face,*" ſaid the Proteſtant, " *before it was waſhed ?*"

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527. *Swift's Stella* being extremely ill, her phyſician ſaid, " Madam, you are certainly near " the bottom of the hill, but we ſhall endeavour to " get you up again." She replied, " Doctor, I " am afraid I ſhall be *out of breath* before I get to " the top."

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528. A priſoner for debt ſent to his creditor to let him know he had a propoſal to make, which he conceived would be for their mutual advantage.

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The creditor, calling on him to hear it, "I "have been thinking," ſaid he, "it is a very "idle thing for me to lie here, and put you to the "expence of three ſhillings and ſix-pence per "week. My being ſo chargeable to you gives "me much uneaſineſs, and God knows what it may "coſt you in the end. Therefore what I propoſe "is this: *You ſhall let me out of priſon, and in-* "*ſtead of three and ſixpence, you ſhall allow me* "*only half-a-crown a week, and the other ſhilling* "*ſhall go towards the diſcharge of the debt.*"

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529. A poet preſenting *Auguſtus Cæſar* with a copy of verſes, the emperor gave him in return an epigram of his own compoſition. The poet having read it, and ſeeming to admire it, takes out his purſe, and offers the Emperor ſeveral pieces of gold. "*I would not,*" ſays he, "*confine myſelf to ſo ſmall a preſent, were my circumſtances better.*"

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530. A gentleman ſeeing a country fellow, with his newly-married wife, ſaid, "*Let me give your wife a kiſs, and when I marry you ſhall kiſs mine:*" to which the other conſented. Shortly after the gentleman marries, and, according to his promiſe, permits the countryman to give his bride a kiſs. "Madam," ſaid the fellow, ſmacking his lips, "ſince my maſter is ſo honeſt, and keeps his "word ſo well, *I am very ſorry that inſtead of* "*giving my wife a kiſs, he did not go to bed* "*with her.*"

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531. A Whig, diſputing with a Jacobite, ſaid he had two reaſons for being againſt the Pretender. "What are theſe?" ſaid the other. "The firſt," re-

replied he, "is that he is an impoſtor, and not "King James's ſon." "That," ſaid the Jacobite, "would be a good reaſon if it could be "proved. And what is your other?" "My "other reaſon," ſaid the Whig, "is *that he is King James's ſon.*"

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352. *Impromptu on the Marriage of Mr.* HUSBAND *to Miſs* BREEDING *of Durham.*

When ſingle you were *Breeding*, yet
'Twas known you were a maid;
A *Huſband* you, when Breeding, met,
And ſoon a wife was made!

Indeed, fair dame, this match has prov'd
A very odd proceeding;
Your *Huſband*, ſingle, *Breeding* lov'd,
You, wedded, leave off *Breeding*.

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533. *Epigram.*

"My *anceſtors* acquir'd a name
"That brilliant decks the roll of Fame;
"Laurels in war my *grandſire* won,
"My *father* in the ſenate ſhone;
"My ——" "Stop, Sir:--ſay what you have done;"
"Done!—all their honours I inherit:"
"True, great ſir, all—*except their merit.*"

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534. *Another.*

Says the firſt *William Pitt*, with his wonted emotion,
"The peers are no more than a drop in the ocean;"
But ſo far from this point his ſucceſſor now vars,
That himſelf's but a drop in an ocean of peers.

523. *An-*

535. *Another.*

Patricius ſaid, "While you've exiſtence,
"Keep, ſon, *plebeians* at a diſtance."
This ſpeech a *taylor* overheard,
And quick replied—"I wiſh my lord,
"You'd thus adviſ'd before your ſon
"*So deeply in my debt had run.*"

536. A ſailor, who was a papiſt, in a ſtorm prayed to the Virgin Mary, promiſing her, if ſhe would deliver him from the danger, that when he got on ſhore he would offer at her altar a candle as big as the main-maſt; which one of his companions overhearing, he jogged him on the elbow, whiſpering that it was impoſſible. "Huſh," ſaid he, "we muſt now ſpeak her fair, but if I get "once ſafe on ſhore, I'll make her content with "a ſix in the pound."

537. A thief being to be hanged at Newgate, the ordinary, before he was turned off, bade him be of good cheer, for "this night," ſaid he, "thou ſhalt ſup with our Lord in Paradiſe." "I "am much obliged to you," replied the other, "but *I'd rather be excuſed, as I am no ſupper-man.*"

538. A French gentleman taking water from London-bridge to the Temple, was groſsly overcharged by the waterman. Having occaſion to go the ſame way a few days after, he took a coach, and having got into it, the perſon who watered the horſes begged him to *remember the waterman.* "*Morbleu,*" ſays he, "*that is very hard*

hard that one muſt pay theſe rogues of watermen for going by land."

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539. At a dinner, where were preſent Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*, *Dr. Goldſmith*, and a number of other gentlemen, a diſh of *peas* was brought in, which being rather old had loſt their colour. Says one of the company, "Waiter ſend theſe peas to *Kenſington*." "Why ſo," ſaid Goldſmith, "Its "the way to *Turnham Green*," (Turn'em green). After the party ſeparated, Dr. Goldſmith and Sir Joſhua went home together, and on the way the former ſaid he would give five guineas to be the author of ſo good a pun. The knight told him he ſhould give him an opportunity of paſſing it off as his own next day, when there was to be a dinner at his houſe, at which none of the former company would be preſent. Accordingly peas of a becoming whiteneſs were brought in, which Goldſmith ordered to be carried to *Kenſington*. "Why "ſo," ſaid his neighbour, "It is the way *to make them green*."

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540. An old miſer in *France*, that grudged his ſervants their victuals, cauſing them to mingle three times as much water with their wine, ſeeing one of his ſervants feed heartily, "*what*, ſaid he, "*will your grinders never be at reſt?*" "*How can they*," replied the ſervant, "*as long as they have ſo much water?*"

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541. A country fellow being ſet upon by a maſtiff, killed him with his pitchfork: the owner of the dog demanded ſatisfaction, and brought him before the juſtice; but ſtill the clown pleaded he did

did it in his own defence. "*Nevertheleſs you ought,*" ſaid the juſtice, "*to have ſtruck him with the other end of your ſtaff.*" "*Truly ſo I would,*" ſaid the peaſant, "*had he run at me with his tail.*"

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542. One having occaſion to riſe early, bid his man look out and ſee if it were day; the man replied, "*It was dark.*" "*Why then fool,*" ſaid he, "*'tis no wonder if thou canſt not ſee, take a candle and hold out of the window.*"

Origin of the proverb buying a pig in a pock.

543. A ſoldier quartering in *Newmarket*, often obſerved a young country wench that ſold pigs every market-day; whereupon he went to her one day, and deſired to ſee ſome pigs; having ſeen ſeveral, he ſaid at laſt, *he would have one that was alive*; ſo ſhe ſhewed him one that ſhe had in a bag. "*Well, ſweetheart,*" ſaid he, *I live hard by, and muſt go ſhew the pig to my captain; if he like it, you ſhall have three ſhillings for it, in the mean time I will leave the price with you.*" Thus having got the pig tied up in the bag, he went to his lodgings, and put a dog into the bag inſtead of it, and returning quickly to the damſel, ſaid, "*truly his captain did not like the pig*;" and therefore ſhe took the bag without looking into it, and gave him his money. Not long after came a French monſieur in haſte to buy a pig, but not liking thoſe that were dead, would have a live one. "*Sir,*" ſaid ſhe, "*I have one of the ſame bigneſs alive, the price is ſo much.*" "*Well here is your money,*" ſaid he, "*but how ſhall I carry it?*" "*Why for a groat you ſhall have pock and all.*"

"*Pock.*

"*Pock, what is dat,*" ſaid the Frenchman. "*'Tis a bag, Sir,*" ſaid ſhe, "*that it is tied up in.*" "*Oh de bag, is dat de pock? Well, here it a groat.*" Thus away he goes with his bargain home; but when he comes to look in the pock, "*O de Diable,*" ſays he, "*is dis de pig? de Dible take me, if I do buy de pig in de pock agin.*"

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544. An apprentice of *London* being brought before the chamberlain by his maſter, for the ſin of incontinency, even with his own miſtreſs; the chamberlain thereupon gave him many Chriſtian exhortations, and at laſt mentioned and preſſed the chaſtity of *Joſeph*, when his miſtreſs tempted him with the like crime of incontinency, "*Aye, Sir,*" ſaid the apprentice; "*but if* Joſeph's *miſtreſs had been as handſome as mine is, he could not have forborn.*"

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545. Several perſons being invited to a feaſt, it happened that amongſt the reſt, there came an old grammarian, not altogether arrayed after the mode, nor cloathed ſo well as many other young gallants that were there; this gave occaſion when the wine had made every man's tongue free to ſpeak his mind, that a young ſpark, to put a jeſt upon the old grammarian, ſaid, "*Pray ſir, ſince I know you to be well ſkilled in genealogy, who was the father of* Peleus?" To which he anſwered, "*tell me firſt if you can who was yours.*"

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546. An old knight coming to court, requeſted a favour of the king, but received a denial of his petition: wherefore knowing that his age was great, and his hairs grey, and thinking they were the

the cauſe why he did not ſucceed, he coloured his beard black, and put on a peruque, and like a young man came again and petitioned the King concerning the ſame buſineſs. His Majeſty perceiving the deceit, ſaid to him, "*I would be very glad to gratify you in your deſire, but 'tis not long ſince I denied it to your father, and 'twere unjuſt to grant the ſon what I denied him.*"

547. It is reported of a certain debauched perſon, that he was wont very devoutly to ſay his prayers always in the morning; and then at his departure out of his houſe, he would cry, "*Now, Devil, do thy worſt.*"

548. A poor but witty lad, brought up to the univerſity, and admitted in a college, could not go to the price of a new pair of ſhoes; but when his old ones were worn out at the toes, had them capt with leather; whereupon his companions began to jeer him for ſo doing: "*Why,*" ſaid he, "*muſt they not be capt? are they not fellows?*"

549. "*Were I a Prince,*" ſays a country boy? "*Why what then?*" anſwered his companion: "*Oh then I would eat my belly full of bacon, and ſwing upon a gate all day long.*"

550. A carpenter paſſing by with a deal-board on his ſhoulder, hit a gentleman on the head with the end of it: whereupon, he perceiving his fault, cried, "*Have a care, Sir;*" "*Why,*" quoth he, "*do you intend to hit me again.*"

551. A countryman coming to *London* into a bookſeller's ſhop, to buy a bible, the man ſhewed him one that had a patch in the cover; the countryman diſpleaſed at that, would ſee more: whereat the maſter came out, aſking his man what this chapman would have? "*Sir,*" ſaid his boy, "*he wants a bible, and he doth not like this.*" Then his maſter looking on it, "*Why, Sirrah,*" ſaid he to his apprentice, "*have I but one double covered bible in all my ſhop, that you muſt ſhew every one this?*" "*O pray,*" ſaid the countryman, "*Let me have it by all means, if it be double covered; for I would fain have a laſting one.*"

552. An Univerſity Scholar being hot in diſcourſe at the table in the hall, and ſo loud that the Fellows heard him, the Dean ſent to him to be quiet, after this manner, by the ſervitor, "*Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur:*" To which he returned this anſwer, "*Vir loquitur qui pauca ſapit.*"

553. *Ben Johnſon*, when the Archbiſhop of York, ſent him from his table an excellent diſh of fiſh, but without drink, ſaid,

In a diſh came fiſh
From the Arch-biſ-
Hop was not there,
Becauſe there was no beer.

554. One having a horſe that was very hardy, and had but little ſtomach, thought with himſelf he might eaſily by degrees bring him to live without hay or oats, and ſo abſtracted daily ſomething from his meat, till at laſt the horſe died; and when afterwards he was carrying him out in a cart to

lay him in the fields for the crows, and his neighbours aſked him how his horſe came to die? "*Why, I thought,*" ſaid he, "*to have made him live on nothing; and juſt as I brought him to it, he died.*"

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555. One ſeeing his ſon do untowardly, "*Why, Sirrah,*" ſays he, "*did you ever ſee me do ſo when I was a boy?*"

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556. A *London* taylor, true but for lying, honeſt but for ſtealing, fell ſuddenly very ſick, and when his friends began to deſpair of his recovery, and that he thought himſelf he ſhould die, his conſcience began to prick him, and to bring into his imagination all his former ſins; then did he think he ſaw before him all the fields of hell diſplaying ſundry colours of thoſe ſilks he had at ſeveral times ſtolen: this ſo terrified him, that after he grew well, he bought him a bible, went to church, and ſhewed great reformation; nay, the very meat that was to be eat on *Sunday*, he would have dreſt on *Saturday*; alſo, leſt the cuſtom and frequent uſe he had of ſtealing, ſhould at any time make him forget his zeal, he gave his journeyman a ſpecial charge to put the apparition in his mind, whenever he ſaw him ſtealing any thing. Not long after, when a doctor of phyſic ſent him ſome velvet to make him a coat, and he well knowing how much would ſerve, ſnips off half a yard: but his man eſpying it; ſaid, "*O Maſter, maſter, remember the viſion.*" "*Yes, yes,*" ſaid he, *I do remember the viſion; but there was not one piece of ſuch ſilk in any part of it.*"

557. Queen *Elizabeth* coming to a free ſchool, where ſhe had an oration ſpoken to her by one of the boys, ſhe afterwards aſked him how often he had been whipped? To which, he wittily anſwered with the words of *Æneas* to Queen *Dido*:

"*Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.*"

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558. Another time having ſome verſes made to her *extempore*, by a poor ſchool-boy, and underſtanding his condition, ſhe ſaid, "*make me ſome verſes upon this, "Pauper ubique jacet:*" To which he ſaid,

"*In thalamis Regina tuis hac nocte jacerem,*
"*Si verum hoc eſſet, Pauper ubique jacet.*"

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559. A Scholar was tranſlating a Greek book into Latin, and at the ſame time one came and told him his wife was very ſick; "*Well, I have but three or four ſentences to do,*" ſaid he, "*and I will come.*" Preſently came another, and ſaid ſhe was dying; "*Well, I have but three lines,*" ſaid he, "*to do, and I will come.*" Not long after came a third, that ſaid ſhe was dead. "*Alas, I am ſorry,*" ſaid he, "*ſhe was a good woman.*"

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560. A felon being to be hanged in a country town, word was ſent to the carpenter to make a gibbet; but he neglected to do it, and the day of execution was deferred, which cauſed the judge to be very angry; who ſent for the carpenter, aſking, "*why he had not done it?*" "*Why Sir,*" replied he, "*I have done two or three already, and never was paid for them; but had I known it had been for your worſhip, I would have left all other buſineſs to have done it.*"

561. A ſchoolmaſter, whoſe name one of the ſcholars had written on the wall, took the lad ſeverely to taſk for it, and aſſured him that the next time he did ſo he ſhould be whipped, for, ſaid he, "*nomina ſtultorum ſemper parietibus hærent.*" "Very true," ſaid the ſcholar.

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562. An Iriſh appraiſer having been employed to make an inventory and appraiſonal of the goods of a perſon deceaſed, ſet down one of the articles as follows: "*Item, an empty box full of old wigs, worth nothing at all, 5s;*" and a Hebrew bible he thus particulariſed, "*Item, a book, the beginning of which is at the end.*"

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563. A young Iriſhman paſſing by Greenwich Hoſpital in a boat, fell a howling and crying. "What is the matter?" ſaid his companion. "I never ſee that place," ſaid he, "*but it puts me in mind of my father's ſtables.*"

564.

A Welchman,

Written in the year 1598.

A man of Wales between St. David's day and Eaſter,
Was on hoſte's ſcore for cheeſe great ſtore a teſter:
His hoſte did chalk it up behind the dore,
And ſaid, for cheeſe, good Sir, come pay your ſcore.
I wonder then, quoth he, what meaneth theſe?
Doſt think hur knows not chalk from cheeſe?

565.

ON WOMEN.

Women are begotten in *Wiltſhire*,
Born in *Middleſex*,
Brought up in *Cumberland*,
They lead their lives in *Bedfordſhire*,
Bring their huſbands to *Buckinghamſhire* and *Cornwall*,
And die in *Shrewſbury*.

566.

On fair Iſabella.

The way to write an epitaph
To make fair Iſabella laugh,
Is lie down on her, and write well,
Here under lies fair Iſabell.

567.

Of Double Entendre.

A certain man was to a judge complaining,
How one had written with a double meaning:
Fool, ſaid the judge, no man deſerveth trouble,
For *double meaning*, ſo he *deal not double*.

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568. The late *Princeſs Amelia* was too much a *Princeſs* to have the leaſt idea of familiarity, and too much a *German* to have a conception of wit. One evening when playing at whiſt, and calling the game, ſhe ſaid to her partner, "We are nine *love*," "Yes, *my dear*," ſaid he—Her Highneſs, with all the dignity of offended royalty, paid her game and walked out of the room.

569. Two

569. Two fellows, at the time when it was cuſtomary on the Continent to perform ſcriptural pieces on the ſtage, advertiſed in a town in Flanders, "*The Life of Jeſus Chriſt.*" The houſe was filled, the curtain drew up, and the two ſtrutted in, the one as our Saviour, and the other St. Peter, when the following dialogue took place:

"*Pierre!*"

"*Monſeignor!*"

"*Prenez votre manteau et votre epe,*"

"*Et ſuivez moi en Galilee.*"

They then ſtrutted out—the audience in vain waited for the reſt of the performance. The Meſſiah and his Apoſtle having fingered the caſh, decamped; but whether to Galilee or not we do not pretend to ſay.

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570. The play of Henry VIII. being to be performed by the boys of a ſchool, the maſter appointed one of them to perſonate the King, who, from a whining voice and a puny diminutive perſon, was particularly ill qualified for the taſk, but whoſe parents being rich, he wiſhed to gratify. On the rehearſal this boy recited his ſpeeches in ſuch a pitiful tone, that one of his fellow actors told him, "*if you do not ſpeak more boldly and in a louder voice, your parliament will never give you a farthing.*"

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571. A countryman having caught an enormous pike, carried it to the palace of the *Duke of Florence*; but the porter would not admit him, without a promiſe that he ſhould get half of what the Duke gave for the fiſh. The Duke offered him his own price, and was ſurpriſed to hear him demand one hundred laſhes. To comply with his humour they were

ordered to be inflicted, but very gently. Having received fifty, he cried out, "*Stop, I have a partner who is to receive the other half.*" He then ſtated the circumſtance, when Mr. Porter was ordered in, and received his ſhare without the ſmalleſt deduction, and in full weight.

572. Mr. *Sutton*, the founder of Chriſt's hoſpital, firſt made his money as paymaſter at Berwick, and afterwards as a merchant, but above all by extraordinary frugality. He and another merchant lived together, but they each provided his own meat, drink, &c.; when his comrade had half a pint of wine, he had a gill, and ſo on in every other article. Mr. Sutton, on his friend's death, looking into his affairs as his executor, found he had left *but* fifty thouſand pounds. "Ah!" ſaid he, "*I always thought he would die poor, from his extravagance.*"

573. *Sir Arthur Chicheſter* being ſent by King *James* as his ambaſſador to the Emperor, about that labour-in-vain, the palatinate, and returning thence, the place where he was, the city of Maynchin, was beſieged by Count Tilly, the Emperor's general, to whom Sir Arthur ſent, deſiring to be reſpected as an ambaſſador. Tilly replied, he knew nothing of him as an ambaſſador; on which the other rejoined, "*Had my maſter ſent me with as many hundred men as he has ſent me on fruitleſs meſſages hither, your general ſhould have known that I was not only an ambaſſador, but a ſoldier.*"

574. A perſon, famous for dealing in the marvellous, ſaid he had been in a country where the bees

bees were as big as ſheep ; "and what were the bee-hives ?" ſaid another, "*Why*," ſays he, "juſt as ours." "How do the bees get in then ?" "*O ! let them look to that.*"

575. An officer, boaſting before his commander of a wound he had received in his face, "*Take care*," ſaid the Colonel, who knew him, "*how you look back the next time you run away.*"

576. A gentleman being aſked how he lived in theſe hard times, ſaid, "*I live like a Prince.*" "How ſo ?" "*I eat and drink, and have a great deal of money.*"

577. When *Philip* II. conquered Portugal, he gave ſtrict orders that his ſoldiers ſhould not ſpoil or plunder, leſt it might alienate the hearts of the people : the conſequence was, that the army ſuffered greatly from want of victuals. On which one of his ſoldiers ſaid, that they had won an earthly kingdom in the ſame way as the heavenly kingdom is won, *by faſting and abſtinence.*

578. A parſon, catechiſing his ſon, deſired him to repeat the Commandments. The boy omitted *one of them.* "Why, Sirrah," ſaid the parſon, "there are but *nine* ?" "Ah, father," replied the ſon, "*I ſaw you and our maid Dolly break the other laſt night.*"

579. An old man having married a young woman, his neighbour congratulated him on it, ſaying, he was now on the road to Heaven. "*How ſo ?*" "Why don't you know where all cuckolds

go?" "Oh, now you put *me in mind of it; it is true, I have heard your wife say many years ago, that she was confident her husband would go to Heaven, and now I find which way.*"

580.

Epitaph in a church-yard in Kent, on a man who was killed by a blow from the stick of a sky-rocket.

Here lies I,
Whom a sky-
Rocket hit in the eye.

581.

Another, in Lambeth Church-yard, on Timendra Packwood.

Afflictions sore long time I bore,
And patience was all in vain,
'Till God did please to give me ease,
And free me from my pain,
And took me from my parents dear,
Who I left behind to weep.

582.

Another, literally copied from a tomb-stone in Newington Church-yard.

Sacred
To the memory of
Ann Goolden Lockett,
Wife of George Lockett,
Obit March 11th, 1800,
Atatis suæ 38 years.

583.

Another in the Church-yard of Birmingham.

Oh! cruel death, how could you be ſo unkind,
To take one before, and leave t'other behind,
You ſhould have taken both, if either,
Which would have been more pleaſing to the ſurvivor.

584.

Another in the Church-yard of Truro, in Cornwall.

Weep not for me, my deareſt dear,
I am not dead, but ſleepeth here,
Therefore prepare yourſelf to die,
Wait but a while, you'll follow *I*.

The loving huſband, however, having, a few weeks after inſcribing the above epitaph on his lamented wife's tomb, taken to himſelf another rib, a wit wrote under it the following lines:

I am not griev'd, my deareſt wife,
Sleep on, I've got another wife,
And therefore cannot come to thee,
For I muſt go to bed to *ſhe*.

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585. A clergyman who had run much in debt among his pariſhioners, who were rather troubleſome for their money, took for his text theſe words, "*Have patience with me, and I will pay you all!*" He divided his diſcourſe into two general heads, firſt "*Have patience*;" ſecondly, "*and I will pay you all.*" He expatiated very learnedly and energetically on patience and Chriſtian forbearance. Having finiſhed that part of his diſcourſe, he ſaid, "Now, my brethren, we come to the ſecond ge-
"neral head, *and I will pay you all*; *but that I*
"*muſt defer till another opportunity.*" A happy

conclusion, which so pleased his auditors as to induce them to give him time.

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586. A certain member of Parliament, who is rather frequently troubled with duns, has a square hole cut in the door, and opposite to it a looking glass, in which he can see whether to order his servants to receive his visitors or not. Being asked by a friend the reason of his having a mirror placed in that situation; "That, Sir," says he, "is my *dunometer*."

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587. After the coalition ministry, a gentleman meeting *Charles Fox* in boots, asked if he had been riding. "No," said he, but "*Tommy Townsend's in my shoes.*"

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588. A king being at a masquerade, was discovered in the ball-room with his arms round a lady's waist. A gentleman complaining of the heat of the room, proposed to adjourn to the *King's Arms*. "No," said his friend, "that won't do; the "*King's Arms is full*; but if you like we may "retire to the *King's Head*; for *that is quite* "*empty*."

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589. A vessel having arrived in the river from the West Indies, the captain's servant, a negro boy, was sent on shore on a Sunday forenoon, and observing a number of persons resorting to a baker's shop, and each throwing down a penny and carrying away a pie, he returned on board, exclaiming "*Massa. Massa! give me one penny, and I will bring you one great big pie*." His master did not understand what he meant, but having a mind to hu-

humour him, gave him the penny. He ran to the bakers, threw down his money, and the woman, asking which was his, he picked out the largest, crying out, "*Dis my pie, dis my pie*;" and the woman, helping him to get it on his head, he carried it aboard, to the astonishment of the captain, and no doubt to the sad disappointment of the owner.

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590. A good friar, preaching on the power of God, said he had created nothing but what was perfect. After sermon, a hunchback meeting him, asked, "Father do you really think I am perfect?" "Yes," replied he gravely, "*a very perfect hunchback.*"

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591. Some gentlemen talking on the inattention of writers to *punctuation*, it was observed that the lawyers used no stops in their writings. "I should think nothing," said one of their company "of their not using commas, semicolons, or colons, but the worst was, that they put no *periods* to their works."

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592. Dr. *Whitfield*, when on a voyage to America, observing the dissolute manners of the crew, invited them to one of his pious declamations: "You will all," said he, "go to Hell; "God will never save your souls: perhaps you "may think I will be your advocate; but no, I "will tell of all your wicked behaviour." On which one of the sailors observed to his messmate, "*The greatest rogues always turn king's evidence.*"

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593. In another part of his incoherent discourse he was going on with "my brethern, when it is "calm,

"calm then there is *little wind.*" "It's a damned "lie," quoth Jack, "*when it's calm there is no wind at all.*"

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594. A phyſician meeting *Pauſanias*, ſaid "*You look well.*" "Yes," replied he, "*you are not my phyſician,*"

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595. When the Thebans, having conquered the Lacedemonians at Leuctra, advanced to the Eurotas, a Theban vainly exclaimed, "Where are the Spar-"tans now?" A Spartan priſoner anſwered, "*Were they here, you would not.*"

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596. A Spartan catching one in adultery with his wife, who was very ugly, exclaimed, "*Wretch! who is to pay you for your pains.*"

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597. When *Ariſtippus* returned from the court of *Dionyſius*, he told *Diogenes*, "If you knew "how to manage kings, you need not feed on "herbs;" to which Diogenes retorted, "*If you could feed on herbs, you need not follow kings.*"

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598. *Dionyſius*, aſking *Ariſtippus* why philoſophers paid court to the rich, and not the rich to philoſophers, he anſwered, "*Becauſe philoſophers knew what they ſtand in need of; the rich do not.*"

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599. *Diogenes* going to Corinth, he entered the ſchool where *Dionyſius* the tyrant taught, and hearing the boys repeat very ill, he told Dionyſius, "*You are as bad a ſchoolmaſter as you were a king.*"

600. *Phryne*,

600. *Phryne*, when in the bloom of youth and beauty, being in company with a number of other courteſans who were painted, the game was propoſed, in which what one did was to be done by all. When her turn came, ſhe called for a baſon of water and *waſhed her face*. This broke up the play, for none would follow the example.

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601. *Timocrates* ſeeing an actor hold down his hand on pronouncing, O Jupiter! and hold it up on pronouncing, O Earth! ſaid, "*The fellow has committed a ſolecism with his hand.*"

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602. In Taſſus, a town the inhabitants of which lived moſtly on fiſh, a harper diſplayed his ſkill to the crowd. But when the bell gave notice that the fiſh was arrived, the audience ran to the market, all except one, who being almoſt deaf did not hear the ſignal. The harper going up to him, paid him many compliments on his taſte and his politeneſs, in not leaving him to buy fiſh, as the reſt did. "*What!*" ſaid the deaf man, "*has the bell rung: good-bye, I too love fiſh better than muſic.*"

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603. Some ſoldiers of Tarentum ſpoke very freely of King *Pyrrhus* in their cups. Being brought before him, and aſked if it was true that they had uſed ſuch expreſſions? "*It is very true,*" ſaid one of them, "*and we ſhould have uſed ſtill worſe, if we had had more wine.*" Pyrrhus laughing diſmiſſed them.

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604. Pope *Alexander VII.* aſking the celebrated Grecian *Leo Allatius*, why he did not enter into orders?

orders? he answered "*Because I desire to have it in my power to marry if I chuse.*" "Then," said the Pope, "why don't you marry?" he replied, "*Because I desire to have it in my power to enter into orders if I chuse.*"

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605. In order to flatter *Augustus Cæsar*, a number of Romans had taught magpies to repeat, *Hail Cæsar, conqueror*, and received rewards from him. Among the rest a poor shoemaker taking great pains to teach his magpie, found it so difficult, that he used as frequently to exclaim, *Labour lost!* The bird at length learnt its lesson, and saluted Augustus as he went by: but the emperor now tired of this foolery, said, "I have already "too many of you at home;" on which the magpie popped out "*Labour lost.*" Augustus ordered double the usual price for him.

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606. The son of *Quintus Fabius Maximus*, advising that general to seize on a post, said, "It "will only cost a few men." Fabius answered dryly, "*Will you make one of the few.*"

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607. An infamous king asked a dervise, of all pious offices which is the chief? The dervise answered, "*For thee, the chief is a long sleep at noon, that thou mayest, for some time, cease to injure mankind.*"

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608. Cardinal *Ximenes*, archbishop of Toledo, never gave any benefice to the person who asked it. One happened to be vacant in the *Val de Avellano*, where a follower of his was born. This person having heard of the vacancy, waited on the cardinal,

cardinal, and ſaid, "Moſt reverend lord, a benefice, "which would ſuit me much, is vacant in my "country; but as I know your eminence never "appoints a perſon who aſks, and never remembers "one who does not aſk, I am quite at a loſs how "to proceed; and therefore I humbly intreat your "beſt advice in the matter." The Cardinal anſwered, "*The caſe is difficult, I confeſs; but here, ſecretary, make out the collation for this gentleman.*"

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609. A perſon came to borrow fifty ducats from a ſchoolmaſter at Toledo, who ſent for a purſe of reals and gave them to him. The borrower took them and put them into his pocket, without counting them. The ſchoolmaſter, obſerving this, aſked for the purſe, that he might ſee there was the ſum; then returning it into his cheſt, he ſaid, "*A man who borrows without counting can never mean to repay.*"

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610. A Spaniſh proverb ſays, "*If you want to know the value of a ducat, try to borrow one.*"

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611. A ſoldier came to King *Ferdinand* and aſked a favour. The king ſaid, "You cannot have "it." The ſoldier expreſſed in the ſtrongeſt manner the obligation he was under to his Majeſty. "What do you mean?" ſaid the king, "*Sir,*" replied he, "*I have for two years endeavoured in vain to get an anſwer to my application from your miniſters, but your Majeſty has at once ſatisfied me.*"

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612. An alguazil of Gaudalagara went to arreſt a ſhoemaker in his houſe, but his wife defended him,

him in ſuch a manner, by giving a good cudgelling to the alguazil, that the huſband eſcaped and took ſanctuary in a church. The alguazil complained to the Duke *del Infantazzo*, ſaying it was a perſonal affront to him. The duke anſwered, "*Since the affront was offered to me, I forgive it.*"

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613. *Perico de Ayala*, the buffoon of the *Marquis de Villena*, came to ſee *Don Francis*, the buffoon of Charles V. as he lay on his death-bed. "Brother Don Francis," ſaid the former, "I beſeech you by the great friendſhip that has ſubſiſted between us, that when you go to heaven you will implore God for mercy on my ſoul." Francis anſwered, "*Tie a ſtring on this finger, then, that I may not forget it,*" and inſtantly expired, as if reſolved to be a buffoon in the next world.

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614. One hiring a lodging, ſaid to the landlady, "I aſſure you, madam, I am ſo much liked, that I never left a lodging, but my landlady ſhed tears, "*Perhaps,*" ſaid ſhe, "*you always went away without paying.*"

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615. A traveller inquiring at an inn what there was to eat, the inn-keeper anſwered nothing but eggs. The traveller replied, "Have you any of the ſalted meat you gave me laſt week; upon my word I never ate any thing better." The inn-keeper's little ſon inſtantly exclaimed, "*It would coſt dear, Sir, if one of our horſes were to die every week.*"

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616. A Florentine, buying a horſe at Rome, made his bargain with the ſeller that he ſhould pay

pay fifteen pieces of gold in hand, and be in his debt for the remainder. A ſhort time after, the ſeller demanding payment of the balance, the other anſwered, "*No, you muſt keep to our bargain; it was agreed that I ſhould be in your debt for the remainder; how can that be if I pay it?*

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617. A hard drinker was ill of a fever, attended with great thirſt. A conſultation of phyſicians being held on his caſe, they were preſcribing ſomething to remove the thirſt, when the patient ſaid, "*Gentlemen, do you cure the fever, and I ſhall remove the thirſt myſelf.*"

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618. A gentleman alighting at the gate of a villa where he was to viſit, gave his horſe to hold to his ſtupid and ſleepy ſervant. *Martin* ſoon fell aſleep, and a ſoldier who was paſſing took a ſudden liking to the horſe, and ſeeing the keeper aſleep, he ſlipped the bridle off the horſes head, and left it in Martin's hand and galloped off. Soon after, Martin being awaked by a ſervant of the houſe, and ſtupified with ſurprize, exclaimed, "*I am either Martin, or I am not. If I am Martin, I have loſt a horſe; if I am not Martin, I have found a bridle.*

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619. On the morning of the feaſt of *St. Margaret*, who is the patron ſaint of women with child, a gentleman meeting ſome ladies going to a church at Rome, ſaid, "theſe ladies are going to "pray for pretty children." One of them not liking the joke, anſwered, "*Your mother never did ſo.*" The reply was, "*If yours did, madam, ſhe was not heard.*"

620. *Toſetto*

620. *Toſetto* one day putting the phyſician *Zerboica* in a violent paſſion, he ſaid, "Peace, rogue, "do not I know that your father was a brick-"layer?" Toſetto anſwered, "*Huſh! nobody knew this except your father, who was want to carry him lime.*"

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621. *Thomas Aquinas* being in the chamber of *Innocent* IV. at a time when a large ſum of money was telling down, the Pope ſaid to him, "The "church cannot ſay now as antiently, *I have neither gold nor ſilver.*" "True," anſwered Thomas; "neither can ſhe now ſay to the lame, *riſe and walk.*"

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622. Duke *Frederic* of Modena having built a palace, was at a loſs what to do with the rubbiſh. An abbot, ſtanding by, told him to cauſe a pit to be digged large enough to contain it: "And what," ſaid Frederic, "ſhall I do with the earth that is "dug out of the pit?" To which the abbot wiſely anſwered, "*make the pit large enough to hold all.*"

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623. Towards the cloſe of the reign of George the Second, the beautiful counteſs of Coventry talking to him on ſhows, and thinking only of the figure ſhe herſelf ſhould make in a proceſſion, told him, the ſight ſhe wiſhed moſt to ſee was a coronation.

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624. A French lady wrote this letter to her huſband, "*Je vous écris, parceque je n'ai rien à faire; je finis, parceque je n'ai rien à dire* *.

* I write to you, becauſe I have nothing to do; I end my letter, becauſe I have nothing to ſay."

625. A

625. A young lady marrying a man she loved, and leaving many friends in town, to retire with him into the country, Mrs. D. said prettily, "She "has turned one and twenty shillings into a "guinea."

626. A low Frenchman bragged that the King had spoken to him. Being asked what his majesty had said, he replied, "He bade me stand out of his "way."

627. A lord of the court being presented for the first time, Louis XIV. said afterwards, that he did not know the late lord of that name had had a son, having been reckoned impotent. "*Oh Sire!*" said Roquelaure, "*ils ont été tous impuissans de pere en fils.*"

628. The Earl *Leicester*, that unworthy favourite of Elizabeth, was forming a park about Cornbury, thinking to enclose it with posts and rails. As he was one day calculating the expence, a gentleman stood by, and told the earl he did not go the cheapest way to work. "Why?" said my lord. "Because," replied the gentleman, "if your Lord-"ship will find *posts*, the country will find *railing*."

629. General *Sutton*, brother of Sir Robert Sutton, was very passionate: Sir Robert Walpole the reverse. Sutton being one day with Sir Robert, while his *valet de chambre* was shaving him, Sir Robert said, "John, you cut me;" and then went on with the conversation. Presently, he said again, "John, you cut me"—and a third time—when Sutton starting up in a rage, and doubling his fist

at

at the ſervant, ſwore a great oath, and ſaid, "If "Sir Robert can bear it, I cannot; and if you cut "him once more I'll knock you down."

630. *Quin* ſometimes ſaid things at once witty and wiſe. Diſputing concerning the execution of Charles I. "But by what laws," ſaid his oppo-nent, "was he put to death?" Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them."

631. He uſed to apply a ſtory to the then mi-niſtry. A maſter of a ſhip calls out, "Who is there?" A boy anſwered, "Will, Sir."—"What are you doing?"—"Nothing, Sir."—"Is Tom there?"—"Yes," ſays Tom. "What are you doing Tom?"—"Helping Will, Sir."

632. A certain earl having beaten *Antony Hen-ley*, at Tunbridge, for ſome impertinence, the next day found Henley beating another perſon. The Peer congratulated Henley on that acquiſition of ſpirit. "Oh, my Lord," replied Henley, "your lordſhip and I know whom to beat."

633. Mr. *Goſtling*, a clergyman of Canterbury, was the writer of an admirable commentary on the noted grammatical line,

"*Biſrons, atque, Cuſtos, Bos, Fur, Sus, atque,*
"*Sacerdos.*"

It runs thus:

Biſrons ever when he preaches;
Cuſtos of what in his reach is.
Bos among his neighbour's wives;
Fur in gathering of his tithes.

Sus

Sus at every parish feast;
On Sunday, *Sacerdos*, a priest.

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634. *William*, Duke of *Cumberland*, gave promises of talents that were never accomplished. One day he had given some offence to his royal mother, and was remanded to the confinement of his chamber. After what the Queen thought a sufficient duration of his punishment, she sent for him. He returned in a very sullen humour. "What have you been doing?" said the Queen. "Reading." "What book?" "The New Testament." "Very well. What part?" "Where it is said, *Woman, why troublest thou me?*"

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635. In writing the history of the Knights of Malta, *Vertot* had sent to Italy for original materials, concerning the Siege of Rhodes: but, impatient of the long delay, he completed his narrative from his own imagination. At length the packet arrived, when Vertot was sitting with a friend: he opened it, and threw it contemptuously on the sopha behind him, saying coolly, "*Mon siege est fait.*"

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636. A French farmer of the *gabelle* or tax on salt had built a villa like a palace. Displaying it to his friends, it was observed, that a statue was wanting for a large niche in the vestibule. "I "mean to put there," said the farmer, "some "allegorical statue relating to my business." "You may then put Lot's wife, who was changed "to a statue of salt," answered one of his friends.

637. A French officer being juſt arrived at the court of Vienna, and the empreſs hearing that he had the day before been in company with a great lady, aſked him if it were true that ſhe was the moſt handſome princeſs of her time? The officer anſwered with great gallantry, "*Madam, I thought ſo yeſterday.*"

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638. A father wiſhed to diſſuade his daughter from any thoughts of matrimony. "She who "marries does well," ſaid he; "but ſhe who "does not marry does better." "My father," ſhe anſwered meekly, "I am content with doing "well; let her do better who can."

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639 A Norman was telling another a great abſurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jeſting," ſaid the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a Chriſ-"tian." "Will you wager?" "No, I won't "wager; but I am ready to ſwear to it."

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640. An envoy from Cairo to Lorenzo de Medici aſked that wiſe prince how it came to paſs that there were ſo few mad men at Florence, while the capital of Egypt preſented great numbers. Lorenzo, pointing to a monaſtery ſaid, "We ſhut "them up in thoſe houſes."

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641. A French ambaſſador ſaid to Lord ***, "The Engliſh are excellent when out of their "iſland." The peer anſwered, "They have "then at leaſt the merit of being excellent ſome-"where."

642. The

642. The marriage of a lady was ſettled by two noble lords; one for her, one for her huſband. When the fortune, jointure, &c. was adjuſted, one peer ingenuouſly ſaid, "It ought to be mentioned "that there is a little ſpice of madneſs upon our "ſide." "There is alſo ſome on ours," anſwered the other.

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643. The late French monarch having at firſt received a lying flattering account from one of his courtiers concerning the ſucceſs of M. Conflans: "Well," demanded the king, "and did Mr. Hawke *ſtrike?*" "Yes," anſwered a blunt German; "*ſuch a* ſtroke *as your majeſty's marine will not recover theſe ſeven years.*"

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644. While a ſailor's ſentence was pronouncing, who committed a robbery on the highway, he raiſed a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, and held it between his teeth. When the ſentence was finiſhed, he bit off a piece of tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern. "Sirrah!" ſaid the judge, piqued at the man's indifference, "do "you know that you are to be hanged ſhortly?" "So I hear," ſaid the ſailor, and ſquirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth at the ſame time. "Do you know," rejoined the judge, "where "you ſhall go when you die?" "I cannot tell, "indeed, an't pleaſe your honour," ſaid the ſailor. "Why then," cried the judge, with a tremendous voice, "I will tell you; you will go to hell!" "Then, my lord, I hope I ſhall have the pleaſure "of your company there."

645. A certain preacher held forth at St. Mary, without giving his auditory any ſatisfaction. *Santeuil*, who was preſent, ſaid, "He did better laſt year." A by-ſtander aſſerted, he muſt be miſtaken: for the preſent pulpit thumper had not preached laſt year. "That is the very reaſon," ſaid the poet.

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646. One ſeeing a painter writing falſe Engliſh on a tomb-ſtone in a country church-yard, told him of it. "Phoh," ſays he, "I know what I "do well enough; *for the people are ſo penurious,* "*that they won't go to the charge of good Eng-* "*liſh.*"

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647. Swift, meeting a farmer with a black horſe in a halter, ſaid, "Honeſt man, how can you uſe your horſe ſo ill, to make him black in the face?" when the farmer replied: "*Ah, maſter! had you looked as long through a halter as he has, you would have been black in the face too.*"

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648. Mrs. Foote, mother of Ariſtophanes, was of a very whimſical turn of mind, and experienced the caprice of fortune nearly as much as her ſon. The day ſhe was ſent to the King's Bench, Foote was taken to a ſponging-houſe, when the following laconic letters paſſed between mother and ſon: "Dear Sam, I am in priſon." Anſwer, "*Dear mother, ſo am I.*"

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649. A gentleman was relating in company, that he *ſaw* a terrible wind the other night. "*Saw* a wind!" ſaid another. "I never heard

"of

" of a wind's being ſeen! But, pray, what was " it like?" " *Like* to have blown my houſe " down," replied the firſt.

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650. A poor cavalier corporal, being condemned to die, wrote this letter to his wife the day before he expected to ſuffer, thinking it would come to hand the day after execution:

" Dear Wife,

" Hoping you are in good health, as I am at " this preſent writing: this is to let you know, " that yeſterday, between the hours of eleven and " twelve, I was hanged, drawn, and quartered. I " died very penitently, and every body thought " my caſe very hard. Remember me kindly to " my poor fatherleſs children.

" Yours till death,

" W. R."

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651. It happened in the early part of Mr. *Hogarth*'s life, that a nobleman came to him to ſit for his picture, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed. It was executed, after the neceſſary fittings, with a ſkill that did honour to the artiſt's abilities; but the likeneſs was rigidly obſerved, without the neceſſary attention to compliment or flattery. The Peer, diſguſted at this counterpart of his dear ſelf, never once thought of ſending for a reflector, that could only inſult him with his infirmities. Some time was ſuffered to elapſe before the artiſt applied for his money; but afterwards many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment, without ſucceſs. The painter, however, at laſt hit upon an expedient, which he knew muſt alarm the noble-

man's pride, and by that means anſwer his purpoſe: it was couched in the following card:

"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful reſpects to Lord ——; finding he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, he is informed again of Mr. H.'s neceſſity for the money. If therefore his lordſhip does not ſend for it in three days, it will be diſpoſed of, *with the addition of a tail and ſome other little appendages, to Mr. Hall, the wild beaſt man*—Mr. H. having given that gentleman a promiſe of it for an exhibition picture, on his lordſhip's refuſal."

This intimation had the deſired effect. The picture was ſent for home, and committed to the flames.

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652. Early in the month of April 1793, a report was ſo current of an intended diſſolution of parliament, that John Horne Tooke actually renewed his canvaſs as a candidate to repreſent the city of Weſtminſter in Parliament. In his progreſs he made application to a houſekeeper who did not diſlike his principles, though he had no great regard for his perſon, and received the following anſwer: "Citizen! I have too much *republican veracity* not to confeſs that I by no means like you: but ſtill you ſhall certainly have my vote, as you are the man of all others whom I wiſh, for *one particular reaſon*, to have a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons." "May I beg," ſaid Tooke, "to know what that particular reaſon may be?" "Becauſe," replied the other, "I never knew you to get into any company which *you did not contrive to knock up*."

653. In

653. In the Limerick paper, an Iriſh gentleman, whoſe lady had abſconded from him, cautions the public againſt truſting her, in theſe words: "My *wife* has eloped from me without *rhyme or* "*reaſon*, and I deſire no one will truſt her on my "account, for I am *not married* to her."

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654. When the duke of *Rutland* was viceroy of Ireland, he was reputed to be much attached to the noted courteſan, Peg Plunket. His Excellency one evening, accompanied by his ducheſs, viſited the theatre; in the box above him ſat his impure favourite. An uncivilized ruſtic in the gallery, a ſtranger to reſtraint, roared out, to the aſtoniſhment of his auditors, "Who lay with you laſt night, "Peg?" "*Manners*, you blackguard!" ſaid Peg, and kept her ſeat with the utmoſt compoſure.

655.

EPIGRAM,

On ſeeing an Officer fantaſtically dreſſed.

'Tis ſaid that our ſoldiers ſo lazy are grown,
With luxury, plenty, and eaſe,
That they more for their carriage than courage are known,
And ſcarce know the uſe of a *piece*.
Let them ſay what they will, ſince it nobody galls,
And exclaim out ſtill louder and louder;
But there ne'er was more money expended in *balls*,
Or a greater conſumption of *powder*.

656.

TREASON!!!

A very ſerious complaint was lodged a few days ago, before a juſtice of the peace, and one of the quorum in a northern county, againſt a ſimple country-man, for having "*damned the king.*" A warrant was accordingly iſſued, and the trembling delinquent dragged before the bench, when the following interrogatories were put to him:

Juſtice.—Harkee! you fellow; how came you wickedly and profanely to damn his moſt ſacred majeſty George the Third, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, and ſo forth?

Countryman.—Lord! your worſhip, I did not know that the *King* of *Clubs* was *Defender* of the *Faith*, or by my troth I would not have *damn'd it.*

Juſtice.—King of Clubs! Why you *rebellious* raſcal—what, do you add *inſult* to *treaſon?* Tell me what you mean.

Countryman.—Mean, your worſhip! why, you *mun know* that we were *noine* and *noine* at whiſk and ſwabbers; *clubs* was *trumps.* I had *eace* and *queen* i' my own hond—but as ill luck would ha't, our neighbour Tummas clapt his *king* ſmack upon moy *queen*, and by *gadlin* they gotten the odd trick; ſo being welly throttled with rage, your worſhip, I-I-I *cry, damn the king!*

Juſtice.—O! well, if that's all, thou may'ſt go about thy buſineſs; but ſee that thou never doſt ſo again.

Countryman.—God bleſs your honour, I wonna e'en curſe a *knave*, for fear it offend your *worſhip!*

657. A gentleman had debauched a young girl, under a ſolemn promiſe of marrying her. She happened to hear a ſermon wherein the preacher ſpoke bitterly againſt thoſe wicked wretches who ſeduced and ruined young women by promiſing to marry them; and ſaid, that all the future crimes of thoſe unhappy women were to be laid to the charge of their debauchers; and that they ſhould anſwer for them to God. The girl hearing this, thus whiſpered to her companion: "I am happy to "have it in my power to be revenged on this "wretch. If he is to be charged with all the "ſins which I ſhall commit, *he will certainly be* "*damned.*"

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658. A Portugueſe ſculptor, ſuſpected of free-thinking, was at the point of death. A confeſſor, holding a crucifix before his eyes, ſaid, "Behold "that God whom you have ſo much offended! do "you recollect him now?" "Yes, Father," replied the man, "*It was I who made him.*"

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659. A lady made an aſſignation at a certain box in the Thuilleries, at a particular hour in the evening. The lady was there firſt, and, obſerving a gentleman whom ſhe in the dark ſuppoſed to be her beloved ſwain, accoſted him very familiarly: "What are your commands, madam?" ſaid the ſtranger. The lady, perceiving her miſtake, was very much diſconcerted, and ſaid: "*I am ſeeking*; "*I am ſeeking.*" "Ah, madam," ſaid he, "I would not for a hundred piſtoles have *loſt what* "you are *ſeeking.*"

660. One

660. One of the men who had been round the world with Captain Cook, ſoon after his return to England, went to his native place, where he was conſidered as a very extraordinary perſonage, and was invited to a club of his townſmen, who expected to be greatly edified by his converſation. It was clear that a man who had been round the world muſt know more of it than any other perſon; but the circumnavigator could give them but very little information with reſpect to what he had ſeen in his voyage; and ſeemed to have very little to ſay for himſelf, till ſome of the club began to queſtion him about the world being round; then he opened with a tone of authority: "As to that, "I'll tell you what it is; they ſay the world is "round, but I have been all *round* it, and by G-d "it is as *flat* as this table."

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661. Lord North, when miniſter, being one day in the gangway of one of the doors of the drawing-room at St. James's, a lady ſaid to him, "My "lord, we want room; I wiſh you would *get* "*out*." "Alas, madam," replied he, "you are "not the only perſon who has that wiſh, but who "does not tell it me to my face."

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662. Abbe Maury, being poor, had taught Latin to an old Counſellor, who wiſhed to learn the Inſtitutes of Juſtinian: ſome years had paſſed, and he met the counſellor, who was aſtoniſhed to ſee him in a fine houſe. "Good morning Abbe, by what "chance do I find you here?" "You will find "we always here." "You are then better in the world? you have made ſomething of your prieſthood?" "I am grand vicar of M. Lombes."

"The

" The devil! that is ſomething! what is it " worth?" " That is not much!" (ſneeringly.) " But I have a priory of a thouſand crowns." " A thouſand crowns? a good thing!" (with an air of reſpect). " And I have met the maſter of " this houſe, with whom I live." " Plague, you " live with the Cardinal Rohan?" " Yes, and he " has given me an abbey." " An abbey! ah, " that's good. Monſieur L'Abbe do me the ho- " nour to dine with me."

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668. A clergyman who lived in Suſſex, a coaſt on which ſhipwrecks have frequently happened, and where, upon ſuch occaſions, the inhabitants, inſtead of aſſiſting the unfortunate in their diſtreſs, uſed to plunder all they could lay hands on, and treat the people ill; and were ſo keen on the news of a wreck, that they would leave all manner of buſineſs to plunder. A misfortune of this kind happening one Sunday during the time of divine ſervice, the alarm was given, *a wreck, a wreck!* upon which they began to ſcamper out with precipitation, which the parſon obſerving, opened the pulpit door, and walking down the pulpit ſtairs, called out at the ſame time with a loud voice, " Brethren, let me entreat you to hear five words more." They turned about with impatient attention, to hear what the preacher had to ſay; who making up to them, ſaid, "*now let's all ſtart fair!*"

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664. An oculiſt waiting on a lady, with whom he was particularly intimate, told her, *he knew her thoughts by her eyes.* " Do you," ſays ſhe, " then I am ſure you will *keep them ſecret, for they are no way to your advantage.*"

665. A

665. A Lord Lieutenant going to Ireland with his lady and family, was, in his paſſage, overtaken by a violent ſtorm, ſo that the mariners themſelves gave the veſſel over for loſt, and expected every moment that ſhe would either founder or go aſhore. At this juncture, a ſailor obſerving one of the menial ſervants ſtanding pale with fear at the cabin-door, came up to him and aſked him, "Have you ever lain with a Ducheſs?" "No," ſays the poor fellow, frightened at ſuch waggery in ſuch a dangerous time. "Why then," ſays the tar, "you have that pleaſure to come, for *by God we ſhall all lay with her Grace in leſs than half an hour.*" The Duke, who overheard this, when the ſtorm abated and the danger was over, ſent the fellow a handſome preſent, and forgave the freedom of the joke for the ſake of the wit.

666. During the late King of *Pruſſia's* painful illneſs, that eminent phyſician, Dr. Zimmerman of of Hanover, attended him. One day, when he waited upon his Majeſty, the King ſaid to him, "*You have, Sir, I ſuppoſe, helped many into another world.*" "*Not ſo many,*" replied Zimmerman, "*as your Majeſty, nor with ſo much honour to myſelf.*"

667. While the King was laying out his garden at Sans Souci, a mill was in his way, and he ordered the miller to be treated with for the purchaſe of it. The miller was very loth to ſell his mill, and the King offered to build him another in any part of the country he ſhould chooſe. But all was in vain; the miller would not part with the old family mill. "*Don't you know,*" ſaid the King, "*that if*

if I please I may take your mill, turn you out, and not pay you a farthing for it?" "*Aye,*" replied the miller, "*that you might, if there was no such thing as a Supreme Court of Justice at Berlin.*" The King laughed heartily, left him his mill, and altered the whole plan of his garden.

668. Mr. *Pope*, who, notwithstanding his diminutive and misshapen figure, was not a little vain of his person, having asked *Swift* what people thought of him in Ireland: "*Why*" said Swift, "*they think you are a very* little man, *but a very* great poet." Pope retorted with some acrimony, "*They think the very reverse of you in England.*"

669. Lord *Chesterfield* was given to understand, that he would die by *inches*: he replied with a smile, "If that is the case, I am happy that I am not so *tall as Sir Thomas Robinson.*"

670. A man being asked by his neighbour, how *his sick wife did?* made this answer: "Indeed, neighbour, the case is pitiful, my wife fears *she shall die*, and I fear *she will not die*, which makes a most *disconsolate house.*"

671. Dr. *King*, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper sauce: but the doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above pickles reserved dry for his own use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him: "I here present you, my

my lords and gentlemen," ſaid he, "with a ſight that may henceforward ſerve you to talk of as ſomething curious, *That you ſaw an Archbiſhop of Dublin, at fourſcore and ſeven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher.*"

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672. A clown once took a fancy to hear the Latin diſputes of doctors at a univerſity. He was aſked, what pleaſure he could take in viewing ſuch combatants, when he could never know ſo much as which of the parties had the better? "*For that matter,*" replied the clown, "*I an't ſuch a fool neither, but I can ſee who is the firſt that puts t'other in a paſſion.*"

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673. A phyſician, who lived in London, viſited a lady who lived at Chelſea: after continuing his viſits for ſome time, the lady expreſſed an apprehenſion that it might be inconvenient for him to come ſo far on her account. "Oh, madam," replied the doctor, "I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one ſtone.*"

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674. A gentleman farmer, obſerving to one of his threſhers, that he had been informed another farmer's labourer had threſhed out a load of corn between ſun and ſun; the ruſtic replied, "Then, meaſter, it muſt have been one of *Joſhua's* days, when he commanded the *ſun to ſtand ſtill.*"

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675. An Iriſhman on board a man of war, was deſired by his meſs-mate to go down and fetch a can of ſmall beer: Teague, knowing that preparations were making to fight, abſolutely refuſed. "*Arrah,*

" *Arrah, by my ſhoul,*" ſays he, " *and ſo while I am going into the cellar to fetch beer, the ſhip will ſail and leave me behind.*"

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676. A perſon belonging to Merton College, put his horſe into a field thereunto appertaining; being warned of ſo doing, and he taking no notice thereof, the maſter of that college ſent his man to him, bidding him ſay, if he continued his horſe there, he would cut off his tail. " Say you ſo?" ſaid the perſon, " Go tell your maſter, if he cuts off my horſe's tail, I will cut off his ears." The ſervant returning, told his maſter what he ſaid; whereupon he was ſent back to bring the perſon to him; who appearing, ſaid the maſter, " How, " now, Sir, what mean you by that menace you ſent me?" " Sir," ſaid the other, " I threatened " you not; for I only ſaid, *if you cut off my* " *horſe's tail, I would cut off his ears.*"

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677. A poor fellow, whoſe irons had been juſt knocked off in the preſs-yard at Newgate, was ſeen to whimper; upon which Mr. Akerman, who bore the character of a thinking and conſiderate man, pleaſed probably to ſee an unexpected example of feeling in one who had always appeared very hardened, aſked him, with great kindneſs, what troubled him, ſaying, that any thing in his power that could alleviate his diſtreſs for the few ſhort moments he had to live, he ſhould be welcome to: " as to your fate," ſaid he, " you ſeemed a few " moments ago to be very reſigned to it." " Lord " love you," replied the poor wretch, ſnivelling, " 'tis not that—as to hanging, 'tis as well *now* " as *another* time: but I have not ſix-pence to buy

" a natty night cap—and a man, you know, Mr. " Akerman, may as well go *decent* out of the " world; but I ſhould not mind it ſo much, if " that *Ned Nubbing Cheat* had not refuſed to lend " me his; and that you know was damned ill-" natured, for he can't want it till *next* ſeſſions!"

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678. A culprit aſked Jack Ketch if he had any commands to the other world. "Why," ſaid Jack Ketch, " not many; I'll only" added he, as he adjuſted the knot under his left ear, " juſt " trouble you—with *a line.*"

679.

Treaſon does never proſper;—what's the reaſon?
Why, when it proſpers, none dare call it treaſon.

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680. "Sancho!" ſaid a dying planter to his ſlave, " for your faithful ſervices I mean to do " you an honour; and I will leave it in my will " that you ſhall be buried in our family ground." " Ah! maſſa," replied Sancho, " Sancho no good " be buried---Sancho rather have de money or de " freedom; beſides if de devil come in de dark to " look for maſſa, he make de miſtake, and take " away de poor negro man."

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681. A noble lord having given a grand gala, his taylor made one among the company, whom his lordſhip walked up to, and accoſted in the following manner: " My dear Sir, I recollect your face, " but cannot remember your name:" to which addreſs the taylor whiſpered in anſwer, " *I made your breeches*:" his lordſhip taking him by the hand,

hand, said aloud, "*Major Bridges*, I am very "glad to see you."

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682. *Freedom of Speech.*

The tyrant, Hijjauje *, one day in hunting was separated from his attendants, and meeting with an Arab, saying, "What sort of a personage "is your sovereign?" "Cruel, treacherous, "blood-thirsty, and adulterous," replied the man. "Dost thou know me?" said the tyrant. "No," rejoined the Arab. "I am Hijjauje," answered he. "Dost thou know me?" said the Arab. "No," was the reply. "Know then, that I "am one of the landholders of this desert, and "the members of our family are by fatality af-"flicted with insanity for three days every year: "this day is one of them." The tyrant smiled, though hurt, and let the Arab escape, notwithstanding his freedom.

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683. Put a Gascon into the most difficult adventure, and he will find an issue. A cadet of that country, a subaltern officer, left the army to return home. The purse of this gentleman was very light, and was exhausted when he was fifty leagues from his residence. How shall he act? He arrived, in the evening, at a capital inn. By his manners and effrontery his purse was believed to be well garnished. "Come," said he to the landlord, "good cheer, and a good fire!" He was served to his wish. After supper he was shewn to an excellent bed. Having digested his supper, and his

* Governor of Irak, under the caliph Abdal Malek.

ſtratagem, he aroſe in the middle of the night; and, by a trap-door he had looked for and ſeen by day, he aſcended the roof of the houſe, and hiding his breeches in an unſearchable corner, he returned to bed. On the morning he ordered the ſervant-girl to make a briſk fire, for it was very cold. Mean time he ſearched for his breeches. "My "body," ſaid he, "do I dream! Where are my "breeches?" In fine, all the family were ſummoned; the whole houſe was ſearched; but ſtill no breeches. All the time the Gaſcon amuſed himſelf with exclamations: "Has the devil taken my "breeches? This is the moſt amazing thing I "ever met with!" The landlord enters; a new ſearch is begun; the houſe is turned topſy-turvy; but ſtill no breeches. After a thorough ſearch, the Gaſcon ſaid to the landlord, "You know that I "did not come here without breeches. What I "regret moſt is the loſs of twenty piſtoles in "them. Summon your ſervants, put them to the "queſtion." At laſt the Gaſcon exclaimed, "What is to be done? I do not wiſh to bring "you before a court of juſtice, though I ſhould "certainly be believed on my word. As I am no "Norman, I do not love to plead. If we came "to law, it would coſt you very dear; but I have "compaſſion on you, and I am willing even to loſe. "Give me ten or twelve piſtoles, and a new pair of "breeches, and I am gone." The landlord, glad to be ſo off, gave him a new pair of breeches of his own, with the ten piſtoles; and they parted very well pleaſed with each other.

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684. A gentleman in the preſence of his majeſty ſpoke very diſreſpectfully of the characters and offices

offices of magiſtrates; at the ſame time expatiated very amply on the merit of military men, to the diſadvantage of the former. "Blockhead," replied the king, "hold your peace! If all go-"vernors behaved as they ſhould do, the world "would have no occaſion for men of the ſword."

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685. A poor monk went one day into a barber's ſhop in Paris, and requeſted to be ſhaved, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, (i. e.) "for the love of God." The barber, not being one of thoſe who love to ſacrifice two-pence to an act of piety, treated the poor monk with a blunt-razor, and water ſcarcely warm. Under theſe circumſtances, it was impoſſible the operation could be well performed. The barber ſcratched and cut the poor victim of his avarice, who ſat with tears in his eyes, longing to be ſet at liberty. In the mean time, a cat and a monkey making a noiſe together at the other ſide of the room, the barber called to know what was the matter. "Oh!" replied the monk, "it is "only the monkey ſhaving the cat for the love of "God."

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686. A well-meaning country laſs, who was going to town to ſervice, received, as the parting advice of a fond father, (who had heard her place had been procured in the family of a duke,) an admonition always, when anſwering, to ſay "grace," inſtead of "ſir." This injunction ſhe kept ſo ſacred, that a journey of near two hundred miles had no influence towards eradicating it from her memory. Introduced into the family, ſome few days paſſed without having ſeen the duke; when one morning ſhe happened to meet him in a paſſage

from the ſtaircaſe, ſo narrow that he could not but obſerve her; and ſeeing her rather pretty, jocoſely ſaid, "So, how do you like your place?" "Very "well," ſhe replied; "for what we have received "the Lord make us truly thankful." He ſmiled, as may naturally be ſuppoſed: but, being remarkably good-natured, aſked her which ſhe preferred, town or country? She, true (as he thought) to her father's advice, ſaid, very modeſtly, "God's holy "name be bleſſed and praiſed for this preſent re-"freſhment, and for all his mercies from time to "time," &c.

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687. Mr. R———s, a dramatic author, on preſenting a comedy to one of the theatres, aſſured the manager, that it was a production by no means to be *laughed* at.

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688. Dr. Franklin, when laſt in England, uſed pleaſantly to repeat an obſervation of his negro ſervant, when the doctor was making the tour of Derbyſhire, Lancaſhire, &c. "Every thing, maſſa, "*work* in this country; *water* work, *wind* work, "*fire* work, *ſmoke* work, *dog* work [he had be-"fore noticed the laſt at Bath], *man* work, *bullock* "work, *horſe* work, *aſs* work: every thing work "here but the *hog!* he eat, he drink, he ſleep, he "do nothing all day! The *hog* be the only *gentle-"man* in England."

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689. A gentleman, whoſe lady produced a fine boy ſix months after marriage, applied to a phyſician to account for this expedition. "Make "yourſelf eaſy," anſwered the doctor; "this "very

" very often happens in the caſe of the *firſt* child,
" but *never afterwards.*"

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690. In a private converſation, the late Earl of Chatham aſked Dr. Henniker, among other queſtions, how he defined wit? The doctor replied, " My Lord, *wit* is like what a *penſion* would be, " given by your lordſhip to your humble ſervant " —*a good thing well applied.*"

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691. An old miſer was on his death-bed verbally declaring his laſt intentions; but alas! his eldeſt ſon had offended him paſt forgiveneſs by his inattention to money matters, and vain were the endeavours of ſurrounding friends to intercede for him. " I leave my ſecond ſon, Andrew," ſaid the dying man, " my whole eſtate, and deſire him " to be frugal." Andrew, in a ſorrowful tone, prayed heaven to prolong his life, that he might long enjoy it himſelf.—" I recommend Simon, my " third ſon, to Andrew's care, leaving him four " thouſand pounds." " Ah, father," ſaid Simon, " may heaven grant you to live and enjoy it " yourſelf!"—" As for you, Dick," ſaid he to his eldeſt ſon, " you have always been a ſad dog; " you'll never come to any good; you'll never " be rich: I leave you a ſhilling to buy you a " halter." " Ah, father!" cried Dick, " may " heaven reſtore you, and permit you to enjoy it " yourſelf!"

692.

A careleſs ſurgeon of a man of war,
Who ſeldom minded much the ſickly tar,

But always, with him whatſoe'er the matter,
Preſcrib'd a plenteous doſe of *ſalt ſea water*;
Wiſhing once to have a cruize aſhore,
His friends perhaps to viſit, or a ——;
In going down the veſſel's lofty ſide,
He got a ſlip, and plunged into the tide:
On deck the captain, ſtrutting to and fro;
Heard the loud ſplaſh and buſtle down below,
And calling in a ſharp imperious tone,
Deſir'd to know, *what fun was going on?*
"Only, Sir," cry'd a tar who lov'd his jeſt,
"The doctor's ſlipt into his *Med'cine Cheſt*."

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693. A woman was walking, and a man looked at her, and followed her. The woman ſaid, "Why do you follow me?" He anſwered, "Becauſe I have fallen in love with you." The woman ſaid, "Why are you in love with me? my ſiſter is "much handſomer than me; ſhe is coming after "me, go and make love to her." The man turned back, and ſaw a woman with an ugly face: being greatly diſpleaſed, he went away to the firſt woman, and ſaid, "Why do you tell a ſtory?" The woman anſwered, "Neither did you ſpeak the truth; "for if you were in love with me, why did you "go after another woman?" The man was confounded.

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694. A prior, having gueſts to dinner, cauſed his ſervants to mingle water with the wine, that it might ſtretch the farther; and perceiving one of the monks to be very talkative, ſaid unto him: "Brother, when will your mill leave clacking?" "It cannot leave, Sir," quoth the monk, "as "long as you give it ſo much *water*."

695,

695. An Iriſh peaſant was taken before a magiſtrate on a charge of having ſtolen a ſheep, the property of Sir Garrat Fitzmaurice. The juſtice aſked him, if he could read? To which he anſwered, "A little." "You could not be ignorant, then," ſaid Mr. Quorum, "that the ſheep found in your "poſſeſſion belonged to Sir Garrat, as his brand "(G. F. M.) was on it." "True," replied the priſoner, "but I thought the three letters ſtood "for Good Fat Mutton."

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696. The late Sir Thomas Robinſon ſpoke very *bad* French, and the preſent King of Denmark *worſe* Engliſh. Some hours after the King and Sir Thomas had been together, Lord Cheſterfield entered, and with a very grave face condoled with Sir Thomas on the miſunderſtanding between him and the King. The aſtoniſhed knight proteſted there was no truth whatever in the report; which Lord Cheſterfield interrupted, by ſaying: "Con-"feſs or deny, Sir Thomas, as you pleaſe; but "every one knows there was *much bad language* "paſſed between you!"

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697. A ſchoolmaſter in a country village, who formerly acted as a barber to the village, being in diſpute with the *pariſh clerk*, on a point of grammar. "It is downright *barbariſm*," ſaid the clerk. "*Barbariſm!*" replied the pedagogue: "Do you "mean to inſult me? A *barber* ſpeaks as good "Engliſh as a pariſh clerk any day."

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698. Charles the Second ſaid to the Earl of Shafteſbury one day, "Shafteſbury, I believe thou "art the wickedeſt fellow in my dominions." He

bowed, and replied, "Of a *ſubject*, Sir, I believe, "I am."

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699. A chimney-ſweeper in a certain borough-town, being one of the laſt voters at a violently conteſted election, was ſtrongly preſſed by each candidate to honour him with his vote. The fellow, who was for ſome time at a loſs to tell which fine gentleman moſt merited his ſuffrage, at laſt recollecting that he had often heard of kiſſing hands among the great folks, declared that he would not vote for either unleſs they would kiſs his hand. One of them accordingly came forward; and, having vainly endeavoured to perſuade the ſweep to diſpenſe with ſo diſagreeable a ceremony, actually ſaluted his ſooty fingers: after which, confidently claiming the expected reward, "No, no!" ſays the chimney-ſweeper, "I ſhan't vote for you; "for, I'm very ſure, he that would kiſs my hand "would kiſs any miniſter's a—ſe."

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700. At a late aſſize in Ireland, a witneſs was aſked whether on a former occaſion he had not given a different account of the tranſaction? He admitted the fact, but ſaid that he was then *humbugged* in the buſineſs. "*Humbugged!* (replied the counſel impatiently) I do not underſtand the phraſe." "I "thought, (rejoined the witneſs) that every per-"ſon underſtood it: but to explain it by a familiar "inſtance—If I were to tell the noble Lord on "the bench, or the gentlemen who are ſworn to "try this cauſe, that you were an *able* counſel, "that would be to *humbug* both Judge and "Jury!"

701.

701. A Spaniſh gentleman, who had but one eye, uſed frequently to attend a tennis-court, whenever any match of ſkill was played there. One day, the ball was ſo violently ſtruck againſt the other eye, as in a moment to deprive him of the uſe of it. He bowed to the company; and, without apparent emotion, left the court, ſaying, "Buenas nochas!" "*Good night, gentlemen.*"

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702. At Worceſter, there was an idiot, who was employed at the cathedral there, in blowing the organ. A remarkable fine anthem being performed one day, the organ-blower, when all was over, ſaid, "I think we have performed mighty well to-day." "*We* performed!" anſwered the organiſt; "I think 'twas I performed, or I am much miſtaken." Shortly after, another celebrated piece of muſic was to be played. In the middle of the anthem, the organ ſtops all at once. The organiſt cries out in a paſſion, "Why don't you blow?" The fellow, on that, pops out his head from behind the organ, and ſaid, "Shall it be *we* then?"

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703. A farmer obſerving his ſervant a long time at breakfaſt, ſaid, "John, you make a long breakfaſt." "Maſter," ſaid he, "a cheeſe of this ſize is not ſo ſoon eaten as you think of!"

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704. An impudent jade was taken before a *wiſe* juſtice of the peace for an aſſault, who frequently made uſe of the following words: *Put that and that together.* At the cloſe of her examination the juſtice ordered his clerk to write her mittimus, ſaying, *Put that and that together*: the girl, while this was doing, informed his worſhip that ſhe had

one particular obſervation to make; "What is it huſſey?" ſaid he: "Your worſhip has a large carbuncle on your noſe:" "And what if I have?" "Why and pleaſe your worſhip, I have one upon "my —— *Put that and that together.*"

705. Two countrymen who had never ſeen a play in their lives, nor had any notion of it, went to the theatre in Drury-Lane, when they placed themſelves ſnug in the corner of the middle gallery: the firſt muſic played, which they liked well enough; then the ſecond, and a third, to their great ſatisfaction. At length the curtain drew up, and three or four actors entered to begin the play; upon which one of the countrymen cried to the other, "Come, Hodge, let us be going, *mayhap the gentlemen are talking about buſineſs.*"

706. The late Dr. Howard, of pleaſant memory, collecting a brief with the pariſh-officers of St. George, Southwark, where he had been many years Rector, called, among the reſt of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account. To prevent being firſt aſked for a ſettlement, he inquired if he was not ſome trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger, there appeared a balance of ſeventeen ſhillings in favour of the tradeſman: the doctor had recourſe to his pocket, and pulling out ſome halfpence, a little ſilver, and a guinea, Mr. Fig eyeing the latter with a degree of ſurprize, exclaimed, "Good God, Sir, you ſeem to have got a *ſtranger* there!" "Indeed I have, Mr. Fig," replied the wit, returning it very deliberately into his pocket, "*and before we part we ſhall be better acquainted.*"

707. The author of *Triſtram Shandy* was married to Mrs. *Sterne* on a Saturday morning: his pariſhioners had timely information of this circumſtance, and knowing he would preach the next morning at his pariſh church, alſo deſirous at the ſame time of ſeeing the bride, they aſſembled in ſuch crowds that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expected, made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themſelves with the uſual obſervations till Sterne mounted the pulpit: here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out, to their aſtoniſhment, to be the following: "*We have toiled all night, and have caught no fiſh.*" The congregation looked at each other, ſome ſmiled, others ſtopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs to prevent them laughing, while the old folks wore very ſerious faces, and thought the humouriſt a very odd ſort of man for a pulpit lecturer: however, they attended to his diſcourſe, which turned out, as uſual, very inſtructive; and all went home very highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who bluſhed down to her finger ends every ſtep of the way to her houſe.

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708. A clergyman of Neuf Chatel chapel preached againſt eternal d————n. His pariſhioners were ſo diſguſted with him that they would not afterwards ſuffer him to enter the church door, nay they even pelted him. The King of Pruſſia hearing of it, ordered the doors to be thrown open to the prieſt, that he might reſume his function. The parſon now reſumed his ſubject. He would not allow of eternal d————n by any means; he

he had no objection to a limited time, even a hundred thousand years, but not infinite punishment. The parishioners would not suffer him to go on with his sermon, but pulled him headlong from his rostrum, turned him out of the church, and again pelted him. The King sent for the priest, and censured him for his absurdity in resuming a subject so obnoxious to his hearers, and said, "Since my "subjects of Neuf Chatel are so fond of everlasting "d———n, they have my free leave to be d—d "to all eternity."

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709. As Mr. *Cunningham*, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the reverend as well as corpulent Mr. *Brown* chanced to pass that way; and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austerely reproached him for breaking the Sabbath, telling him that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poor poet turned round and replied, "Your exter-"nal appearance, reverend Sir, says, that if your "dinner was at the bottom of the river with "mine, you would angle for it, though it were a "fast day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke "you!"

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710. The present Lord O——— being under the correction of his school-master, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod. "One of your ancestors invented an Orrery, and "another of them gave to the world a translation "of Pliny; but you, I fear, will never invent any "thing but mischief, nor translate any thing but "an idle boy into a foolish man; so that, instead "of myrtle, you shall be honoured with birch."

711. Lord *Cheſterfield* held a conſiderable eſtate under the Dean and Chapter of Weſtminſter, and wanting to put in the life of the preſent Earl, the fine inſiſted upon was ſo very exorbitant as to ruffle his Lordſhip's temper in a great degree, though he was obliged to acquieſce in their demands. When the writings were ready, the lawyer carried them to his Lordſhip, with the Dean and Chapter's compliments. Having ſigned them, "Well," ſays the Earl, "they ſent their compliments to "me, did they? then return my compliments; "but tell them at the ſame time, that in matters of "buſineſs I would ſooner deal with the Jewiſh "Synagogue."

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712. One of the King's ſoldiers in the civil wars, being full of zeal and liquor, ſtaggered againſt a church, and clapping the wall of it repeatedly with his hand, hiccupped out, "D---n "you, you b---h, never fear, I'll ſtand by you to "the laſt."

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713. Two friends, who had not ſeen each other for a long while, met one day by accident.—"How do you do?" ſays one. "So ſo," replies the other; "and yet I was married ſince you and "I were together."—That is good news.—"Not very good—for it was my lot to chooſe "a termagant."—It is a pity.—"I hardly think "it ſo, for ſhe brought me two thouſand pounds." "Well, there is comfort!" "Not ſo much; "for with her fortune I purchaſed a quantity of "ſheep, and they are all dead." "That is indeed "diſtreſſing!" "Not ſo diſtreſſing as you may "imagine; for by the ſale of their ſkins I got

"more

" more than the ſheep coſt me." " In that caſe " you are indemnified." " By no means; for " my houſe and all my money have been deſtroyed " by fire." " Alas, this was a dreadful misfor- " tune!" " Faith not ſo dreadful; for my ter- " magant wife and my houſe were burned toge- " ther."

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714. The wife of a farmer near Richmond was taken in labour: the farmer wiſhed for a ſon, and waited in the next room for the intelligence: it proved a boy, and the man jumped from his chair, and clapped his hands with ecſtaſy. A few minutes after, the maid ſervant came in, and ſaid her miſtreſs was delivered of another child, a fine girl. " A " girl!" ſaid the farmer with aſtoniſhment; " well, well, we muſt endeavour to give it a bit " of bread." A ſhort while after, the girl appeared again and told him her miſtreſs was delivered of a lovely boy! " What! another child!" ſaid the farmer, almoſt frantic: " d—n it, Nanny, " is your miſtreſs pigging?"

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715. An Iriſhman at an aſſize in Corke was arraigned for felony before Judge Monteney. He was aſked who he would be tried by? " By no " one, by J—s!" ſays he. The jailor deſired him to ſay by God and his country. " G-d d—n my " own ſ— if I do!" ſays Paddy; " for I don't " like it at all at all my dear!" " What's that " you ſay, honeſt man?" ſays the Judge—" See " there now," ſays the criminal, " his Lordſhip, " long life to him, calls me an honeſt man, and " why ſhould I plead guilty?" " What do you " ſay?" ſays the Judge in an authoritative voice. " I ſay,

" I ſay, my Lord, I won't be tried by God at all " at all, for he knows all about the matter; but I " will be tried by your Lordſhip and my country."

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716. When the ducheſs of Kingſton, ſome years ſince, wiſhed to be received in the court of Berlin, ſhe got the Ruſſian miniſter there to mention her intentions to his Pruſſian majeſty, and to tell him at the ſame time, " That her fortune was at Rome, " her bank at Venice, but that her heart was at " Berlin." Immediately on hearing which, the King replied, " I am ſorry we are only entruſted " with the very worſt part of her property."

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717. Milton was aſked by a friend, whether he would inſtruct his daughters in the different languages? To which he replied, " No, Sir, one " tongue is ſufficient for a woman."

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718. When the ducheſs of Northumberland was ſome years ago on the Continent, ſhe ſtopped at an inn in French Flanders, at the Golden Gooſe; but arriving late, and being ſomewhat fatigued with her journey, ſhe ordered but a ſlight repaſt for her and her ſuite, which conſiſted only of five ſervants. In the morning, when the landlord preſented his bill, her ſecretary was much ſurpriſed at one general item of, " Expences for the night, fourteen louis " d'ors." In vain did he remonſtrate; the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the ducheſs, and was poſitive. The money was accordingly paid. When ſhe was preparing to depart, the landlord, as uſual, attended her to the carriage; and after making many congées, and expreſſing much thanks, hoped he ſhould have the honour of

her

her Grace's company on her return. "Why, I "don't know but I may," ſaid the ducheſs with her uſual good humour; "but it muſt be upon one "condition, that you do not miſtake me for your "ſign."

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719. Every body who remembers Mr. Foote, muſt remember the beautiful ſet of dun horſes with which he uſed to drive his carriage. On being complimented reſpecting their appearance one day, "Yes," replied the wag, "I am never without a "ſet of duns in my retinue; but with this differ-"ence, that in the ſummer I drive the duns, and "in the winter the duns drive me."

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720. I was walking, ſome years ago, with the lovely Lady Sarah B——, who, finding herſelf teazed by an old beggar-man, haſtily turned round and told him, ſhe had got nothing. "I am ſorry "for that, my ſweet young lady," ſaid the old man; "old as I am, I have got a little!" Her ladyſhip ſmiled, turned about, and gave him a crown.

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721. When Charles Fox firſt heard of his ſiſter-in-law, Lady Mary Fox, being brought to bed of a ſon and heir, which cut Charles out of the eſtate and title, he was called out of what he calls the Jeruſalem Chamber, where he had as uſual a large levee, to be informed of the circumſtance. On his return, ſeeing ſome little kind of diſappointment perhaps in his face, the whole tribe of Levi almoſt unanimouſly cried out, "Vat is de matter! vat is de "matter, Maſter Fox?" "Bad enough, indeed,"

ſays

ſays Charles; "here is a *Second Meſſiah* come to "plague you all."

722. Mr. Fox, upon ſeeing hung at a lady's watch the picture of her deceaſed huſband, who, it was believed, had haſtened his end by intemperance in connubial joys, ſaid, "it was barbarous in her "to hang him in chains ſo near the place of exe-"cution."

723. A young fellow confeſſed to a prieſt, that, ſince his laſt confeſſion, he had committed fornication ſix times. For this the prieſt enjoined him to repeat a roſary, which is a certain number of prayers. Shortly after comes another, who had been nine times guilty; for which he was ordered a roſary and a half. In a few days comes a third, who confeſſed to eleven times. "Eleven!" ſaid the prieſt, "eleven! that is a puzzling ſort of a "number; a number I am not uſed to: therefore, "my friend, e'en go and do it once more, and "then ſay two roſaries."

724. Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces, being a long time under a proſecution in Doctors Commons, for marrying two ſiſters, was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his tragedy of the Gameſter: the proctor having a leiſure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finiſhed; which the proctor found himſelf ſo affected by, that he exclaimed, "Good God! how "can you poſſibly add to this couple's diſtreſs in "the laſt act?" "Oh, very eaſily," ſays the poet; "there I intend to put them both into the "*Spiritual Court.*"

725. Lord *Mansfield*, examining a man who was a witneſs in the Court of King's Bench, aſked him what he knew of the defendant? "Oh, my "Lord, I knew him; *I was up to him!*" "Up "to him!" ſays his Lordſhip; "what do you "mean by being up to him?" "Mean, my "Lord! why, *I was down upon him.*" "Up to him, and down upon him," ſays his Lordſhip, turning to Counſellor Dunning, "what does the fellow mean?" "Why I mean, my Lord, as deep "as he thought himſelf, I *flagged him!*" "I cannot conceive, friend," ſays his Lordſhip, "what "you mean by this ſort of language, I do not un- "derſtand it." "Not underſtand it!" rejoined the fellow with ſurpriſe, "Lord, *what a flat you muſt be!*"

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726. A witneſs being interrogated by *Judge Wills* in a manner not pleaſing to him, turned to an acquaintance, and told him in a half-whiſper, "He "did not come there to be *queer'd* by the *old one.*" *Wills* heard him, and inſtantly replied, in his own *cant*, "I am old, 'tis true, and I am *rum* ſome- "times, and for once I'll be *queer*, and I'll ſend "you to *quod.*"

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727. Serjeant Davy being concerned in a cauſe which he wanted to put off a few days, aſked Lord M——, the late chief juſtice of the King's Bench, when he would bring it on? "Friday next," ſays his Lordſhip. "Will you conſider, my Lord, Fri- "day next will be Good Friday." "I do not care for that," ſays his Lordſhip, "I ſhall ſit for all that." "Well, my Lord, to be ſure you may do "as you pleaſe; but if you do, I believe you will "be

" be the firſt Judge who did buſineſs on a Good
" Friday ſince Pontius Pilate's time."

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728. Counſellor Crips of Corke, who, from a very fine beau, dwindled to a mere ſloven as he advanced in years, was invited by Lady Doneraile to dinner at her country-houſe. Her ladyſhip, knowing his inattention to his dreſs, told him in the card, that the firſt perſonages in the neighbourhood of Doneraile were to dine with her, and requeſted he would be very ſpruce upon the occaſion: but the requeſt had no effect upon the counſellor; he appeared before her ladyſhip in an old ruſty black coat and waiſtcoat, with a pair of greaſy *velvet breeches*; which ſo diſguſted her, that ſhe lectured him pretty ſmartly: " If I had not told you," ſays her ladyſhip, " in my card, that I expected a
" brilliant company to dinner, I ſhould not be
" angry; but I remember I made it a particular
" requeſt to ſee you decently dreſſed; inſtead of
" which, this old coat (taking hold of it) is not
" fit for a beggar; and the front of your waiſt-
" coat begrimed with ſnuff, with the naſtieſt greaſy
" *velvet breeches* I ever beheld:—for ſhame,
" counſellor!" " Stop," ſays the wit: " my
" coat and waiſtcoat are old, to be ſure, and ſhould
" be thrown aſide: but my *velvet breeches* I have
" the utmoſt veneration for; they are an *old pall*
" I carry to cover a *dead friend*."

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729. The late Doctor Glover, well known for being one of the beſt companions in the world, was returning from a tavern one morning early acroſs Covent-Garden, when a chairman cried out, " A
" chair, your honour! a chair!" Glover took

no

no notice, but called his dog, who was a good way behind, "Scrub, Scrub, Scrub!" "Och, by "J—s!" ſays the chairman, "there goes *a pair* "*of ye!*"

730. Counſellor Crips being on a party at Caſtle Martyr, the ſeat of the Earl of Shannon, in Ireland, one of the company, who was a phyſician, ſtrolled out before dinner into the church-yard. Dinner being ſerved up, and the Doctor not returned, ſome of the company were expreſſing their ſurpriſe where he could be gone to. "Oh," ſays the counſellor, "he is but juſt ſtept out to pay a "viſit to ſome of *his old patients.*"

731. EPIGRAM.

Imitated from Sir Thomas Moore.

THE LONG-NOSED FAIR.

Once on a time I fair *Dorinda* kiſs'd,
Whoſe *noſe* was too diſtinguiſh'd to be miſs'd:
My dear (ſays I), I fain would kiſs you cloſer,
But tho' your lips ſay *Ay*, your noſe ſays *No, Sir.*
The maid was equally to fun inclin'd,
And plac'd her lovely lily hand BEHIND:
Here, ſwain, (ſhe cry'd,) and may'ſt thou ſecurely kiſs,
Where there's no noſe to interrupt thy *bliſs.*

732. THE MISER AND THE MOUSE.

An Epigram from the Greek.

To a Mouſe ſays a Miſer, "My dear Mr. Mouſe,
Pray what may you pleaſe for to want in my houſe?"

Says

Says the Mouſe, "Mr. Miſer, pray keep yourſelf quiet,
You are ſafe in your perſon, your purſe, and your diet;
A lodging I want, which e'en you may afford,
But none would come here to beg, borrow, or board."

733.

SPECIMENS OF THE KIND OF FAMILIAR HISTORY INTENDED FOR A NEW NEWSPAPER.

"By our laſt advices from Knightſbridge, we hear that a horſe was clapped into the pound on the 8d inſt. and that he was not releaſed when the letters came away.

"We are informed from Pancras, that a dozen weddings were lately celebrated in the mother church of that place; but are referred to their next letters for the names of the parties concerned.

"Letters from Brompton adviſe, that the widow Blight had received ſeveral viſits from John Mildew, which affords great matter of ſpeculation in thoſe parts.

"By a fiſherman who lately touched at Hammerſmith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain perſon well known in that place is like to loſe his election for churchwarden; but this being boat news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

"Letters from Paddington bring little more than that William Squeak, the ſow-gelder, paſſed through that place on the 5th inſtant.

"They adviſe from Fulham, that things remained there in the ſame ſtate they were. They had intelligence, juſt as the letters came away, of a tub

a tub of excellent ale juſt ſet abroach at Parſon's Green; but this wanted confirmation."

Theſe ſpecimens, it is evident, though very ingenious, are not quite ſo minute in point of information as the curioſity of the preſent day requires; and therefore, in what follows, we venture a more cloſe imitation of modern newſpapers, eſpecially in the article of what they call *Bon Ton*, or Faſhionable Intelligence.

"Yeſterday, as his majeſty was coming to town, the hat of one of the poſtillions was blown off, at which three of the horſeguards laughed moſt immoderately.

"It is with great concern we inform the public, that Mr. Simeon Softly, an eminent cork-cutter, lies dangerouſly ill of the gout at his country-ſeat near Gray's Inn Lane.

"A battle was fought yeſterday in Five-farthing Fields, between a chimney-ſweeper and an old-clothes-man of ſome diſtinction, which terminated in favour of the latter. There were ſeveral *amateurs* of the firſt rank preſent, as Lord ——, Colonel ——, the Hon. Mr. ——.

"Friday laſt, as Mr. Humphrey Tripping, a grocer of conſiderable property, was riding along the High Street, Iſlington, his horſe had the misfortune to loſe one of his ſhoes.

"The accompliſhed Miſs Amelia Wilhelmina Boggis, of Clerkenwell Cloſe, ſet off yeſterday for Brighton. The *ſea air* has been recommended, which for ſome weeks has been very ſenſibly felt on that coaſt.

"Yeſterday, as Mr. George Conundrum, of Moorgate, was converſing with ſome friends in his uſual

uſual way, he fell into a grievous miſtake, and was extricated with great difficulty.

" Wedneſday evening the following melancholy accident happened. As Mr. Thomas Belch, of Gun-dock, was returning home from the tavern, he was ſuddenly attacked by two bowls of rack punch, which deprived him of his ſenſes and recollection. He left a buſineſs and two apprentices to regret his loſs.

" Mr. Grubble has given his brother George the uſe of his horſe while he remains at Margate.

" Advices from Limehouſe mention that a violent quarrel broke out between Mr. and Mrs. Tarpaulin, which was not got under when the poſt came away.

" The overſeer of St. Bartholomew's pariſh came to town laſt night. He immediately went to the Cat and Fiddle, and was waited upon by the landlord. We hope to be able to lay before our readers in a few days the real object of his journey to Iſleworth.

" An intelligent correſpondent informs us, that the clerk of St. John's has given orders for a new Bible and Prayer-book for the church, but in rough calf, and not in Morocco as aſſerted in an evening paper.

" Mr. Simpkins is about to repair his houſe in Lant Street. The nightmen were there on Friday and Saturday.

" Mrs. Dingley and family are at Ramſgate: they return by the hoy. There is an evident deſign in keeping the public ignorant of the cauſe of this extraordinary meaſure.

" Mr. Sapſcull and Mr. Henry Blink are ſtewards for the next anniverſary of the Odd Fellows.

"The hoſpitality and condeſcenſion of Mrs. Truby and her beautiful daughters, are much talked of in Bermondſey-ſtreet.

"Captain Stout, late of the Train Bands, has taken a ſnug box next the turnpike, Iſlington. It is that with the brown door, oppoſite the public-houſe.

"Mr. Grantley is come to his new houſe in Roſamond's Row. He has ſold his ſhare in the ſhop at Norton Falgate, which occaſioned a good deal of ſpeculation.

"George Wigley, Eſq. we are ſorry to find, leaves the ſnuff ſhop in Barbican, the air not agreeing with his health.

"Bartholomew-fair yeſterday boaſted of much faſhion—Mr. and Mrs. Biſhop, Mrs. Boggle, the widow Brady, and her daughters, the two Miſs Jones, with a long &c. of faſhionable names."

After this ſpecimen, we ſhould, perhaps, be blamed for leaving our work half finiſhed, if we omitted propoſing ſome alterations or novelties in the way of advertiſements. We therefore ſubjoin a few ſpecimens of theſe.

"WASHBALL and COMPANY reſpectfully inform the public, that they have juſt imported a large quantity of the true, genuine, celeſtial waſh for the face and neck. It converts the greateſt uglineſs into the greateſt beauty, and not only removes all freckles, but ſmooths the face, removes ſquinting, and the pernicious effects of a wry noſe, as can be atteſted by many ladies of diſtinction. Price, in bottles, one guinea each, ſtamp included.

"BATHING. Bathing being ſo healthy and uſeful, at this ſeaſon of the year particularly, Meſſ. Iriſh and Company beg leave to recommend their

their yard-ſquare towels, which have been ſo long approved by the public, as much ſmoother, and better for wiping the body than any other. May be had in any quantity, fit for immediate uſe.

"To the Clergy. A valuable living to be diſpoſed of, in a fine ſporting county, within a hundred miles of London. The duty may be done for 20*l.* a year. None but men of principle will be dealt with. N. B. The uſe of a pack of hounds in the ſeaſon.

"To the Curious. To be ſeen, at the ſign of the Loggerheads, Stepney Cauſeway, an extraordinary child, that has two heads, four arms, four legs, and every thing elſe in proportion. It is two years old, and can feed itſelf. Admittance, one ſhilling. Children and ſervants, half price. N. B. Stay will be ſhort.

"To be seen—At the great room, corner of Sweeting's Alley, Threadneedle Street, a large and curious aſſortment of wild beaſts, many of which have come from Germany, Holland, Italy, and other foreign parts. Some remarkable bears, and ſome Engliſh bulls of an uncommon breed. Alſo ſeveral ducks, which have the ſingular property to be *lame*, and waddle in a very peculiar manner. To be ſeen from ten to three in the afternoon.

"Herculaneum, Birmingham. Meſſrs. Humbug and Company, agents for the Herculaneum at Birmingham, have juſt received a large cargo of real antiques, manufactured at that place, and preferable to thoſe which are town-made, conſiſting of Othos, Galbas, Neros, Cleopatras, and Mark Antonys. At the above place, antiques repaired, and coins defaced agreeable to hiſtory. Gentlemen ſending their own patterns, may have

antiques made accordingly. Several new Queen Anne's farthings, and Roman pennies.

"NOTICE. If A. B. does not remove the child he left at the widow Wiſhfort's lodgings, nine months ago, it will be ſold to defray expences. N. B. This not to be repeated.

"BIRTHS. The lady of Mr. Solomon Squirt, apothecary, of a ſon and heir. Miſs Matilda Mop, only maid to Mr. Twigg, of Little Britain, of a daughter. Lady Dunſtan, of a fine boy.

"MARRIAGES. Mr. Deputy Grizzle, to Miſs Anne Maria Skeggs, of Norton Falgate, an amiable lady, with a handſome fortune. Mr. Napper Brian, of Duck Lane, to Miſs Sarah Matilda Auguſta Jenkins, of the ſame place. Walter Morgan Eſq. of Liquorpond Street, to Miſs Eſtifania Amelia Hogsfleſh, of Melancholy Walk.

"DEATHS. George Griſkin, Eſq. of Newgate Market, many years an eminent dealer in pork. Thurſday, after eating a hearty dinner, John Bullhead, Eſq. Common-councilman, undertaker, and major of the train bands. He was in perfect health but a minute before, and had drunk the firſt toaſt in a bumper. This morning, at his country ſeat near Goſwell Street, Mr. Ephraim Muzzy, a great and eminent horſe-ſhoe-maker, and many years a member under the Cauliflower. The buſineſs will be carried on as uſual, by his diſconſolate widow. Yeſterday evening, univerſally lamented, in the ſixty-third year of his age, Mr, William Melt, one of the principal tallow chandlers of Shoe Lane. Same day, Mr. John Ketch, chief aſſiſtant at the Court of Seſſions held at the Old Bailey. He was an affectionate father, a faithful huſband, and a *tender friend.*" OLIVER QUIDNUNC."

734. A man who had a very little nose joking a soldier whose nose was very large, the latter exclaimed, "*What the devil are you so severe on my nose for? Do you think it was made at the expence of yours!*

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735. A gentleman deeply in debt being very ill, said to his confessor, that the only mercy he had to ask of God, was to prolong his life till he paid his creditors. The confessor answered, that, as the motive was so good, there was great reason to hope that God would hear his prayers. "*If God would grant me this mercy,*" said the sick man, turning to a friend, "*I should never die.*"

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736. "I cannot conceive," said one nobleman to another, "how you can manage. My estate is "better than yours, and yet I cannot live so well "as you." "My Lord," said the other, *I have* "*a place.*" "A place! you amaze me. I never "heard it before. Pray, what place?" "*I am* "*my own steward.*"

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737. A man of quality travelling in Spain, went to see the Escurial; and as he visited that rich and magnificent convent of the order of Saint Jerome, which is called the Cloister of Saint Laurence, the Superior, who accompanied him, related all the particulars of its foundation. He said, that the king, Philip, had built it to accomplish a vow he made on the day of the battle of Saint Quintin, in case he should gain the victory. The traveller, admiring the magnificence of the building, said, "Father, this same king must have been very "much frightened when he made so great a vow."

738.

738. *Henry IV.* of France, whoſe gallantries are well known, aſked Madame D'Entragnes, one day, which was the way to her chamber? She anſwered, "*Through the church, Sir.*"

739. The ſteward of the *Duke of Guiſe* repreſenting to him the neceſſity there was of more economy in his houſehold, gave him a liſt of a number of ſuperfluous attendants. The Duke, after reading it, ſaid, "*It is true I can do without all theſe people; but have you aſked them if they can do without me?*"

740. When Madame *de Savigné* had counted out a large ſum of money for her daughter's portion, ſhe ſaid, "What! muſt I pay all this to M. "de *Grignon* to lie with my daughter?" But reflecting a little, ſhe ſaid, "*True, he muſt lie with her to-morrow, and next day, and ever after. It is not too much.*"

741. A French preacher ſtyling every father of the church whom he quoted *Monſieur*; *Aliſdon* ſaid it was a ſign he was *not familiar with them.*

742. One being aſked of what uſe monks are in the world, anſwered, "*Of juſt the ſame uſe as the rats in Noah's ark.*

743. When the Ambaſſadors of *John* V. Duke of *Bretagne* returned from Scotland, where they were ſent to negotiate the marriage of his ſon *Francis* with *Iſabel* of Scotland, he aſked them if the princeſs was handſome? They anſwered, "ſhe "has beauty enough, and is healthy, but has not "great

" great or ſubtle ſpeech." " This is juſt what we " wanted," replied John, " *a woman is wiſe enough who can diſtinguiſh her huſband's ſhirt from his waiſtcoat.*"

744. A perſon ſaying to another that he ought not yet to marry his ſon, but ſtay till he got wiſer. " *If he gets wiſer,*" anſwered the other, " *he will never marry.*"

745. An officer relating his feats of proweſs to the Marſhal de Beſſompiere, ſaid, among other matters, that in a ſea-fight he had himſelf killed three hundred men; " and I," ſaid the Marſhal, " when I was in Switzerland, deſcended through " a chimney to ſee a pretty girl." " How could that be," ſaid the Captain, " ſince there are no " chimneys in that country?" " *What, Sir,*" ſaid the Marſhal, " *I have allowed you to kill three hundred men in a fight, and ſurely you may allow me to deſcend a chimney in Switzerland.*"

746. A lady meeting in the ſtreet a gentleman who was frightfully ugly, took him by the hand and led him to the ſhop of a ſtatuary, to whom ſhe ſaid, " *Juſt like this,*" and departed. The gentleman in aſtoniſhment aſked the ſtatuary the meaning of this: he anſwered, " *The lady has employed me to make a figure of the Devil, and I having no model, ſhe brought me one.*"

747. A perſon railing at marriage, and ſaying the word was ſynonimous with cuckoldom: " I " ſee," ſaid a lady preſent, " *that you are of the ſame*

ſame opinion with your father, who never would marry."

748. *Henry IV.* of France introducing the Marſhal de *Biron* to ſome noblemen, ſaid, "*My lords, this is a man whom I can preſent with equal pleaſure to my friends and my enemies.*"

749. A perſon being aſked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity? anſwered, "*I did it out of pure revenge.*"

750. A great officer in France was in danger of loſing his place, but his wife made his peace by granting certain favours to the regent Duke of Orleans; on which a pleaſant fellow ſaid, *that the officer had been cruſhed, had he not warded off the blow with his horns.*"

751. When *Rabelais* lay on his death-bed, he did not ceaſe to jeſt; for, having received the *extreme unction*, a friend coming to ſee him, ſaid, he hoped he was prepared for the next world. "*Yes, yes,*" anſwered Rabelais, "*I am ready for my journey now; they have juſt been greaſing my boots.*"

752. King *James I.* mounting an unruly horſe, cried, "*The deel tak your ſaul, Sir, an ye be na quiet, I'll ſend ye to the five hundred kings* in the Houſe of Commons; they'll ſune tame ye.*"

* The race of theſe kings ſeems to be now extinct.
EDITOR.

THE END.

WILSON and Co. Printers, Wild Court, Lincoln's Inn Fields.